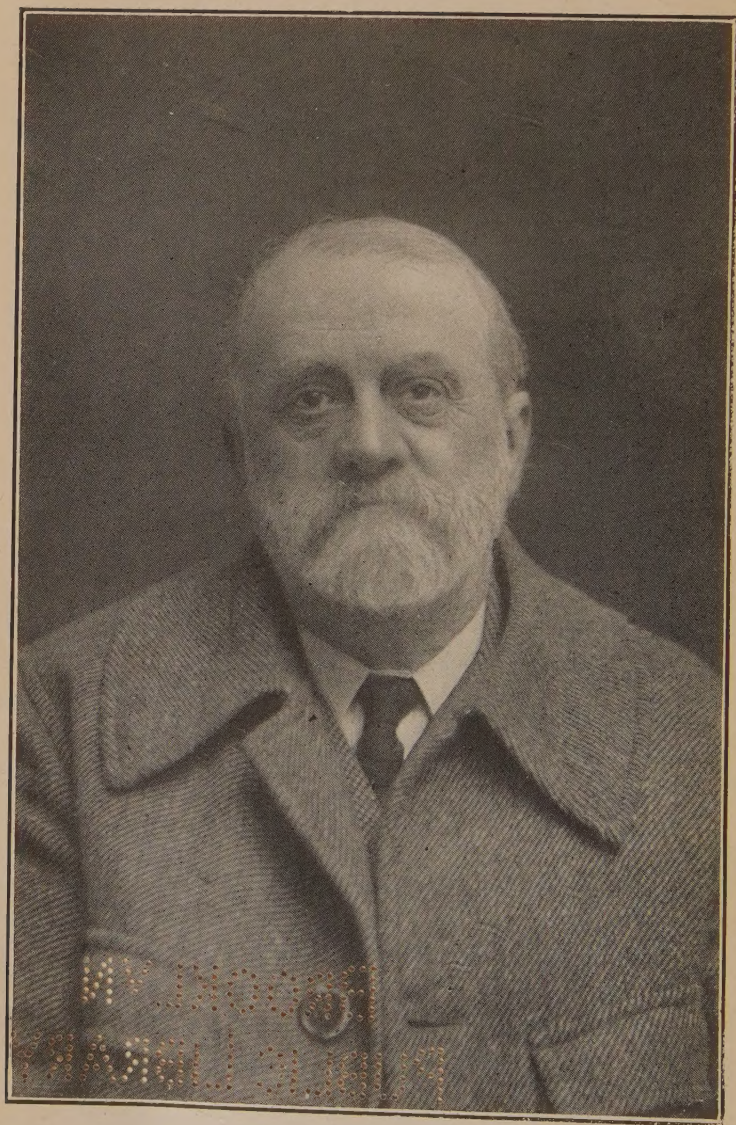


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WALTER RYE, 1908.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ANCIENT ATHLETE & ANTIQUARY

BY
WALTER RYE

The founder of Paper-Chasing and Cross Country Running in England,
formerly Hon. Secretary of the London Athletic Club, and Hon.
Solicitor of the Norfolk Broads Protection Society,
Ex-walking Champion, Ex-Mayor of Norwich,
and Author of over 80 Works on the
Topography, &c., of Norfolk, &c.

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PREFACE

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I had printed the following pages, which are really a digest of the old diaries which I have kept since my schooldays, for the use of myself and my family, but, my doing so having got wind, several of my friends have asked me to let them have copies.

The following pages nominally justify the title of "An Autobiography of an Ancient Athlete and Antiquary" which I have placed on the cover, but they are practically only a mass of details of a busy life now fast drawing to its close. If the book had got into the hands of reviewers, much mild sarcasm would, no doubt, have been wasted on it, and it probably would have been referred to as a small-beer Chronicle and as another "Diary of a Nobody," without the wit of the Grossmiths' version, but I decided to send out no copies for review, and the ~~subscribed-for copies~~ are issued on the understanding that the work is not to be reviewed. I shall be blamed for giving petty details, which they will rightly say, can be of little interest outside my own family, but I hope that some of the facts as to athletic and local matters which I give may be useful to future generations, just as the minor details of Pepys are to us nowadays.

December, 1916.

WALTER RYE.

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FAMILY HISTORY.

I may begin with a safe boast that there is no older¹ name in Norfolk at or after the Conquest than my own, and if you refer to Mr. Hamon le Strange's "Norfolk Lists," you will find that the Barony of Rye of Hingham, which he considers to be in abeyance, is the oldest existent Norfolk peerage². Some of my name held land in the county, and appear in the first Domesday of 1086, and some in that of the recent "Domesday" of 1873.

One of them, Hubert de Rye, was Castellan of Norwich Castle, and part founder of Norwich Cathedral, and was the son of another Hubert. The tales of how his father saved the life of the Conqueror of Normandy in 1044, and how his brother Eudo secured the Crown for William II. are told in the *Romaunt de Rou* and elsewhere. Whether they are true or were myths as Freeman (the Freeman who is now in his turn so cruelly criticised by Round), thought I must leave to others to decide, merely remarking that there seems much more evidence for the truth than for their falsity, but as I have gone into the matter very fully elsewhere,³ I will not weary my readers with any arguments.

That I descend from them I cannot legally prove, for the pedigrees of junior branches are hard to trace before wills were made, and parish registers begun, for inquisitions post mortem, do not deal with yeomen families. All I can say is that for the last 500 years the name occurs continually in East Norfolk, and that when the great Barony of Rye, which at one time consisted of 34 knight's fees, or about 25,000 acres, went (I presume for political reasons) to the female descendants of the last Baron instead of to the male descendant of junior branches, three of their manors were Buxton, Lammas, and Scottow—the latter not to be confused, as I once did, with Stocton.

¹ Tyrrell, Mallet and Warren and possibly Daubeney are as old.

² This is denied by Round, who says a feudal Barony cannot be in abeyance.

³ History of the Family of Rye, see *Norf. Families*, p. 762-771, and *Account of the family of Rye*, 1876.

It is said that the Manor House at Buxton was a moated one nearly opposite Lammas Church, but as that would be practically in a wet marsh I think it is more likely to have been on a higher site behind Buxton Mill where there are traces of earthworks. The barons of Rye no doubt used it as a "grange" to their Mid-Norfolk estates; they kept up their connection with the place, for one of them was a member of a guild there in 1464, and monuments to them were in Buxton Church.

Isabel de Rye (afterwards Cressy) bought land in Lammas¹ in 1250, her husband had a deer park at Buxton, and the name long remained in the district, for in 1251 Robert de Rye was witness to a Jewish declaration as to land in the adjoining village of Hautbois (Davis' Hebrew Deeds, p. 50).

In 1333 William Rie was taxed in the Subsidy Roll of Stocton,² and he may have been a poor relation of the Ryes of Swanton and Hingham.

In 1350 John de Rye was killed in Norwich, apparently in some street fray. He may have been the man of the same name who was serjeant to Waller Turk, sheriff of London, 1334, as the Turks were Norfolk men.

I am proud to say that Richard Rye, of Blofield, was hanged in 1381 for participating in Litester's "Rebellion," one of the most justifiable so called rebellions in English history.

Whether William Rye, of Norwich, smith, who in 1435 bought land in Fibriggate (Norwich Deeds Bundle, 18 m. 20 d.), or Richard Rye, of Norwich, were from Mid-Norfolk I do not know, but it is practically certain some of the Norwich Ryes were connected with the East Norfolk family.

After the occurrence of the name at Hautbois in 1251 and at Blofield in 1381, the next time I find the name in East Norfolk is when Robert Rye, of Smallburgh, was rated there in 1525 at the then large sum of 103*l* : 6. He had two sons, William and Thomas, and by his will he gave a legacy to Christ Church—the Cathedral at Norwich—which might point to the connection with that city, but, on the other hand, it was not unusual for country people to leave

¹ My own residence there was a coincidence only, for I only bought the cottage in which I lived as a week-end retreat from Norwich.

² A searcher at the Record Office misread the place name as Scottow and so confirmed my previous accounts of the family.

legacies to the Cathedral. It may, however, be that he had some official connection with the See of Norwich or with the Abbey of St. Benet's at Holm, which latter had a manor at Smallburgh. His sons William¹ and Thomas migrated to North Walsham.

From the younger son, Thomas Rye, I can trace my descent.

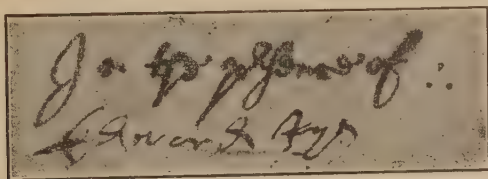
1. He was a butcher² of North Walsham in 1569, and died before 1586. His son

2. William Rye had settled at Cromer before 1589, where his uncle gave a bequest to his children. He probably went to Cromer through his father marrying Alice Spelman, of Cromer, or through his own marriage with — Springall, of Cromer. His will is dated 1603, and in it he mentions his son,

3. Edward Rye³, born after 1582, was no doubt father of

4. Edward Rye, of Cromer, living there in 1673, who may be the same or the father of

5. Edward Rye the elder, of Cromer, who died 1698 (for his signature see illustration), who by his wife Anne had



6. Edward Rye the younger, of Cromer, whose will is dated 1710, and who left

(a) Edward Rye, of Cromer, who married Martha

¹ From the elder branch (which rose to a position of some importance) descended William Rye, Sheriff of Norwich in 1645; William Rye, Sheriff in 1829; and Dr. John Rye, one of the founders of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, who married in 1795 Anne, daughter of Sir Berney Brograve, and was father of George Aug. Rye Brograve, who d.s.p.m. Both he and his cousin, Capt. G. H. Rye, R.N. who fought under Nelson, and the Jermyns, who married into the Suffolk family, improperly used the old arms of Ryes of Hingham and Derbyshire.

² Robert Rye, probably his brother, was a butcher in St. Stephen's, Norwich, in 1588, where he carried a black bill at the Musters there.

³ The first Edward I find is Edward Rye, born 1547, and the last of his names, the 16th of our family, is my grandson, Edward Beloe Rye, born 1902.

Leman, and died 1713, having by his will left the property to such child or children as she was "enscient or bigg withal." Such child was stated to have been Elizabeth Rye, who married James or Jacob Mountagne said to be ancestress of Bishop Mountaigne, of Canada, but our branch always alleged that she was a supposititious child. It is a very extraordinary coincidence that my sisters bought the house at Hemel Hempstead in which they now live from her descendants; and (b) James Rye (7).

7. James Rye, of Cromer, was afterwards of Erpingham when he married in 1709, at Banningham, Elizabeth, daughter of William Bacon, of Thurgarton, one of a family descended from the very old family of Bacons of Baconsthorpe.¹ Through this marriage we are cousins to the Spurrells of Bassingham, the Macks, the Drosiers, and other East Norfolk families. Another William Bacon, of Thurgarton, dated 1792, left his Thurgarton property away from the family to his godson, William Roper, son of Snelling Roper, which gave the deepest offence to his relations. My grandfather wanted to open the question on the ground of "undue influence," and I have always understood that he made my father a lawyer for the express purpose of such intended litigation. His son

8. Edward Rye, of Cromer and South Repps, was born in 1714, and was married on 17th August, 1740, at St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich, to Mary Smith, of South Repps, whose ancestry I naturally cannot trace, as she bore such a common surname.. They were parents of

9. James Rye, baptized 25th August, 1743, at South Repps. HewasofBarningham Parva in 1766, where he married Hannah, daughter of Nicholas Thaxter, of Bassingham, by Frances, daughter of Robert Youngman, of East Beckham, by his wife Mary Townshend.

The Thaxters had been yeomen and blacksmiths at Bassingham since 1395 (see pedigree in East Anglian iii., pp. 35-8). Through them I have female descents from Youngman, Townshend, Makefeld, Mertens, and Hawpe.

¹ The history of this, perhaps the oldest Norfolk family, has yet to be issued. They are by no means to be confounded with the Bacons, the "premier baronets," a plebeian family which has long endeavoured to steal the arms and pedigree, but who are really descended from a sheep-reeve of the Abbot of Bury (see Norfolk Families, p. 16).

They had (besides daughters) an elder son, Robert Rye, born 1772, who followed my grandfather's successful entrance into London business, married Mary Willcox at St. James', Westminster, on 6th April, 1807, and joined his brother's Company, the Needlemakers, on 8th October, 1807. He seems to have been an unlucky man, for he broke his leg in a coach accident in Wales in 1812, and I do not know what became of him except that he had two sons, James who ran away to sea, and Richard, and was living as late as 1844.

My great grandfather, James Rye, died 16th January, 1829, at Thurgarton while on a visit there, but was buried by my grandfather in Baconsthorpe Churchyard, where there are still stones to himself and his wife.

He lived to be 86, and has been described to me as a little old wizened man. John Chapman of Hanworth, who was a cousin of ours, born 1817 (his mother being Easter Rye, sister of my grandfather), told me he remembered this well, so about 1885 I took my eldest son when a boy to speak to him, and so make a memory-link between the son now living (1916) with a man who had spoken to a man born two years before the rebellion of 1745. Mr. Preston, of Lammas, who died last year aged 89 (born 1823), told me he also remembered my great grandfather, but as he was only six when he died I doubt it.

8. Edward Rye, the elder, second son of James Rye, of Baconsthorpe, by Hannah Thaxter his wife, was born at Baconsthorpe, and baptised there on July 24th, 1774.

He is said to have so greatly disliked the routine of farming that he ran away from home. An old memorandum made by me long ago says that he settled in early life at Wells-by-the-Sea as an owner of colliers, but suffering greatly by the failure of a local bank left for London, where he established himself as a wine merchant.

Considering, however, that I can trace no local bank failure about this time, that he was only 25 when he married, and that he married before he went to London, this seems highly improbable. Whether in choosing his trade he was influenced by traditions of smuggling ancestors both on his father's and wife's sides, or similar early experiences of his own, I will not pretend to say, but Mr. Preston, of Lammas, who said he knew his father, frankly admitted that *his* own father was a smuggler.

On the 25th October, 1799, he married at Kelvedon, near Ongar in Essex, Mary, the daughter of John Gibbs,¹ of Wells, by Susanna Cubitt, his wife, who was daughter of Thomas Cubitt, of Honing, a supervisor of Excise at Wells. Her mother had relations near Ongar, her aunt, Susanna Cubitt, having married the Rev. Thomas Chappell, of Terling. This was probably the reason she went there to be married. He is described as of Blackmore, an adjoining village, where I presume he only went to qualify for banns.

She was ten years older than he, having been born on the 3rd and baptized 14th July, 1764, at Wells. She died in 1840, aged 76. I do not think she brought him any money, but was well connected on her mother's side, and seems to have been a very competent, not to say dictatorial, person, and no doubt helped him to make the moderate fortune of which he died possessed, though he lost much of it by imprudent investments.

On reaching London he became a freeman of the Needlemakers' Company, December, 1801, it being then necessary to be a freeman of the City before you could trade in it. In 1803, his eldest son, Edward, was born and was baptised at St. Andrews.

He seems to have thrived at once, for in 1811 he was one of the original shareholders (£1,000 I believe) in the the New Waterloo Bridge which was an entire loss, and on October 24th, 1817, he paid £1,200 for an annuity of £180 from Sir Hy. Conyngham Montgomery, Bart., of Ham Common, secured by conveyance to Trustees of the lands in Co. Sligo, Ireland. I have always understood this money was all also lost.

His mother died 1816, and was buried at Baconsthorpe, as was his father in 1829, both having lived to see their son prosper. On September 4th, 1816, he obtained a nomination from Archdale Palmer to St. Paul's School for his son Edward, whom he had sent previously to acquire the language to a French school at St. Omer. His only other son, George, died young through a childish desire to find out what the steam of a tea kettle tasted like when inhaled through the spout.

¹Gibbs is a very old trade-name at Wells, for Robert Gibbs occurs on the Subsidy Rolls there in 1332 and 1382.

From 1817 to 1819 he was of Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, and on 22nd May, 1819, he bought an annuity of £42 payable by William Horace Beckford, secured on certain farms in Gloucestershire known as Sudeley, Waterhatch, and Trench Farms. I rather fancy this also was lost. He was then (1819) described as of Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, gentleman.

In 1820 (7th February) he bought an annuity from J. Rudney, and was then of 27, York Buildings, New Road.

In 1821 he bought for £2,600 a lease of premises in Lower Woodstock Street, and in 1822 was living in Portland Place, and from 1824 he was of Woodstock Street.

In 1826 he was described as of 2, Lower James' Street, Golden Street, gentleman, in the will of Thomas Wright, of 13, Warwick Street, and in the same year lent money on some houses at Brixton, which were a constant source of worry to my father.

In 1828 he was of Westmoreland Street, Marylebone. He was living at Warwick Street, 1828, when he lent money on mortgage to his son's future father-in-law, Benjamin Tuppen, of Brighton,¹ and also in 1833 when described as of 20, Warwick Street, gentleman, he made his will dated 13th May, 1833, of which his son, his wife, and William Oak, of Sherrard Street, were executors.

He had property in the newly-erected "Quadrant," for on 2nd August, 1826, he bought the Crown lease of No. 91 (rent £63 15s. 9d. and £5 land tax) for £1,100, and at once underlet it to John Nosedá at £207 14s., the upper

¹The Tuppens or Topyns were long settled at Brighton, and it may probably be the French Topin, see Subsidy Roll 34-5, Henry VIII. It also occurs very early in Norfolk, *e.g.*, Robert Topyn of Norwich, in 1303 (Pat. Cal., pp. 190-273, and in 1309 Norwich Deeds, pt. 2). My grandfather, Benjamin Tuppen, who was an architect and builder, is said to have had something to do with building that atrocity, the "Pavilion." He married Elizabeth Collins, of St. Albans, a member of the Church of England, and for doing so was expelled from the Quakers, to which he and his father belonged. To use Kipling's words he was "a most immoral man," and after her death married a servant with whom he had somewhat sinned, and left her and her children all he had to leave.

He was, however, a very fast runner and a good cricketer, and it was probably through his strain of blood that led my brother, myself, and our children, to go in so strongly and not unsuccessfully for athletics. Of three of my sons I can say that their mile-times averaged under 4'40, which I think is a family record. I never beat 4'48 myself, but was a better walker.

part being underlet to Fabius Albertini, Prince of Cimitile, at £120, and on 31st October, 1827, he sold it to Samuel Paynter for £1,632.

He also had a leasehold house, No. 20 (formerly 11), Warwick Street, for which he gave £430 in 1827, and this was sold by his son to a house agent in 1852 for £40, the term being nearly run out.

He was of Gloucester Terrace, Park Walk, Little Chelsea, where his wife died 24th August, 1840, and he died himself there on 21st September, 1843, aged 69, his death being caused by an effusion of serum at the base of the brain, and was buried with his wife at Kensal Green Cemetery. His life was insured in the Hope Assurance Company and he left all his property to his only surviving son Edward.

He was a man of medium size but very strong, very acute and ready in most things, and about as temperate as most men of the period. All his life he kept up his connection with Norfolk, and often took the tedious coach journey of the times to Norwich, as did his wife. The illustration opposite shows an old time table used by them both, which I found in my grandfather's pocket book. She being a woman of spirited, not to say snappy, temper, during one journey had the usual quarrel with a man as to open or shut window, and he endeavoured to silence her by telling her his name was Rye, and that he was the Sheriff of Norwich (this fixes the date as 1829), to which she replied that her name was also Rye, but that *her* husband always behaved as a gentleman should, and she wished he would do the same.

One thing he and his great boon companion, Charles Burt¹, used to be fond of doing was to appoint to meet at the White Horse Cellar at a fixed date and take the first coach which started for anywhere. No anxious planning but a beautiful trust in fate.

How Burt on one occasion, when both were full of spirits, *walked* through the Grand Junction Canal to save a circuitous walk home, though unable to swim, and emerged safe and sober on the other side, and how my

¹ Burt had a female descent from Richardson the novelist, but the family could hardly have derived their taste for practical joking from that very sedate person. One of his grandsons, though a middle-aged man, volunteered for the present War, and was unluckily drowned in the transport.

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SPREAD EAGLE,

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*For the better accommodation of Persons
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<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Places.</i>	<i>Time allowed.</i>	<i>Should arrive.</i>
24	Lugatestone.....	H. M. 2 55	H. M. 8 55
	Breakfast	0 20	9 15
8	Broomfield	0 45	10 0
15	Oak-tree, Halstead..	1 42	11 42
13	Melford	1 30	1 12
13½	Bury	1 33	2 45
	Dinner	0 30	3 15
42	Norwich	4 45	8 0
115½		14 0	

The Proprietors, wishing to establish the regularity of
this Coach, request their Friends will withhold their
usual gift to the Coachman, in case of lost time.

grandfather sent him away into the country into a month's seclusion to avoid the consequences of an imaginary homicide in a tavern broil are family memories. A wild story that my grandfather killed a barrister with a sword-stick (exhibit produced as evidence!) in an election dispute in the Castle Ditches, Norwich, seems absolutely unfounded, for he had no county or city qualification, and never voted for Norfolk or Norwich.

9. Edward Rye the younger, was born February 2nd, 1803, was baptized at St. Andrews' Hubbard, in the City of London, and was educated at St. Omer, in France, then at "Mr. Mason's Academy," Knightsbridge, where he took the writing prize¹, in 1814, a silver medal now in my possession.

On September 4th, 1816, his father obtained a nomination for him to St. Paul's School, to which his grandsons afterwards went, and there also he took a silver pen for hand-writing.²

On March 18th, 1819, he was articled to Thos. Bland, of the well-known firm of Jones & Bland, of 34, Gt. Marylebone Street, the predecessors, I have been told, of White, of Marlborough Street, the late Queen's solicitor, where he read with Thomas Smith (afterwards his clerk, a most eccentric man), whose sister married the Duke de Saldanha³ and G. W. W. Bramwell, afterwards Lord Bramwell, to whom he gave his first brief (*see* published Life of Lord Bramwell), and who afterwards did me many a good turn, and especially in advice when I was in one of the imaginary fears as to liability, which were the curses of my life, just as they used to be of my father's.

He was admitted a solicitor on the 19th June, 1824, and began practice at 107 Quadrant, of which he took the mezzanine floor, and next year took a lease of 2, Lower James Street. In 1830 he bought the lease of No. 16,

¹ His Latin Grammar and vocabulary, with his signature and date 1812, are before me, so he began his studies early.

² The value of such prizes is shown by the fact that in later life he wrote the most illegible hand of any of the family, except his grandsons, F. G. Rye and A. L. Rye. His sons, Edward C. Rye and F. Rye wrote extremely legible hands, and so did I till I spoiled mine by overwork.

³ This was a very romantic story. Smith and his sister had befriended him when he was a refugee in very low water in London, and in fact lodged him gratuitously for a long while.



EDWARD RYE, the elder
(No. 8).



EDWARD RYE, the younger
(No. 9).



EDWARD CALDWELL RYE
(Son of No. 9).



MARY ANNE CUBITT RYE
(Daughter of No. 9).



EDWARD RYE, the younger
(No. 9).



MARIA SUSAN RYE.

Born 1829.

Died 1903.

One of the very first pioneers of Female Labour, and the introducer of homes for "Gutter Children" at Peckham Rye, and "Our Western Home," Niagara, now carried on by the "Waifs and Strays Society." A memoir of her and of her two brothers, E. C. Rye and F. Rye, is now in preparation.

Golden Square*, of the widow of Archibald Patterson, which was held from George Engleheart at £100. I bought the freehold of this house and we kept on practising there till recently, when my sons moved to No. 13†, having sold the freehold of No. 16 at a large profit.

In 1833 he went into partnership with John Harris, of Burton Street, but that person turning out a such undesirable partner he dissolved partnership at a heavy loss in 1838.

Meanwhile he had married on 2nd April, 1828, at St. James', Piccadilly, Maria, eldest daughter of Benjamin Tuppen (*see ante*), of Brighton, by Elizabeth, daughter of John and Mary Collins, of St. Albans, and by her had a numerous family, viz., Maria Susan Rye, born 1829; Elizabeth Rye, born 1830; Edward Caldwell Rye, born 1832, and died in 1885 (all the above baptized at St. James, Westminster); Mary Ann Cubitt Rye, born 1837; Charles Rye, born 1839, died 1854; Walter Rye, born 1843 (*see hereafter*); Clara Louisa Rye, born 1846; and Francis Rye, born 1848, died 1884; all the last five being born at Chelsea, and baptized at St. Luke's Church there.

In 1835 he bought a long leasehold house, No. 14, King's Parade, Chelsea (held of the Fielder Estate), from Mary Caldwell,¹ of Fulham Road, widow, for a life annuity

* It was an old house panelled throughout, and tradition said it had once been the residence of the Spanish Ambassador, and that it was the house described by Dickens.

I remember that Cardinal Wiseman lived opposite, and I was told his windows were broken at the time of the No Popery Riots. There was a great well in the gardens, which had the most beautifully cool water, but it was closed when the cholera scare was about, as Broad Street, Golden Square, was one of the greatest centres of the disease, and I remember a black flag hanging out of a window there. Popular rumour ascribed the cholera to the disturbance of the plague pit, which was once at the back of Silver Street, Golden Square. I was long one of the trustees of the Square as is at present my son, F. G. Rye, who has also built other houses in it.

Probably no West End locality has improved more than this in value of late years, chiefly owing to the migration further west of the wholesale woollen merchants from Cloth Fair, Smithfield.

‡ I am afraid we are all reckless as regards the unlucky numbers. Personally I always looked forward to Friday especially when it fell on the 13th of a month, for I used to think it always brought me special luck.

† I fancy she must have been some relation, for he named his eldest son after her, and Caldwell is a Norfolk name.

of £30, his daughter Mary Ann Cubitt Rye, being the first of the family who was born there, and in 1844 bought the next house, No. 15, and by making an opening on the ground floor obtained a house with 20 rooms, nearly every one of which was packed with books as was 16, Golden Square, and a little overflow house near it, which he rented nominally to take his solitary evening meal.

Chelsea was then a thoroughly rural place, the only drawback was the near neighbourhood of Cremorne, the return of the orgies keeping us awake at night. To the North we were close to the lanes and open fields, which divided us from Kensington. Love Lane and Walnut Tree Walk were beautiful country lanes as if they were miles in the country, and were our favourite entomologizing grounds. Battersea Park was only just beginning, being made of the waste ground excavated from the London Docks, and the open ditches and willows were great places for larvæ of the larger lepidoptera,¹ as were the "Hammersmith Marshes," some acres of land and water as wet and primeval as any Norfolk Broad, and where we used to take hawkmoth caterpillars. I can just remember a toll bar across the King's Road ("The King's Private Road") close to Sloane Square, and to the West, as it was then called, the market gardens between us and Fulham were dreams of joy to boys collecting flowers, freshwater shells, etc. The Thames mud possessed extraordinary fertilising powers, and the seclusion of the marsh used to make it a favourite spot for prizefighters, who used to come over by boats on Sunday mornings from Harry Salter's, "The Feathers," at Wandsworth. I have seen my brother shoot snipe in Broom House Lane, rabbits on Wandsworth Common, and a hawk at Parson's Green, where the Board Schools now are. Every night at 11 we could hear across the fields the discharge of the blunderbuss, regularly let off at Holland House to apprize burglars there was such a thing in the house.

Before my father died he parted with his large and valuable library, which was sold by Messrs. Hodgson on the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th May, 1873,² and he moved to a smaller house, 6, Drayton Terrace, West Brompton

¹ The great tortoiseshell bred freely in an elm tree in our front garden.

² I had already completed a catalogue, which is now before me.

(a house he had bought for his daughters Elizabeth and M. A. C. Rye, who did not live in it long), and died there on the 8th December, 1876, and was buried at Kensal Green. By his will he left all his property to his widow absolutely.¹

He was a man of wide and varied reading, but singularly enough never printed a line, though he is credited with having been (in conjunction with his friend Bramwell, to whom he gave his first brief, and who was my godfather) the draftsman of the Common Law Procedure Act, and I have a portion of a MS. Comedy by him which has considerable merit.

As a lawyer he had a very high local reputation, in fact wasted much of his own time in looking up points for his neighbour solicitors, and gratuitously advising them in difficult cases. He enjoyed a fair practice for some years, but lost much of it by his morbid fear of contingencies, and indeed towards the end of his life took a pessimist view of politics and of his profession, and declined to act for his clients except in the simplest matters.

Soured in early life by his unlucky partnership, and by losses on the Stock Exchange in the time of the railway mania, by which in effect he lost the whole of the competence left him by his father, he set to work to save enough so that his children should have no cause to reproach him, and succeeded in leaving them practically the same amount. The process, however, was not a pleasant one to his family, though possibly it eventually benefited them by bringing them up to exercise care in money matters and not to expect comforts or high living. Three of us sons were lodged in the top attics of No. 15, King's Parade, in rooms without fireplaces, and through the faulty windows of which the snow drifted every year. Two of us survived this Spartan *regime*, but I have always thought that my brother Frank had the seeds of the consumption which killed him, laid by the hardships of living in a practically empty, carpetless house, in which a fire was only lit once a week, and that in the library. The abundance of books which filled every room, however, exercised a very good effect on all of us, and when quite

¹ She survived him and died in the same house on Friday, 10th February, 1882, at 4 p.m., and was also buried at Kensal Green. By her will she divided her property equally among her children.

young we had acquired a strange lot of miscellaneous information, which has since often been of value to us. As a parent he was kind but stern, and too much in the habit of depreciating the competence of his children, though our successes at examinations might have taught him better. He used to walk up from Chelsea to the office, reaching there about 10, and seldom returned (again walking) till 9 p.m. When a lad of 13 I used to have to put up with these long hours, and as often as not also had to carry home a heavy blue bag filled with his recent book purchases.

All this no doubt did me good, but the process was not pleasant, especially as my allowance for food and pocket-money was the magnificent sum of a shilling a day, and my home meal was bread and butter and cocoa only. However, it probably hardened me.

He was a good judge of art, and bought many pictures and prints, and when at Chelsea was acquainted with J. M. W. Turner, and once took me to see him painting at a little house near Martin's. I was only a child at the time, and can only remember he was a little old man (he died 1851 when I was only 8), John Martin, who lived at Lindsay House, and others, including the eccentric poet and novelist Atherstone. Martin gave me the advice never to use white paint, I cannot say why, but he did so. We had a lot to do with McLean, the art dealer, and quite recently we had the original copperplates of some of Martin's etchings at our office as a security, I expect, for unpaid costs. Friends he had few, and of late years none.¹ He slightly knew Carlyle, who borrowed but never returned a volume of Civil War Tracts from him. He took two of my brothers (E. C. and F.) trips on the Continent when they were young, and in fact did his best (and successfully) to instil into them a love of art. Like his father he was a moderately sized man, but with very large chest and leg measurement, and was very powerful. Once at the office a man came in and was very rude, so he

¹ His oldest and practically only friend was Charles Burt, a lime-burner, of Camberwell, son of the first Charles Burt mentioned before. He was the father of Edward Robert Burt, and he in turn was father of Charles Terwin Burt and of Edward Burt, who, as I have said before, at the outbreak of the present war, though a middle aged man, pluckily volunteered for active service, and unluckily was drowned before he fired a shot.

seized him by the neck and back, ran him out into the street, threw him about 8 feet into the road, and then came back and said thoughtfully and apologetically to us two, who were highly delighted at our parent's vigour, "Perhaps I *was* a trifle too hasty," which passed into a family byeword.

10. Walter Rye, the writer, born at Chelsea on the 31st October, 1843, All Hallows Eve, was the seventh child of his parents, which facts ought to have qualified him to see ghosts but didn't. I owe my Christian name to the great love and admiration my mother had for Walter Scott, who in her and my opinion was the best man, as well as the best novelist the world has ever seen.

I was born of long-lived and sturdy families, both on my father's and mother's side, the average of my ancestors for the last few generations being 77.¹ My father being a very studious man, and my mother very fond of gardening, I was left chiefly in the hands of an old aunt (M. A. Tuppen) who spoiled me extremely. One of my earliest remembrances was being taken by my father when only nine years old to see the lying in state of the Duke of Wellington in 1852, and being nearly crushed to death there.

I was sent when very young to a school of a very pretentious character called "St. Peter's Collegiate School," Eaton Square, in connection with King's College, which had been started in 1830, and to which my elder brothers, E. C. Rye and Chas. Rye, had previously gone.

The Head Master may or may not have been a very clever man,² but he certainly was wantonly brutal and severe to a degree, and was justly hated by all his pupils.

Among the scholars I remember were Atter, of Stamford (now Town Clerk and Steward there); Paul Bedford, son of the actor-author; Sir W. Balliol Brett, afterwards a

¹ The average ages of my direct ancestors (excluding a woman who died in childbirth) being no less than 77, while of the present generation my eldest sister was 73 when she died. I am just the same, and I have two others "not out" at 86 and 79, a *present* average of 78! Not so bad for a family whose two grandparents were, to say the least of it, not teetotallers. For myself I have only lost one out of ten, and he died while only a few days old. Temperance faddists please note!

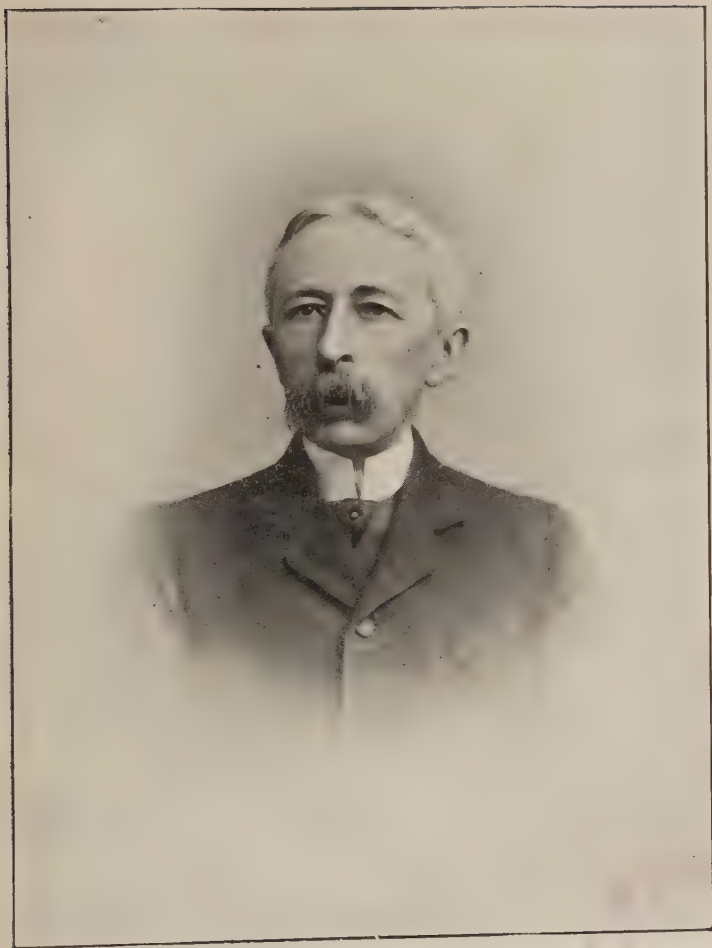
² Note by a schoolfellow: "He had not the qualifications of a fourth-form schoolboy." His brother whom he ousted from the Headmastership was a brilliant scholar but an eccentric man.

Judge; Boileau, the engineer; Byron, the author; Sir C. W. Dilke, M.P., of Sloane Street notoriety; Ekin, afterwards scholar of Exeter, Oxford, who was head boy in my time; Gaulter; Goodban; "Billy Groves," afterwards a Cambridge wrangler, and took the Clifford's Inn Prize (a friend of my brother Charles, and in consequence very kind to me); R. Howlett, F.S.A., afterwards of Cambridge and the Civil Service Commission (my oldest friend)¹; Quinet, and Veitch. My great friend then was E. F. Galaher, son of an Irish clergyman, and nephew of Mrs. Warner, whose husband was M.P. for Norwich. To his mother I was greatly indebted for many years for her kindness and hospitality, and indeed she may be said to have "mothered" me.

During 1857 I was playing in a field near the house of a chum (E.F.G.) in Oakley Street, Chelsea, with other St. Peter's fellows, digging a long and deep hole therein, roofing it with boards and stolen pailings, sitting in this grave-like recess for hours together, roasting potatoes till we were half-choked with the reek of the damp fuel, and were quite chilled with the damp of the earth; keeping white mice, playing cricket badly, always being turned at school for lessons omitted to be learnt, and perpetually being thrashed therefor, formed the routine of my life. We often used to see Thomas Carlyle and, boy-like, took an invincible dislike to him as he stalked about morosely in his long cloak, and I expect I am the only one who can say that he has thrown stones at the historian and been gibbered at by him in reply. The boys of the neighbourhood had heard rumours of his surly and unkind treatment of his wife, but of course knew nothing of her nagging temper.

Par parenthèse.—I may say that anyone who checks the details of Carlyle's work will find him most slovenly

¹ I introduced him later in life to antiquarianism, and he developed into one of the soundest and most accurate men of his day. He edited the Chronicle of Thomas de Ecclestone, which I had found in the Isham MSS., for the Rolls Series, and contributed many papers of great value to the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society and the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany, when his wide reading and great accuracy conclusively settled the old difficulty of the site of the Bishop's Palace at Elmham, which he showed began no doubt at the Norfolk North Elmham and not the Suffolk South Elmham. His papers on the early history of Lynn were most valuable, but unfortunately an attack of paralysis has now stopped his active career. For his portrait see opposite.



RICHARD HOWLETT.

and inaccurate. He was always grumbling, growling, and gibing about Dryasdusts, but he was also always using their work; and the real grievance he had against them was that they had not done more to smooth his way, and save him the pains and labour of the original research he disliked so much. His *Letters of Cromwell* is, perhaps, his best known work, but I have myself discovered *over a hundred* unpublished letters of Cromwell which escaped him.

My counter-grumble done, I may say that the Steward descent of Cromwell will not hold water for a moment. Probably no illusion has taken firmer hold of the public mind than the romance which gave Cromwell a royal descent through the Stewards, and enabled people to moralize on the fact, much in the same way as he maundered over the Squire letters. The pedigree began with "Sir Alexander Steward the fierce," who is *said* to have killed a lion with a ragged club in 1385, in France; and whose son is *said* to have been taken prisoner, and brought to England with James II. of Scotland in 1405. In the *Genealogist*, new ser., vol. i., p. 34, I have gone into this vain tale at great length, and shown that the Steward from whom Cromwell's mother descended came from an unimportant English family called Styward of Swaffham, who were settled there in 1378, and who were in no way connected with Scotland at all. Since my paper J. H. Round and Mr. Bain, the Scotch genealogist, have still further massacred the myth.

My diary for 1857-1865 is chiefly a record of natural history notes and athleticism, and though interesting to me would not be so to the readers of this book.

On 15th May I was taken violently ill with pleurisy from which I barely recovered with my life, after having ten leeches sucking at me, and while convalescent went and stopped at Wimbledon village.

On 22nd June I returned to school and to hard work in Phené's field in Oakley Street, the "house" in which was completed on the 18th November. Phené lived to be a very old man, dying only two or three years ago. He had a very large and curious and most heterogeneous assortment of antiquities, none of which he ever allowed to be seen. He was a most eccentric but able architect, though chiefly known for his collections as to the Phœnicians.

I left school on the 19th December, 1857, being then aged 14 years and two months, having importuned my father to take me away at that early age on account of the great and unfair severity, not to say brutality, of the Head Master.

During this year (1858) I was at my father's office at 16, Golden Square, Westminster,¹ my chief amusement being entomology. We used to walk up every morning along Sloane Street, in the gardens of which I continually found *Z. Aeschuli*, the Leopard moth, emerging from lilac trees just as I did 50 years later, and across the Green Park, where I used to find *S. Salicis* then, and after the same 50 years' interval. I can just remember Rosamond's Pond, and well remember the long reservoir along Piccadilly.

About this time my father took me, but on what date I can't remember, to Salisbury and Stonehenge, to Cambridge and Ely, and also to Sandwich, Canterbury, and Richborough, showing me antiquities. We usually went to Herne Bay for our regular holidays.

About this time he took me to Lynn, and we stayed at Paradise House with Dr. J. V. Hawkins. This was my first visit to Norfolk. The house was afterwards bought by E. M. Beloe, the antiquary, and my third son, F. G. Rye, married his daughter from it, a very curious coincidence.

In 1858 he gave me books, *e.g.*, Smith's "Action at Law," White's "History of Selborne," "The Vicar of

¹ I was hardly more comfortable there than I was at school, for both my brothers and I had to rough it extremely. If we wanted fires in the office we had to fetch the coals from a coal-house in the back yard and make and light them ourselves, no pleasant job after coming in wet through from the three miles walk from Chelsea, and our only washing accommodation was a tin bowl in the back to be filled by ourselves. There was only one clerk besides ourselves, and the business was so intermittent that we often left for an hour or so. Our pocket-money was minute, but our leisure was ample. My brother, who was a clever draughtsman, increased his by making sketches for various papers (including "Fastolf," a long extinct comic paper) and publishers, but having no talent that way I persuaded my father to pay us instead of pocket-money certain fixed payment for actual work done. In this I rather got the better of him, for eventually our weekly bills came to double our pocket-money, but though he grumbled he honourably kept to the arrangement.



E. M. BELOE.

Wakefield," and Tusser's "Five hundred points of good husbandry," a strange selection for a boy of 15.

During 1859 Fred W. Macdonald,¹ R. Howlett, Adams, Oxley and others, were some of the shining lights of this institution, which was called the "Chelsea Athenæum," and held in the Church schoolrooms under the presidency of a worthy and reverend bore, the Rev. W. W. Robinson, of whose Sunday School I was once superintendent and honorary secretary, and I afterwards had to do with St. Luke's Sunday School, the management of which by the Blunts, was not of the best, their methods being referred to in my "Rubbish and Nonsense."

Being only just turned 15, I naturally retained many schoolboy tastes. I was still very keen on natural history, and kept a very close diary of finds and appearances of plants, and was collecting insects nearly every evening in the lanes by the Brompton Cemetery, and on to Wimbledon Common, &c., by myself—in one of which excursions I took *C. edusa* near the "Rounds"—a great epoch in my life.

On 20th July, 1859 (then aged 15), I walked a mile in 11 minutes in my clothes, and in November walked to Kingston Bridge and back (17½ miles) in 3 hours 53 mins.

This autumn I went to Herne Bay with my mother, E.C. Rye, and Frank. We had some glorious entomological rambles in Blean Woods, E.C.R. taking *Polisticus*, *C. edusa*, &c., and had a most enjoyable natural history holiday. A very early fall of snow came down on 29th September.

In September my brother Frank went to Halls School at Chelsea. I was still entomologizing and pottering about Wimbledon Common, &c., and had my first long walk with E. C. Rye by Esher, &c., and during the year had a fine take of *Z. Aeschuli* in lilac trees in the gardens at Sloane Square.

On 19th March, 1860, I prepared and was to have read a lecture on "The Romans in England," for the Chelsea Athenæum, but funk'd it, and got it read by someone else.

In April, finding after two years absence from school that my ignorance was appalling, and likely to be a great hindrance to my future life, I went to the evening classes

¹ Afterwards a very well-known public lecturer. I took the chair (while I was Mayor of Norwich) at one of his lectures after an interval of 40 years.

at King's College, taking as subjects Latin, Mathematics, and Arithmetic. I kept up these evening classes for several years, and found them of the utmost service to me. In two consecutive terms I got first in the Arithmetic and Book-keeping Classes, and received a good many certificates of merit in other subjects such as History and German. The determination to learn on the part of nearly all the students was probably accounted for by the fact that we paid for our tuition ourselves, and naturally wanted to get something for our money. Among my fellow students were Clarke, afterwards Attorney-General, then a warehouseman's clerk; Professor Arber, murdered by a motor car in 1912; and Isaac Seaman, a very clever and able man, afterwards editor of *Public Opinion*, and still living.

Later on when I had a little more leisure, I was one of the helpers at a very rough night school at Paradise Row, Chelsea,¹ and still later after my marriage was manager of a Wandsworth Night School, see later.

In September I went with my father to Winchester, Southampton, St. Cross Hospital, where I took a purple hair streak, Portsmouth, the "Victory," Netley Abbey, &c., and shortly after my return, the first symptoms of *cacoethes currendi* seized me, being then not 17, and I beat all my school contemporaries, chiefly at sprints.

At the evening classes being renewed in October, I took English, History and Geography, Arithmetic and Mathematics, as subjects, and went down, as far as I remember, from 6 to 9 p.m. four nights a week.

During 1861, the athletic madness was still very strong in me. In January, I walked 15 miles fairly fast, doing the first 7 miles in 75 minutes in my clothes over a hilly road, and the next month, $3\frac{1}{8}$ miles (King's College home) in 31 minutes.

In February I had the satisfaction of again coming across a man called Veitch, who had always bullied me at school, and, having in the interim acquired a competent knowledge of sparring, inducing him to come home, put

¹ It was held in an old Baptist Chapel, and some of the pupils having discovered there was an old bath below, put a little boy into it, replaced the cocoa nut matting and covered the spot up with forms. Punsfer, the paid master, and I luckily noticed the matting heaving up and rescued the victim, and then took drastic measures with the culprits. He afterwards got Orders and was a parson near Lynn.

on the gloves, and spar with me, when with great pleasure I thrashed him soundly.

On 1st April, 1861 (most appropriate day), I saw a running ground, the West London Cricket Ground, and about the same time I walked 3 miles in $27\frac{1}{2}$ minutes in my clothes.

After having been $3\frac{1}{2}$ years at office, practically on probation, I executed my articles on 13th June, 1861.

I attempted cricket, without any success, but did a little better at pistol shooting,¹ and went out in a light boat for the first time. We used to go out from a boathouse near the "Magpie and Stump," at the bottom of Oakley Street, Chelsea, and two of my earliest reminiscences were going down at night to see my old brother scull back from Harry Salter's, the "Feathers," at Wandsworth (carrying A. A. Casamajor crouched at his feet in the waker boat, a feat sufficiently dangerous but necessary for pecuniary reasons), and seeing him very thoroughly thrash a waterman who had been beating his wife.

This must have been about 1852, which was the year Casamajor and he rowed together, and won at Staines, sculling back to Wandsworth after the racing was over, opening the locks for themselves. Shortly after, my brother had to leave off rowing as he had got into debt for his training bill, and could not afford to go on with rowing. He borrowed the money to pay the bill from a Welsh friend, the Rev. W. Evans, and stinted himself for three years till he repaid it. How he afterwards came back to the water, after an interval of many years, I shall mention later.

On the 29th June being then of the mature age of $17\frac{1}{2}$ I made my first appearance in a public race by running in a 300 yards race at Beaufort House, at the Volunteer Fete there, when I fell at a turn while going third, and on 14th July did a long collecting walk $38\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a butterfly net, through Croydon, round Kingston, &c.

On the 1st August I went to Walton-on-the-Naze, having a mad man in the next room to us; also walked to Colchester, &c.; a slow dull holiday, for I had no companion.

Some of the year was spent copying nearly all (the MS. I afterwards gave to Mr. Hovenden) the inscriptions

¹ In later life I was very fond of this, and became a fair shot, far better than I was with a rifle or bow.

in Fulham Churchyard, taking long walks to Croydon and Kingston (at which latter I used to get a copious tea at a small coffee shop for 2½d.), attempting to smoke and becoming ill therefrom, occasionally beguiling Howlett into accompanying me, and leaving him footsore and weary, were my chief amusements during the latter half of the year. On the 14th October I saw one of the first of the bogus races between Deerfoot and a lot of inferior runners; and on the 15th I had a long night walk, made extra melancholy by the incessant tolling of Church bells for the death of Prince Albert.

At the end of December, being then just over 18, I walked myself to Great Bookham and back, 41 miles, without stopping or sitting down, in about 10 hours; one of the coldest walks I ever had, and done on some mutton sandwiches I took with me, and a bottle of lemonade which I bought at Leatherhead. I was very chafed and footsore but hardly tired. Personally I look upon this as the best performance I ever did.

By the way I may, as a practical athlete all my life, say that I strongly disbelieve the story of George Borrow's walk to London on a small ration of apples and beer. Very tall men are seldom good walkers.

On 23rd April, 1862, I obtained a reading room ticket for the British Museum, and used it a great deal till a new rule came in prohibiting anyone under 21 holding a ticket, and did not visit the room again for many years, having transferred my allegiance to the Public Record Office, to which I went first in July, 1864, so I fancy I must now be one of the oldest readers there.

When I was in full work at the Norfolk Fines there, during my clerkship to my father, I used to allocate my "dinner hour" when in Chancery Lane to 10 mins. at "Prossers" (usually having for food a lump of cold turbot, two cold sausages and bread, and half-pint of bitter beer), and 50 mins. at the Record Office, during which in time I got to annotate 50 fines to the hour. This was doubted by the late Mr. Muskett, to whom I made the brutal retort I never said *he* could do it.

In April I walked home from St. Alban's with Howlett (on our way the guard of the train stopped it to get off and rob a blackbird's nest he had obviously marked down on a previous journey!) and next month beat a man

called Holm in two matches of 150 yards and 220 yards, both capital races, and in June also beat him by three yards over a mile at Finchley, after a very severe and exhausting race over a course finishing near the present Finchley Road Station, then open country.

This spring I took German at the evening classes. Some of my translations in verse of "Thekla's Song," &c., are printed in my "Rubbish and Nonsense."

About this time I began to row a little with my elder brother, and on the 28th June ran for the second time in a public race, finishing third in a 250 yards race at Beaufort House, won by Lewis of the South Middlesex, but beating a big field, including my old opponent Veitch.

In July rowed and won my first race, a pair-oared match, with coxswain, rowing stroke, with Howlett bow and E. C. Rye cox, beating Varley and Gauntlett, and next month walked a full mile in my clothes with my brother in 8 minutes 30 seconds.

In the autumn I went to Broadstairs for a holiday, where I copied many inscriptions in the churchyard of St. Peter's and all in the Church; had a good deal of pistol practice; and on 23rd August was nearly killed, with my younger brother F. Rye, by a piece of rock falling close to us.

At the end of August I ran again, this time in a 240 yards "Gentlemen Amateur Handicap" instituted by Bill Price at Hackney Wick, which I might have won, as I got second place in my heat, though I lost at least a dozen yards at the start. My old friend C. M. Callow started in the same race. He is still alive and well.

Next month I won my first walking match, beating a man called Mason, doing 3 miles in 27½ minutes, 5 miles in 47 minutes, and 6 miles in 63 minutes, easing up after the first five miles, so I could have beaten the hour easily, he being 2 minutes behind, as I was walking in my clothes.

During the autumn I was sparring a good deal, and running half-miles in Love Lane, and later in the year beat Arturo Marras, afterwards well-known in music circles (who used to beat me easily), having at last learned to run on my toes.

In March, 1863, I did *not* see the entrance of Princess Alexandra into London, though for years after I firmly believed I did— a very curious hallucination, for I have often graphically described her beauty as I thought I saw

it. Looking over some old diaries the other day, however, I found I spent the holiday in copying tombstones in Fulham Churchyard, and only saw the illuminations in the evening, during which I had my first and last street fight, caused by a rough jostling me. Conceited by recent sparring practice, I went for him, to be received by two nasty blows on the nose and mouth, a fact probably to be accounted for by the absence of the "mufflers." A friendly old many-caped cabman gave me a knee, and while I was snuffling up my blood (the nastiest fluid I ever tasted), he advised me to keep him at out-fighting for the next round, which I did, and in the third was lucky enough to land a flush hit with my right, and I think I am correct in saying that the back of his head was the first part of his body to touch the ground. The subsequent proceedings interested him no more, but the old cabby introduced me to dogs-nose, which he insisted on standing me at the adjoining pub.

On 24th January, 1863, I walked in my first public walking race in a Gentlemen Amateurs' Walking Race at Hackney Wick, leading till the end of the third mile, but was utterly untrained, and could not finish. In March I see by my diary that primroses were growing on the site of Clapham Junction! On Good Friday a lovely walk over Box Hill, repeated on 12th June. On the 20th May saw W. E. Gladstone for the first time, when he gave away the prizes at the King's College Evening Classes.

In the autumn of 1863 I made my first walking tour through Norfolk with a knapsack, some details of which I printed in my "Rubbish and Nonsense" (1887). It was during this journey that I made the acquaintance of John L'Estrange, the well-known Norfolk antiquary, who was a clerk in the Stamp Office at Norwich, by buying search stamps of him. He afterwards taught me to read old deeds.

During December, 1863, and January, 1864, I had another very severe attack of pleurisy. In April I weighed 10 st. 8 lbs. in my clothes, and jumped 8 ft. 5 ins. and 9 ft. thrice in three consecutive standing jumps, a very fair performance for a non-jumper, and on 1st May, 1864, when under 21, got engaged to a friend of my sister's, a very amiable girl, but much older than myself, and the engage-



JOHN L'ESTRANGE.

ment was broken off in less than a year,¹ chiefly because I saw on 12th February, 1865, someone I liked better, though nothing came of that, either except my writing a little book on "The legal and advisable ornaments of the Church of England," with the idea of ingratiating myself with her brother, who was a Ritualist! It was published in 1866 (*see post*).

Before I was 21 I had got to run fairly well, viz., 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs. for a quarter, 2 mins. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs. for a half, and 4 mins. 58 secs. for a mile. On the 9th July, 1864, I went to the Record Office for the first of very many hours. On 31st August, 1864, I went to Liverpool and ran in a half mile race at an open meeting. I was suffering from a bad cold, but it made no difference as it happened, for the man who beat me was W. D. Hogarth, of Liverpool, who afterwards turned out a great crack, and was unbeaten till Guy Pym frightened the heart out of him in a match which he ought to have won. However, I got second and beat the others.

From Liverpool I went on with Howlett for a walking tour in Wales, round by Chester and Conway by Llanrwst and Capel Curig to Tan-y-Bwlch Cottage, where we hired a guide and went up Snowdon in the dark mist with a guide, who I beat easily enough after all my training, and slept the night in a dirty, damp cabin, where they charged us a guinea each for the roughest possible accommodation. Next morning, very luckily for us, a gust of wind blew away the mist for half an hour, and we had a grand view of Anglesea and the Irish Coast. We came back by the easy Llanberis way, and by lakes to Carnarvon over the Menai Bridge at Anglesea, and thence with a tremendous rear wind behind us, which literally lifted us off our feet, by Bangor Cathedral (very poor and small), under Penmaenmawr to Conway. In October I came across a wonderfully interesting man called Thorn, who I described in my diary as "the jolliest, most benevolent little monomaniac." He wrote under the pen name of "Le Chevalier au Cygne," and his hobby was the god Thor, and the six hundred, three score and six of the Revelations, and received me most affably as a possible descendent of the Tonys and Beaufoys. I adopted his mascot of the Fylfot

¹ She was a friend of the Kingsleys, and I remember in my temporary capacity going with her to H. Kingsley's wedding on 19th July, 1864, when I saw Dumaurier for the first time.

or the digamma, otherwise the cross crampony for my racing colours, and it pleased him immensely to note my athletic successes as a direct proof of his theory.

During 1865 I went on running and did 200 yards in $22\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; tried again at Liverpool, but only got third in a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile race (round a 220 yard lap) to Spencer, of Liverpool, and Beardsell, of Huddersfield, half a yard dividing each of us in 56 seconds. If I remember rightly I afterwards beat Beardsell, but here the course was too small for me and my long legs as against my shorter opponents. J. G. Chambers, of Cambridge, who afterwards won the 7 miles championship, also walked (as did H. W. Petherick, "Barnacles" of London), in a 2 mile walking race with Farnworth, of Liverpool, who finished a yard in front of him, both running like mad. On 9th September I was badly beaten in the St. Paul's open $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, won by Burra, of Oxford,¹ in $53\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and later on by Rhodes and H. J. Chinnery in the Mincing Lane open $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. I had won my heat, beating Stratton, and in the final was only beaten by a foot, though badly fouled by Chinnery, and I beat Hignett, of Liverpool, and others.

I visited Southport, and then railed across to Norfolk by Peterborough and Ely.

My autumn holiday was spent walking in Norfolk, and I made the acquaintance of some distant cousins, the Frosts. On my return, acting on my elder brother's advice, I dropped running for a bit and came out as a walker with startling success, for having been twice beaten in running races by Walter M. Chinnery² (afterwards champion) at $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile and H. J. Chinnery at a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile by inches only, I made a 2 miles match to walk their brother, G. T. Chinnery (the then challenge cup holder of the L.A.C.), and beat him very easily on 28th October, 1865, in 16.28 which was then the best amateur time on record. Needless to say after this exposure of form I never was placed anywhere but at scratch in a walking race for the rest of my natural life.

I passed my final examination as a solicitor in May, 1866, before I had finished the term of my articles, so had to renew my admission notices. For this I had been

¹ A most marvellous natural runner who neither before or after showed anything like such form, if indeed he ever ran for his University.

² Two of his sons have been killed in the present war.

trained by my old friend, Howlett, at his lodgings at Hampstead, from which I walked home to Roehampton, where I was in training. Going home I rightly realized the truth of Sydney Smith's saying, that there was an end to everything except to eternity and Wimpole Street. My father was told by one of the examiners that, had I not most unwisely attempted to take up Bankruptcy and Criminal Law, I should have had "mention," but I did so utterly badly at these subjects of which I was perfectly ignorant that I rightly received a pass only.

In February and May I won prizes at the L.A.C. at 4 miles and 2 miles walking, both from scratch.

I went to my first meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæology Society in July, 1866, and got acquainted with the Hon. F. Walpole, who told me his ghost story on 5th July at the "Chequers" at Brandon.

It is a pity to have to disbelieve the story told so minutely—how the Grey Lady of Rainham (by the way she is sometimes called white and sometimes brown) had been seen by the servants, and was waited up for by the gentlemen—how they stayed two nights in the corridor, playing *écarté*, with two gamekeepers at each door—how they saw nothing the first two nights, but that in the middle of the third one of the keepers called out "There she be," and they saw her come through the wall at them—how one gentleman, the narrator, most wisely flattened himself against the wall, to get as far as possible from her, but the other boldly stretching out his arms till he touched either side of the corridor, was passed through by her like smoke is passed through, and how they both saw her disappear through another wall. Mr. Walpole was a very energetic antiquary and bought and restored Rainthorp Hall, I understood because his "ancestress," as he called her, was supposed to have had some connection with the place. He had served with distinction in the East, and had travelled nearly everywhere. His best known book, "May and September," was a clever novel and though much spoiled by hasty composition and bad grammar, is well worth reading for its graphic description of local society and scenery. Needless to say the heroine was named "Amye." We eventually quarrelled because I would not back up the old peerage tales of his ancestors.

In July I went to Holkham to see my brother Charles, who was recuperating at the Victoria Hotel there, and in August to Pulham for the first time and to Rainthorpe, and during July trained at running and got to do 4.50 for a mile, and 10.54 for two miles, but I was always hopelessly bad at long distance running, my legs being too heavy for my body.

At the National Olympian Association Meeting at the Crystal Palace on 1st August, 1866, however, I won both the half and mile races, under the colours of the King's College Rowing Club (which Howlett and I had joined), beating A. King of the L.A.C. (who rather fancied himself at a half), W. G. Grace the cricketer, Balls of Norwich, and others, but the times over grass were slow.

In August and September, 1866, I took my holiday in Norfolk, staying some time at the Belle Vue, Cromer, looking up Cubitt at Fritton, a very amusing parson.¹ I afterwards discovered he was a distant cousin of mine, and became acquainted with the Revd. H. T. Griffith then at Bassingham.

In November I reverted to walking and won a L.A.C. mile handicap from scratch in 7.37.

During the year I published my first work: "What are the legal and advisable ornaments of the Church of England." (Rivington) It was the result of considerable research at the Public Record Office among the Church Goods Certificates, temp. Edward VI. there, and was reviewed very favourably.

My Christmas holiday I spent at Norwich with Howlett putting up at the "Oxford," in the rooms now occupied by the Town Clerk of Norwich, rooms which call up early memories of Taylor, the geologist, and several others of the local young "bloods" of the period.

In 1867 Howlett and I took our Easter at Norwich, and I again saw the very nice girl at Pulham. All the

¹ Two of his stories I well remember. One was how a friend of his wife's had overstayed her welcome, and how she had, unwarily, mentioned how very convenient it was for visitors to have two railway stations so near his house. He retorted, "Yes, madam, it is perfectly marvellous how convenient they find them *when* they want to go away," and how she went the next day.

The other was when some dignitary of the Church, asking him how he was getting on in his new berth, and his retort, "As well as a Norfolk man suffocated can expect." (Suffolk-hated!).

year I was rowing and running at Putney, the two Slaters and Pat Gadsden being my chief friends.

On 21st May, 1867, I unexpectedly won the University College Strangers' quarter in 55½, beating E. Hawtrey of Eton, afterwards a champion, and others. I had only been down for practice, but Walter Chinnery asked me to give his friend Hawtrey, who was a slow starter, a lead in the race, and I did so, but finding myself still 20 yds. in front of the top of the straight for home concluded to go on and win, and did so! Two days after I journeyed to Norwich to take part in some open sports got up by Geo. M. Chamberlin, but I fancy the report of my recent win made them postpone the meeting on the pretext of a shower of rain! This was the first time I stayed at the "Maid's Head," which I afterwards owned and restored. Next month, on a Monday, I went again to Pulham, and heard of "pints of butter" for the first time.

Next month I was beaten by Riches for the open half at the King's College A.C. Sports, and began to realize what I was long loth to admit, that I was not much good at running, being too heavy in the legs, as I said before.

On 20th August I went to my elder brother's wedding at St. George's, Bloomsbury.

I had won the London A.C. seven miles walking Challenge Cup on a date I now forget, beating J. Westell the holder rather easily, and walked over for it again on 30th August, 1867, and next day went again to Pulham. All the summer I was rowing at Putney.

My autumn I spent at Rainthorpe and at Hanworth with the Rev. J. Bulwer, Cromer, and at working at the history of Cromer; and on 5th September I won the open steeple-chase there, over a very severe country. I had been treated very badly by the local committee, who had advertised all the races as open and level, but who, when I entered for the half, at once made it a handicap and put me at scratch. Out of pique I entered for the steeple-chase, though no jumper, and came in alone, having the satisfaction afterwards of declining to take the money prize offered, stating that I preferred to remain an amateur. E. A. Sandford was the local favourite, but he was rather too heavy.

All this year I was working with and making collections for John L'Estrange, the great authority on Norfolk

antiquities, and specially on bells, whose acquaintance I had made some time before August, 1863, when I was buying will search stamps at the Stamp Office at Norwich. He was a very enthusiastic and hard working antiquary, and I worked with him for many years, but he came to hopeless grief through women and wine, and died in prison in 1877.¹

He taught me to read old writing by sending me 17th century deeds to copy, and then returning them with the copies corrected like a school exercise, till I got the copy absolutely right, a plan by which I afterwards taught the Rev. Dr. Jessopp.

On the 28th September I got second in 2 miles walking handicap from scratch at Islington Sports, beating Griffith (48 sec.), Waddell (60).

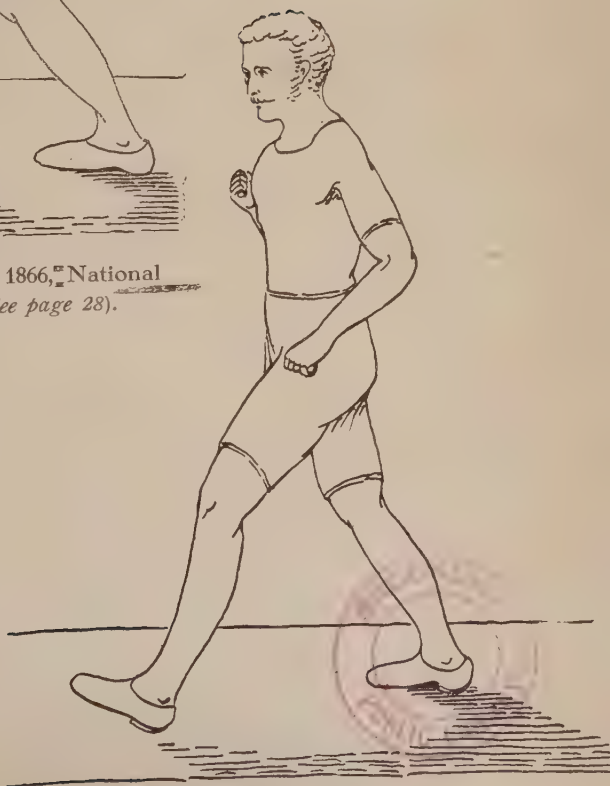
By the end of 1867 I had got my mile walking time down to 7.4½, and on the 7th December in conjunction with several members of the Thames Rowing Club started the first of the long series of "Thames Handicap Steeplechases," and originated the Thames Hare and Hounds Club, the first English Paper Chase Club, which afterwards got me the nick-name of "Father of Paper Chasing." I took the idea from the "Barby Run" in Tom Brown's School Days. I little thought that such idea would produce such enormous results, *e.g.*, in the May of 1916 there were 2,176 entries, of whom more than 1800 men ran at a Military Cross Country race at Gosforth Park, Newcastle, and there are now many hundreds of paper chase clubs all over England, which have provided very many recruits to the Army, and unluckily have lost many of their number in the fighting.

Some time that year (30th November), I only walked third from scratch in the memorable 2 miles walking handicap of the West London R.C. won by S. P. Smith, a comparative novice, who had 15 secs. from me, although I did 15.17 all the way in pouring rain. He was a very tall, strong man, and walked fairer than I ever saw a man before or since, and I took it for granted that my walking supremacy was a thing of the past. Next year, however, he

¹ When he came to grief we got up quite a good subscription for his wife, and started her in business, but she was hopelessly incompetent, and I lost a good deal by her. Her son we took into our office, but he rewarded us by robbing us and running away!



WALTER RYE, 1st August, 1866, National Olympic Association. (See page 28).



WALTER RYE, 20th June, 1868. Amateur

was going for the championship, and (we had become personal friends) asked me to give him a rough trial at 2 miles, and to his surprise, I beat him. A week after we walked half-a-mile for speed, and I again beat him, doing 1.31 and 3.21, which I think must have broken his heart, for he never started in a race again. All the year I was writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Sporting Gazette*, and on the 5th November saw my future wife for the first time. On the 30th November I met Mr. R. M. Williams, the Civil Service crack, for the first time in the 2 miles handicap, and beat him easily in 7.15 and 15.16, in pouring rain. I was at my best that year (1868), for I got third in the L. A. C. 3 miles handicap from scratch in 7.13, 15.6 and 23.5, then the best on record, and gave J. E. Bentley of the C. S. 30 secs., and a beating in a 2 mile match, of which my first mile was 6.54. Some fast trials (*e.g.*, 39.16 for 5 miles) brought me to the championship, which I won in 57.40, then the best on record all the way from 1 mile to 7, beating Griffith (I always beat him whenever I met him) by the length of the straight, and a buffoon named H. F. Wilkinson by just a mile.

Again trying at running, I ought to have won the Parkfield open half-mile from scratch, and actually led at 880 yds., but by mistake the course was marked 80 yds. too long and I got caught again. This was the last time I saw Charlie Westhall before he died.

This autumn was memorable for me for being my first close acquaintance with the Norfolk Broads,¹ up which Howlett and I rowed in a light paired oared boat from Yarmouth, and when I saw my first "salt tide." Towards the end of my holiday I got incidentally engaged to a very pretty girl in Mid Norfolk, and spent a few days at Lowestoft, but was thrown over by her at her mother's instance. The old woman was a rabid Radical and Dissenter, and objected to my taking any part in any athletics, sharing with my own parents the then prevalent idea that athletics

¹ We met no pleasure boats at all except one lateener laid up on Wroxham Broad. Nor did we see any pleasure wherries of which Dr. Wheeler (Norwich Science Gossip, Trans. 1913-4) says the first was invented by Mr. Gambling, of Buxton, followed by Mr. Cooke, of Stalham, in 1863. I always thought that "Parson" Blake's boat, which he and his cousin, "Captain" Blake, fitted out themselves, was the earliest, but suppose I was wrong.

meant pot-housing, but as mentioned before the engagement was promptly broken off in a little over a month.

During the winter of 1868-9 I was in lodgings at Putney (my co-lodger being my subsequent partner, W. H. Eyre), trying to sleep out in an open boat by Eel Pie Island with "Cocky Cross," on Christmas Eve, trying to build a velocipede,¹ and riding it on Barnes Common, and was on 3rd February elected honorary secretary to the London Athletic Club in succession to Walter Chinnery.

My weight was then 11 st. 6 oz., and I varied little from this for some years. On 1st June I went out for the first time in a wager boat, getting through Old Putney Bridge at my first attempt, to the great disappointment of several kind friends who accompanied me without upsetting, but though I was assiduous in practice I never won a race. Had sliding seats been then in vogue, I think I should have done so, for I was very long in the reach, had a calf measurement of 16½ inches, and my wind was very good indeed just about that time. I walked a mile and ran a mile from one start in 13.11, which I believe still remains the best on record, for though there are a dozen men now who could beat it, no one has ever happened to try to do so. Still even the old standard of a quarter of an hour takes some doing, as any of my readers can try for himself.

In the spring of 1869, I was not well and suffered a good deal from diarrhoea so did not start for the Championship. In June I was nearly drowned with Howlett bathing at Putney, and about July I made the acquaintance of my late wife.

In August I challenged for the L.A.C. Challenge Cup, which I had resigned in favour of P. M. Evans, but finding that R. H. Nunn was surreptitiously training for it, I had a few days' practice, and having walked a trial of 30.13 for 4 miles had no difficulty in winning in slow time, being 200 yds. ahead at half distance.

This autumn I went a long walking tour with J. Shearman through Norfolk, staying some time at Cromer,

¹ I always had a great hankering after wheeled progression, and am under the impression that in an article on Athletics, Aquatics, &c., in the old "Sporting Gazette," I was one of the first to suggest that by gearing up a small strong man might be put on fairer terms with the long man, who in the days of the old high machine had it all his own way.

and again got nearly drowned by getting into the back suck of a groyne. These two narrow escapes from drowning entirely put me off swimming in future. I was working a good deal at local Church history on this journey, and saw my old cousin, Chapman, the blacksmith, a well educated man, who said he had gone to Holt Grammar School with my grandfather, but I rather doubt it, and his wife. Went up Norwich Cathedral spire.

On the 17th September I inspected the old Church Register of Aylsham, which the rector had left with Mr. Forster, whose clerk Howlett showed it to me. Since then it has disappeared, but I hope it will turn up again some day like those of Foulsham and Felbrigg have recently done.

Later in the autumn I went into lodgings at the King's Head, Roehampton, and trained there. I used to walk up to Golden Square, and walk back viâ the West London Cricket Ground to train, and then back to Roehampton. The two Chinnerys, E. J. Colbeck, and I were practically daily visitors to the ground. Our training refreshment after exercise was invariably half-a-pint of public house port, and an arrowroot biscuit each. Verily we must have all had *dura ilia* with a vengeance. Our usual diet was one big cup of tea and a chop or steak for breakfast, the same without tea, but with half-a-pint of bitter or old ale diluted with three-pennyworth of gin for dinner, and the same for supper. The idea was the old-fashioned one (now exploded) of limiting men to two pints of liquid a day. None of us smoked then, and yet we were fairly successful. Any amount of exercise included a running before breakfast with the "Barnes Beagles," with whom on 10th January, 1870, we killed three wild rabbits on Barnes Common. F. C. Morley, the worthy master, is still alive hale and hearty, though very old.

On 3rd October, 1869, I got engaged to my wife.¹

In 1870 (Whit Monday) having taken a team down to Nottingham, I was beaten off the mark for the first and only

¹ Of my wife, whose acquaintance I had made by the way through my athletic habits, I will only say, that she was both the prettiest and pluckiest woman I ever saw, and was for many years the most devoted mother and nurse to me and her numerous children. She feared nothing, she was always ready to tackle anything—fire alarms, burglar or alleged ghost.

time in a walking race in very slow time by a man called Brewell, having had no sleep at all the night before, and suffering from a slight sunstroke. On the 25th June I showed this was all wrong, for I did 7.17½, 14.56, and 23.4 at a L.A.C. meeting, the 2 and 3 miles being then the best on record.

During the year 1870 I published a little account of Cromer Church, which was an enlargement of an article I had contributed to the N. and N.A.S. on the same subject.

I was married at Old Putney Church on the 25th August, 1870, and we spent our honeymoon at Norwich (the old "Norfolk," up St. Giles) and at Cromer (the "Belle Vue"). Arthur and W. W. Ball, both well-known athletes, were also at Cromer at the time, and we did a good deal of cliff climbing, &c. I had furnished a small house at 4, Craven Terrace, Wandsworth, and lived very comfortably on a very small income; my furniture cost me just under £100.

In the October of this year the Waddells having brought in a number of non-athletic friends as members of the London A.C., outvoted me at a General Meeting of the Club on the gentleman amateur question, and I resigned the secretaryship, and they taking the Club in hand with lamentable results, till they had to fly the country on becoming defaulters as accountants.

On 16th November, 1869, I saw Miss Fry's Norfolk Collections on Hornchurch, when they were in custody of her nephew, whose son was R. P. Fry, a well-known amateur athlete.

During 1870 I kept up my paperchasing, and especially remember taking the bags on a bitter day (26th November) during which to escape the hounds we swam the Wandle. I thought to secure a dry jersey to finish home in, so stripped and put it in my scent bag to throw over the river, but unluckily it fell short and I had to dive for it and put it on wet. Anything more bitterly cold than the run across Wimbledon Common I cannot conceive, but we are both still alive after 46 years, which is a sad proof of the injury athletics do to men. This winter I began to sketch out a Norfolk handbook, which came into print nine years later and was a great success.

In December was the farcical meeting at single stick at the L.A.C. Assault-of-Arms between Bentley and myself

Neither of us was any good at the game, but we lost our tempers and amused the public greatly by belabouring one another towards the finish, not even attempting to guard. Result he had to take a cab to his office, and for nearly a week I could not put my shirt on without help.

In the spring of 1871 I complained in the "East Anglian" that Mr. Fitch,¹ the Hon. Secretary of the N. & N.A.S., had not kept his promise to continue printing my Calendar of Norfolk Fines. He denied this, and a somewhat acrimonious correspondence took place between us, in which in the face of the distinct remembrances of myself and my wife, he denied he had ever made such a promise. I offered to refer the matter to the Hon. F. Walpole, or to the Rev. Mr. Munford, of East Winch, the author of the Norfolk Domesday, but nothing came of it, though the latter in a letter to me of the 24th March, 1871, refers to my position as being invulnerable.

This was the beginning of a long series of differences between me and the officials of the Archæological Society, whose incompetence and laziness, except during the Rev. W. H. Hudson's tenure of office, has ever been extreme. It has now practically developed into a society for "outings" as against real antiquarian work, and now the "outings" themselves have wearied those to whose houses visits have been made.

About the same time (18th February) I took the bags with Sydenham Dixon in perhaps the longest paper-chase run ever undertaken by the Thames Hare and Hounds, or any other club, as we covered about 24 miles round Epsom, Ewell, &c., and had to send on two relays of scent. The first "hound" in was J. Scott, who as well as the two "hares," were still alive and well thirty years afterwards.

Working still at the Wandsworth Night School I had the satisfaction of receiving on 16th March the Inspectors' report that it was the best in the whole S.W. district.

¹ I can't help thinking he was the original of the local antiquary satirized in the local novel "Julian Cloughton," and he certainly was the "Sunnofer Bitch," F.S.A., of "Rubbish and Nonsense." In turn he, too, was neglected by the Society with which he had had so much to do. When he made the City the present of the very fine collection, now contained in the "Castle Museum," I sank all former differences and called on him at the "Woodlands" to thank him personally, and well remember his saying very feelingly, that it was the first time anyone had come to thank him, and *he* was his "enemy" who did so when his friends neglected him.

Our Athletic Club, the T.H. & H. had a good deal to do with this school and held here very successful meetings at the Spread Eagle, Wandsworth, to raise funds for its help. In April I brought home a black briony root and put into our little greenhouse, and one hot day it grew *inches* when we set down to lunch, and in all 38 inches in one month. On the 14th April I pasted in the slips of what was the germ of my big index to Norfolk Topography. On 6th June R. H. was called to Middle Temple.

On the 14th June I tried for an old house on the West Hill, which had square panels all over the ground floor, old oak staircase, big bedroom with a carved *stone* flowers and fruit mantel piece, and Dutch tiles in attics, but they asked too much.

My eldest son, James Bacon Rye,¹ was born at Wandsworth, on 22nd July, 1871, at 12 noon.

On the 2nd August was the Thames Mutual Mile Handicap, each man handicapping all but himself, and it proved a great success.

At the end of August I took a walking tour, partly on business, through Nottingham, Worksop, Cresswell, and Barlborough, to see Whitwell, the old home of the senior branch of the Rye family and saw the monuments, then on to Lincoln, from thence to Boston, Aslackby, and Gosberton to see the Rye "Crusader" monument.

Working towards Lynn I walked along to Foss dyke, Holbeach, Sutton Bridge, and at last found my way, extremely tired, to Lynn, where I put up at the "Globe," in Tuesday Market Place, for the first time for 45 years, but was too done to eat, the walk being an extremely exhausting one, burdened as I was with a knapsack and having to climb what seemed to me hundreds of tall locked gates by the river bank. This escapade ended in a serious attack

¹ He was educated at a Preparatory School at Selhurst, then at the Whitgift Grammar School, and afterwards at St. Paul's. Marking his early aptitude for history I suggested to Mr. Walker, the then Head Master, that he might have a chance for a history scholarship, but he deprecated the idea, and recommended his postponement for a trial for some years. However, I knew better, and after careful coaching by my old friend Howlett, he won an open History Scholarship at Balliol, Oxford, and going into residence there followed it up with a first in History Greats and the Arnold prize, besides getting his running blue. For a portrait of Howlett, my oldest and best friend, and one of the cleverest men I ever knew, see p. 16 ante.

probably of dysentery, for which I was attended by the late Dr. Lowe, of Lynn (who afterwards pulled Edward VII. through his attack of typhoid), and of which I felt the results for over a year, and even now am not free from them.

Athletic matters were very stirring about the end of the year, the L.A.C. being determined to take matters out of the hands of the self constituted body called the Amateur Athletic Club, which was being mismanaged by J. G. Chambers of Cambridge,¹ and I was elected at the head of the Committee on the 15th November.

During 1871, I printed my second book, "An account of the Churches of St. Peter and St. Paul of Cromer," which was an extension of an article I had issued in the transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society.

In the spring of 1872 a vacancy having arisen for the Vestry Clerkship of Wandsworth (which would have then for a young practitioner have come in very useful), I was run for it by several of the local tradespeople. Without being unduly conceited I think I may say that my qualifications were better than my opponent, but he was the son of his mother, and she the widow of the late Vestry Clerk, and I just lost it. He was not, however, a success for he had a taste for the drama, and indeed lost his job, rather dramatically, for a vestryman seeing the Town Hall open one night found the office safe also open, and after that he was thought hardly a safe custodian for the archives of the post.

I bore the parish no illwill for my defeat, for afterwards I volunteered to calendar and print a catalogue of the Parish Deeds at my own expense. The summer of this year was painfully noticeable to all of us by my dear brother Frank showing the first sign of the consumption

¹ He was a strange character who tried to combine aristocratic sport with running the "Amateur Athletic Club" for his own benefit at Lillie Bridge, and a little shop for the sale of "Welsh produce" in Arthur Street, Chelsea, in which his trainer, Harry Andrews, acted as his salesman and manager (see "Rubbish and Nonsense," p. 115). Undoubtedly he was an enthusiastic sportsman, and especially a good sculler and oarsman, but as a walker he was of a very poor class, and far from fair in his style. His best athletic performance to my mind was running second to his great friend, "Friday" Thornton (afterwards M.P. for Battersea), in a West London R.C. Half-mile Handicap.

(which carried him off years later) by spitting blood on 18th June. A memoir of his will be found in Appendix III.

After having lived at 4, Craven Terrace for nearly three years, I had the chance of changing on the 3rd July, 1872, into a quaint, little, old house in North Street, Wandsworth, called "Ivy Lodge," and did so. I had known it some time when Micky and Ben Slater, two old members of the Thames Rowing Club, lived there with their mother, a wonderfully well-bred and well-plucked old lady, who had stinted herself after her husband's death to educate and bring up her two sons. She was perhaps the frankest and most pleasant woman I ever knew, most unaffected and kind, and like the other Irishwoman I mentioned before, was a real friend to me and my young wife. The family were much mixed up with Pat Gadsden and had two grand bull terriers cruelly poisoned by some scoundrel. We practically lived together as a happy family for some time.

In the same year (1872) I was professionally concerned for the respondent in a heavy divorce case, which necessitated many journeys to Tynemouth, Newcastle and Shields, and in which several of my old friends were mixed up, and was lucky enough to obtain a withdrawal of the case at the last moment. This was my first big case and had its humorous side, for a German detective was employed by the other side to watch me and see I did not tamper with their witnesses, and used to keep guard nightly in front of the house where I was staying, totally oblivious of the fact that I got over the garden wall at the back nightly. On the other hand I sent down my old trainer Nat Perry,¹ on whom I could rely to make certain enquiries of a female witness, who had married a miner and received his written report that he had called on her but had been confronted by her husband, who had told him that if he came there again he would "punch — bloody head off." And so, pithily and sensibly reported, Perry, "I have not seen him since." Of a very hasty and

¹ He also trained for the two Chinneries and others, and unconsciously did me a good turn for having persuaded me to invest £2 at 33 to 1 on Lozenge for the Cambridgeshire, and here the book-maker (if he ever existed) did not think it necessary to pay over my winnings. This, therefore, was my first and last bet, for I rightly argued that long odds like this did not come off every day.

long journey in the same matter, professional etiquette prevents my talking.

In the autumn I spent a well deserved holiday at Cromer and Norwich with my wife and brother Frank, and made the acquaintance of a capital Market Ordinary called "Fountain's" on the site of London Street, where farmers and others had gargantuan dinners of cold meat, apple pie, and custard, at most moderate prices, an entertainment now greatly wanted in Norwich. On the 9th October I saw Rochester Castle, and the "Seven Poor Travellers."

In the October I tried to get up a Working Men's Club at Wandsworth, in conjunction with Cooke the editor of the local paper, and also nearly took over such paper itself.

On October 31st—my birthday—my second son, Roger Cubitt Rye, born at 2.45 a.m.

On the 5th November I attended the opening of the Guildhall Library, London, probably through J. B. Martin, the backer and well-known Oxford athlete.

Athletically speaking this year was noticeable for the gross misbehaviour of a man called Morgan, a very fine walker, one of the "Tradesmen Amateur" division, who had sworn at the spectators for criticizing his style.

We called an emergency meeting at the King's Head, Roehampton, on Sunday and issued circulars. Owing to a protest very few respectable people attended at the meeting on 23rd November.

January 15th, 1873, saw that extraordinary spectacular play: "Babil and Bijou."

On 15th March went to Edenbridge for the first of many times.

On being told I was cured of my diarrhoea or dysentery, I tried to go into training again, and employed Miles of Brixton to train me, but finding after six weeks I could not get better than 7.37 for a mile, I did not persevere.

In September, my wife and I took the two elder children to be baptized at Cromer, but I was never well there, and we only stayed a week or two, and soon after heard bad news about my wife's sister.

At Michaelmas I moved into the "Limes," Fairfield, a much larger and charming old panelled house, which then stood in the middle of a fine old fruit garden and

orchard surrounded by green fields, nearly opposite Wandsworth Station.

The garden had been an old garden for years, and each spring brought fresh surprises as old clumps of bulbs and other plants sprang up into life.

Round the garden we made a rough little running path, and I should probably have stopped there all my life in perfect content among its grand old fruit trees and flower beds. Unluckily, however, the hand of the jerry-builder was on it, and I had to leave, and its site is now covered by vile little shops and houses.

At the end of the year (1873) I became very friendly with D. M. Roberts, Martin Rucker, and Dr. Archer. Just before Christmas old Mrs. Wright, of Roehampton, who had done her best for the Thames Hare and Hounds died.

During the year I began the publication of the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany in avowed opposition to the Transactions of the N. & N.A.S., which society I had, even at this early date considered both obstructive and valueless. My issue was an immediate success, and the early parts have long been out of print and very scarce.

The first part ran to 284 pp., and contained a print of the Aid for Norfolk of 20 Edward III. (which had hitherto remained in MS.), and various papers by L'Estrange, Stanley Edwards, and some evidences of the early pedigree of Walpole by myself, my criticisms in which so offended the Hon. F. Walpole that he not only wrote me an abusive letter, but (what was far worse) omitted to keep his promise to pay for its printing.

My diary for 1874 is rather imperfect. On 24th January there was a great card row between C. H. M. and Getting at Roehampton. This spring I saw a good deal of the Ruckers at Croydon.

On Whit-Monday went with Dicker to St. Alban's Sports, 26 miles. Supper at the "Peahen" was rather rowdy, one of the local people reminding us we were not at Roehampton, but as he persisted in carving his left thumb under the impression it was a knuckle of ham we paid no regard to him. G. H. drove me back under three hours. On the 27th went to a party at Birch's. Both Mrs. and Miss Bonomi were very pretty, and Miss Martin, granddaughter

of the painter, very amusing. Had to wait at Waterloo Street and feed on wheelks.

In the spring of this year (14th March, 1874), was another long run of the T. H. & H. round Croydon, Morden, &c. I was not well enough to join, but saw it from the Commissary General's trap (Howick), and luckily for Rucker found him nearly dead in a ditch near the "Crown" at Morden.

[During the year I published my third book, a history of the family of Cubitt, of Norfolk, 1873.]

Having made the antiquarian acquaintance of Sir Charles Isham at Lamport Hall, Northampton, I paid him on 2nd—6th April the first of many pleasant visits to the Hall, then beginning to calendar his MSS. He was a most interesting and highly educated man, though a thorough mystic, and had a great glass globe in which he thought he saw spirits.

A year or two later (1875) I printed the journal of Thomas Isham, of Lamport, 1671, I writing the long introduction.

I tried walking again at the end of April, but though I got to do a mile in 7 min. 13 secs. could not get near my old form, and at Richmond on grass only did 7 min. 42 secs. and 16 min. 9 secs.

Just at this time was the crisis of my life, for having had to buy the practice from my father, who was retiring at the age of 71.¹ I had the greatest difficulty in finding the money to pay him (as he declined to give me credit, having become senile and lost all nerve and belief in anybody), but by the most kind and volunteered help of our counsel, John Caldecott, I did so only to be met with the further difficulty that my father would not transfer the lease of 16, Golden Street, to me. This further difficulty, however, was got over by Sir George Bramwell, my father's old friend and co-student, voluntarily taking a transfer of it and granting me a sub-lease.

I was then at last started on my own account, though I had already practised for some years privately.

All this year I suffered from the irritation of the bowels or quasi-dysentery, which was the result of my long walk from Boston to Lynn in 1871, and which has troubled me all the rest of my life.

¹ I retired myself at 56.

The autumn was memorable to me by the brilliant win of my old brother, E. C. Rye, in his handicap sculls at Thames Regatta on 12th September.

About this time, I took as junior partner, William Henry Eyre, whom I knew to be a first-rate oarsman and sportsman, and whom I came across while training together at Putney. There is probably no better known man in the world of aquatics than 'Piggy' Eyre, of the Thames Rowing Club, who with Hastie Long, formed the chief pair-oared race on the London water, and I think won every possible race except the Diamonds at Henley, to which may be attributed the fact that I never in my life had a chance of racing at that regatta. Why he earned this nickname of Piggy is buried in the past. It may probably have arisen from a trace in his character of a very slight disposition on his part never under any circumstances to abandon a pre-conceived opinion. He was as good a lawyer as my father, and our firm's combination, in which one advised on the law, and the other did the routine, was an excellent one, and prospered extremely. His memory was another great factor, I almost believe he remembered every important decided case, and almost the page and volume where it was reported, and his memory of back business was something abnormal. Often (for I had the happy knack of dismissing from my mind all details of back work almost at once) I would ask him if we had not previously had something to do with A.B. and received then and there the reply, "Yes, shady chap, concerned for C.D. nine years ago in the litigation as to E.F."

On the 11th August, 1874, my son F. G. Rye was born at Wandsworth.

On the 18th September, I had a week at Runton, Cromer, Susan Abbs bringing Jimmy, but my old trouble drove me home.

In January, 1875, I walked a mile at the "Star" in 7.42, and on 6th April, two miles in 15.37.

On 3rd April, 1875, the Thames Hare and Hounds, our club, was the first to start the Canadian game of Lacrosse, which was introduced to us by Dr. Archer of Wandsworth, and we played what I think was the first game ever played in England, on Wimbledon Common.

In the spring I tried walking again and walked respectably at a L.A.C. meeting, having gained on Ansell for over a mile, 7.35, but came to pieces, suffering from sleeplessness which chloral rather aggravated. I never got my form back, my best mile being 7.17 at Lillie Bridge (twice).

During the year 1876 I either kept no diary or lost it. The year was chiefly memorable to me for another long midnight walk with Inman from Putney round Windsor in the summer. It is a strange coincidence that both of my chief competitors in these long walks afterwards committed suicide. My son, Arthur Lockyer Rye, was born on 18th January, 1876.

On the 20th November, after a long day at the L.A.C. I had a long night-walk from Putney round Epsom Grand Stand and back with Charlie Talbot, G. A. Bolton, and E. C. Otter, starting at 12.45 by doing eight hours on a bitter cold night, so dark that when we got on the Downs we could not see the Grand Stand.

Early in June I travelled with the English team, who went to meet an Irish team at Dublin, on 5th June, 1876. We had a rough time crossing, several of our team were very nervous, so I was put forward as a sort of professional buffoon to keep them in spirits. We put up at the "Gresham," and enlivened the waverers with a series of practical jokes, played chiefly on Winthrop, the "gentle giant," who was to represent England in the weight-putting and tug-of-war. I affected to doubt his being in proper condition and having previously slipped a gravy spoon up my leg, just below the knee, got him to try if his muscle was as hard as mine. Then we also thought Slade might beat him in the tug-of-war, and he apparently did so, for he was placed next the door and about half a dozen hug on to the end of the rope till the "giant" was tired out. How we got him to believe that he had insulted his future opponent Daly—how a mythical Daly was supposed to be hunting him for revenge half the night—how he apologised for a sin of which he had never been guilty—is old athletic history, as is the presentation in a carefully closed packing case of a most artistic "testimonial" when he won the tug-of-war for us, is unfit for publication. As it was we won eight out of nine events, the first only falling to Ireland.

On 8th December my father, who had long been

senile, died at 6, Drayton Terrace. Everything being very melancholy for the family, my wife and I spent our Christmas at Salisbury, driving over to see Stonehenge in a snowstorm, the effect being very weird and lonely.

During this year I published an account of the family of Rye.

About 1877 being driven from "The Limes" by the jerry-builder, I took a much more pretentious and expensive house, at 9, St. Anne's Hill, on the high land above the main street, my partner Eyre coming to live with us. Here again the garden was the inducement, for besides the ordinary garden, beautifully shrubbed, there were two or three acres of fruit garden running at right angles behind it, right down to Alfarching Lane, with a duck pond. Down its middle we made a straight turf path for archery¹ on which we held an athletic meeting with a straight steeplechase, with every possible obstacle, including a water jump for which several "cracks" ran, including Junker, the Russian.

We also made an oval running path of 350 yds. or so round which our T.H. & H. team used to train in the winter months.

I either kept no diary during 1877 or lost it, and cannot record anything noticeable happening, but I see that in 1877, to oblige the then treasurer of the L.A.C., I wrote a pamphlet on "Sir John Bennett and the Ward of Cheap," dealing with the City's right to object to any alderman whose character was not above suspicion.

During the year, at St. Anne's Hill, Philip Sparrow Townsend Rye was born, but died almost at once in great pain, it turning out he had cancer on the liver. He was buried in a grave I bought in Putney Cemetery [B Nos. 512-513], where I gave the second site for a grave for my brother, E. C. Rye, who also lies buried there.

John L'Estrange died this year to my great regret, and the circumstances under which he died were most painful to me and his numerous other antiquarian friends. His portrait will be found opposite.

¹ Archery always had a great attraction for me, but I never did a public performance of any merit, though I have made very good scores in private. The nervousness which has always been the curse of my life in athletics, and which made me fail to show anything like as good time in public what I could do in private attacked me here with the same results.

In 1877 the second part of the first volume of the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany was brought out, and opened with an account of the prophesies, traditions, and superstitions of Norfolk by myself, which I think I may say has formed the storehouse whence the "popular" writers have since drawn the facts. Another paper for which I was responsible was on the alleged abduction and circumcision of a boy at Norwich in 1230, in which I printed (for the first time) a mass of evidence from the Public Record Office, and a posthumous (?) paper by L'Estrange on Early Norfolk Wills.

I was sufficiently recovered to take the bags with G. F. Harris, and on 9th February, 1875, ran in the Thames Long Steeplechases, but was unplaced; and on 16th February, in a 15 mile run of the S.L.H.

My brother Frank returned from Canada, but his little son, Hugh Everard Rye, born at Barrie, 20th February, died on the 7th July and was buried at sea from the S.S. Circassian.

This spring I took to cycling on a lever bicycle, and by February rode 16 miles. My wife broke her arm on 1st March, her pluck was very noticeable, for after it was put in splints she came down and met me at the door on my return from business to tell me herself of the accident. On 3rd March I nearly killed myself with the garden roller.

On the 26th March I saw E.B.G. run a mile at Greenhills, where he did a mile in 4.44½.

On 6th April I nearly took an old house at Egham, and on the 15th April E.B.G. did not win the championship mile as we hoped he would, and on 30th at the L.A.C. was the "any port in a storm" episode with J.J.B.

During this year my mother's cousins, the Stonestreets, came from the Cape, and on the 18th April I saw E. M. Beloe, of Lynn, for the first time, and after a stay at Lynn at Easter and working round to Norwich by East Winch and Swaffham.

My partner, however, getting married, we sold the lease of the house, and I afterwards bought the freehold of a modern detached house at Selhurst, near Croydon, called "Niel Lodge," and afterwards some other houses and land adjoining, which enabled me to indulge in my growing gardening tastes by building a long lean-to greenhouse with a south aspect, heated throughout by hot water pipes

from a very large boiler stoked into the kitchen chimney, which gave an immense draught. Never afterwards did I get such heat in a greenhouse, and the result was extraordinary. I moved in on 22nd June, 1878.

My brother Frank came back from Canada, 9th July, and he and I and Bateman, on the 2nd and 6th August had a short yachting expedition up the Broads in the "Warrior" (Britcher).

I had become very intimate this year with J. J. Bateman, of Birmingham, and on 27th July I went to the Birmingham Sports, and stayed at J. J. Bateman's father's, and on 11th August we had a long (after dinner) walk of 32 miles from Selhurst.

On the 17th August I heard a phonograph for the first time at the Crystal Palace. I tried "Bob Lowe's" lever machine bicycle, which Lawson of Brighton invented and sent me the idea. It was a very ingenious one, as it was most easy to mount, for all one had to do was to sit down on the saddle with one's left foot on the ground, press the uplifted right treadle, and ride off. It was worked by long levers on the back wheel, which was very high, and gave a great power going up hill, though there was more sway than was pleasant. Yet owing to the smallness of front wheel one could ride over brickbats with impunity if one held tight. There might have been a great future for it had it been even decently made, but its manufacture was about equal in finish to a servant's cheap iron bedstead, it took immense power to get along. Still properly made and fitted with pneumatic tyres, it would still be useful to an elderly man to whom the power of running and jumping into the saddle is gone.

My autumn holiday I spent in a bicycle tour, 31st August with S. B. Howlett (an uninteresting nephew of my old friend) through Marshland, Wells, Cromer, &c., to Norwich; one series of break downs back.

On 16th November, I beat Sydenham Dixon who once held $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile record 9.30, in an 8-mile steeplechase in slow time (I had done 54.35) to the great surprise of him and his friends who thought me too old to train. As a matter of fact, Bateman who trained me, got me to the post as fit as I ever have been in my life, and I made a match in the short course with Ellis and Dixon, who forfeited as I did 32.33 on 14th October.

Christmas I spent with Dr. Jessopp in the Close at Norwich, where I first met J. B. L., and at dinner several literary celebrities including editors galore.

During 1879, I was still paper-chasing (I remember one run on 4th January with the 'Spartans' at Edmonton, on account of being up to my chin in a frozen brook) and long distance walking, especially a walk through very deep snow to Edenbridge, in which I ran down Titsey Hill to keep myself warm.

All this spring I was getting material together for a guide book of Norfolk for E. Stanford, which afterwards ran into five editions, in 1879, 1880, 1885, 1889 and 1902, the most I think of any of Stanford's County Series. During April I was again at Lamport for nearly a week.

On the 2nd May I bought a new specimen of Lawson's patent safety bicycle, but the lever bent at once.

On 16th May, I got down to 7.35, the best I had done for years and afterwards to 7.31½ and 7.30.

In June I walked fairly respectably at Norwich, and wiped out my former defeat, doing 7.41 on grass and got away from Mallett (24) and Cooper (25), Neville Turner, and J. C. Lawrence came with me but were no use in the short steeplechases, and the following Saturday walked well indeed in the rain on a muddy grass course at the South Norwood A.C. Sports, and really won by nearly a lap, in 16.41 in the pouring rain and heavy grass, but the race was given to the second man, a mistake having been made by the lap scorers. That this was so was sufficiently proved by our subsequent performances. Just then, I was walking fast again, for I quite held my own in a mile trial with Venn the then crack (6.59½), but did no good at the following L.A.C. meeting, having taken chloral to make me sleep (it really kept me awake) walked four trials during the week, taking a Turkish bath, and walked down to the ground.

I was again at Lamport in July, and went thence to Weedon and Pack's land sale.

My autumn holiday was spent in Norfolk, partly at the "Angel," North Walsham, making collections for my history of North Erpingham, seeing a good deal of Griffith and his son, who brought a little man called Cholmondeley, of Magdalen, to lunch. He only stood 6 ft. 10 ins., and was the biggest undergraduate at Oxford,

when I saw him later on at a visit to the Bodleian. We looked on with H. T. G. and the Rev. Dr. C., who I summed up in my diary as "a vulgar, pompous, pushing humbug." I might have written more warmly had I known all I afterwards did.

I returned 9th September, my wife having complained that I never took her out to theatres, &c. We went in one day to: 1st, the Monument; 2nd, the Tower of London; 3rd, lunch at Birch's; 4th, St. Paul's; 5th, National Gallery, 6th, Westminster Abbey; 7th, Aquarium; 8th, dinner at Blanchard's; 9th, "Pinafore"; and so home to Croydon, a fair record day's amusement.

During 1879 I visited the Bodleian, and I fancy spent Christmas at home. The winter was a hard one, and we had plenty of skating in the old gravel pits.

By 1880 my weight had run up to 13 st. 5½ lbs. In January the T. H. & H. had a skating meeting at the "Welsh Harp," which was won by C. E. Leeds, of Oxford (an old "yellow-belly"), who beat C. H. Mason, our crack runner, and others.

In the spring I went to Norwich for the Election, and wrote several letters to the papers on it. (*See* "Rubbish and Nonsense," p. 81).

During April I learned to ride the high bicycle; at the second try I rode nearly a mile, and at the third mounted and rode by myself.

In the same month I attended an Athletic Meeting of London and Oxford men at the "Randolph," Oxford, having a view to the formation of an Amateur Athletic Association, and was elected on the Committee.

I went in a great deal for cycling all through the year and bought a Singer's "Extraordinary" bicycle, which worked with a long bent treadle, the saddle raking back, the idea being to shift the centre of gravity and remove the possibility of being flung over the handles, for the machine could be ridden over a brick but with no other result than a jolt. It was a beautiful made machine—the first piece of real work I had ever seen.

My son Hubert Gould Rye was born on 6th May, 1880, and is now serving in the army with two of his brothers. During the spring and summer, my eldest son ran very well in several boy's races, winning at Norwich, Edmonton and S. Norwood.

The autumn of 1880 was spent by me in continuing my notes of church and churchyard inscriptions of North Erpingham with my wife and children at North Walsham, where we made the acquaintance of Mrs. Sheppard, the mother-in-law of the Rev. Charles Black, who lived in a fine old house called the Scarborough House. We stayed at the "Angel," and I remember most improperly and surreptitiously witnessing (through a removed tile in the roof) the installation of a free-mason, and being greatly grieved to find that it comprised none of the traditional hot poker business. Hubert Gould Rye, born 1st May, 1880, was baptized at Cromer 31st August, and my wife went on to stay with the Beloes at Lynn. All the year I was improving at cycling and rode up the Church Hill and got 24 miles for the first time.

About this time I issued the first part of vol. ii. of the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany, the opening paper of which contained an *exposé* of the Squire letters which had deceived Carlyle (this was afterwards expanded into a long article in the English Historical Review), and another and very long one on the riot between the monks and citizens of Norwich in 1272, as to which I printed a mass of new matter from the Public Record Office.¹

¹ This paper was afterwards most unfairly ignored by the Rev. W. Hudson in his "Records of the City of Norwich," in which he had the effrontery to refer the public only to the very sparse and imperfect account given by Blomefield! I was in effect made the subject of much petty jealousy at his hands, which was the less deserved, as I had recognised and dilated on his ability from the first. His idea obviously was to keep the Record Room at the Castle as a private preserve, and he did his best to keep me from working there. However, I had sufficient influence to get a resolution passed to let me go on with my calendaring, and I had a key to the cases given me, and since he has left Norwich I have helped in publishing a second part of the Norwich Deeds Calendar from 1307 to 1341, and have issued at my own expense a folio catalogue or index of the later deeds from 1377 to 1504, including a new version of the Index Rerum to Mr. Hudson's "revised" Catalogue of the Norwich Records he issued in 1898, which was a very incomplete one, for I was able to show 225 omissions in its four pages.

The position of searchers at the City Record Room is very unsatisfactory. No encouragement is given to the public who desire to search, and the hope I had that the room would form an historical centre for local search will, I fear, never be fulfilled. I had given the whole of my somewhat large collection of glossaries and reference books to such room, but it is no longer available to the public without trouble, and such books ought to be handed over to the Public Library for use there.

On pp. 85-6 of the latter paper I took occasion to refer to Dean Goulburn's account of the Jurnepin affair in his "Ancient Sculptures on the roof of Norwich Cathedral," a work which I pointed out literally teems with errors.

Some of those I specified, *e.g.*, his translation of *bacyno* as a bag, *fusselitis* as wisps of lighted straw, and his misreading of *interficiant* for *interfuissent*. Six historical errors were also shown up by me, and I remember one reviewer said he paused for the Dean's answer to my statements. He is still pausing, for no answer ever came for the best of all reasons. The secret history of the Dean's book is rather a painful one. The descriptive part was written by John L'Estrange, whose MS. I have seen, and which was wisely bought by the late Dr. Bensly (I presume on the Dean's behalf) when I sold L'Estrange's MSS. on his widow's behalf, and the historical part by a man named Symonds, who could not read the old hands, and was ignorant of mediæval latin. The whole was then published by the Dean, who having done so was unable to disclaim the errors of his assistant.

The only parts he wrote were the religious dissertations, for the penning of which he had a fatal facility; there are at least 48 religious works, many of which ran to several editions, by him in the Norwich Public Library, and I expect many more exist, and yet in 1881 he described himself as a "reticent" dean! Prebendary Compton's memoir of him (1899) gives only very few (28), of which about ten are new to our list. The British Museum Catalogues have 137 items under his name.

The new year of 1881 I spent at Norwich (St. Peter's bells not ringing the old year out for the first time in living memory), and on to North Walsham, on the way to which a young drunken sailor stepping out of the train at Wroxham was drowned in a pulk hole. I well remember everyone in the train hearing the splashing he made to free himself from the mud into which he had pitched head first, but none of us realized the cause of the noise till it was too late.

The year 1881 was memorable for the great snow-storm, deep drifts blocking the road at Croydon. I never before or since saw such deep snow.

In February I first made the acquaintance of Dr. F. J. Furnivall in connection with a discovery I had made as to whom Chaucer's grandfather really was. I had written a

somewhat savage letter to the "Athenæum," showing up a mistaken statement he had made, but so far from being annoyed at it he came at once and saw me, and we remained fast friends to his death.

On the 7th February I lithographed and issued a tabular statement as to what was known about Chaucer's family—and this is now extremely rare, in fact, I doubt if I have a copy myself.

In March was the great row about the disqualification of Coston¹ by the buffoon, W. Waddell, which caused me to resign the London Athletic Club.

On May 3rd, 1881, my eldest daughter Mary Muriel was born at Selhurst. All this year I was experimenting with tricycles, and in March bought an "Excelsior," and in May rode about 37 miles with W. J. Winthrop.

We each bought a "Delta," well made but extremely heavy machines, and on them we rode by Brentwood, Bury St. Edmund's, Thetford, and to Norwich and back after attending the Bank Holiday sports there.

In the July sports at Erith and Belvedere I was in the winning tug-of-war, and indeed was fairly good at that game, as my strength of leg and great weight made me a useful member of a team.

In August I went on a tour with Winthrop, starting from Lincoln. By Sleaford he ran into a four-wheel cab, breaking the backbone of his machine and buckling his wheel, so we had to rail on a fish train to Peterborough for repairs. I left him at Ely and rode on by Littleport, by the banks of the Ouse to Downham, where I slept, meeting him next day at Lynn.

This was a very wet ride (very tiring to my companion) of about 40 miles along the coast, and was diversified by W. J. Winthrop's adventures with two fishermen at Sheringham, and a young lady at "Tucker's," Cromer. I had got the machine (a heavy one, about 80 lbs.) to move a bit, and rode the 15½ miles from North Walsham to Norwich in 1 hour 30 minutes.

On the 30th August I first met General Bulwer at Dr. Jessopp's. At one time he did good genealogical work

¹ Coston was a Norfolk man—from Lynn—and was one of the very fastest and fairest walkers ever known, and was most unfairly treated by W. Waddell, who could not himself walk the least little bit, but was unluckily the referee.

in editing the first two volumes of the Visitation of 1563.

We had meant to ride back to London, but not getting proper accommodation at Brandon, railed to Cambridge and put up at the "Hoop," Winthrop's favourite inn, at which, however, he met but a cold welcome, and which struck me as very dear, dirty and dark. I hear it has been greatly improved since. We saw the buttery at Clare, his old college.

Incidentally, he sat a radical blacksmith on the hot ashes of his own anvil until his leather breeches were singed and he had apologised for a disloyal remark on the late Queen. He was a perfect Porthos and I shall never forget how at the "Saracen's Head," at Ware, when his appetite was tempted by the sight in the larder of partridges belonging to a shooting party, and therefore, not available to ordinary customers, he introduced himself to such party with the expression "Gentlemen, I have need of partridges," and offered to barter bottles of champagne for birds, which offer I need hardly say was gladly accepted.

Next day we rode back by Hampstead, and I looked in at Brompton and saw my mother and brother Frank, just back from Canada. This was, I think, the last time I saw my mother.

The Christmas I spent at Frank's at Ventnor, where he had gone for his health, and made my acquaintance with the Undercliff with its scarlet geraniums, and "Bonchurch Chimney" and Pond, with its eucalyptus trees growing in the open.

The rest of the year I was at Norwich. During this year I brought out a terribly long book, an index to Norfolk Topography which had taken me years of patient labour to compile, which was printed by the Index Society (pp. 416 and 29). To this I afterwards issued an appendix (pp. 417-513), and later on an Index Rerum. I also printed a pamphlet containing all the deeds relating to the parish and other charities of Wandsworth, and my Calendar of Norfolk Feet of Fines for Richard I. and John, this year.

In 1882 I bought a "Meteor" tricycle which was much lighter and went well on it, getting 30 miles before lunch with J. H. A. Reay. On the 10th February my mother died and was buried on the 15th at Kensal Green. On the 29th April I wrote the last "Easterling" article in the Sporting Gazette. The bound copies of them and my very complete

collection of works relating to athletics and cycling, I recently gave to the Library of the Guildhall at London after they had been refused by the British Museum, a refusal I could not understand, for they were certainly the largest collection as to English Athletics in existence.

On the 27th May, I had left the last of the North Erpingham appendix with the printer.

Later I bought a "sociable" on which my wife came sometimes as much as 20 miles, and later on a "Fleet," a much handier machine on which on 29th of May I won the open Norwich Tricycle race on Whit Monday, returning by the mail train and riding back to Selhurst from Liverpool Street, arriving very wet at about 6.30 a.m.

On the 24th June, I won the South Norwood Tricycle race, beating A. Nixon (the celebrated John of Gaunt to Land's End rider), Reay, Winthrop and others.

The end of the year was noticeable by my inspecting Carrow Abbey with the view of writing a history of it, which I afterwards published, and by my eldest son winning an open Balliol Scholarship at Oxford.

On the 10th July, 1882, we had a very narrow escape from fire at Selhurst. I may mention that the only thing my wife was nervous about was fire, and she was always raising false alarms. So when she woke me this time, I merely turned over and told her to wake me when she had found out that it was one of her usual fancies. Two minutes later, I was thoroughly aroused by piercing shrieks, and slipping out of bed to the servant's bedroom found it "well alight." The girl having gone to sleep with a lighted candle on her knees while trimming her Sunday hat. With great presence of mind I rushed downstairs for the garden hose (how often it got between my legs I cannot say, but I was afterwards black and blue from my falls) and hastily attaching it to the bathroom tap, soon had the fire "well in hand." It was not till the girl who was cowering in the corner began to skip about and yell, that I realised I had inadvertently fixed the pipe on to the boiling water tap. However, hot water puts out fire just as well as cold, so no harm was done. My brother and his wife who were in the next room, slept right through the whole thing!

During the year I went several rides with Bateman and Winthrop, *e.g.* to the Chertsey Bridge Hotel, and on the 7th

August won the open tricycle race at East Dereham. My aunt, M. A. Tuppen, died 19th August, having only survived my mother a few months. In September, 1882, I went with my wife to Tunbridge Wells.

In September as usual, I took my holiday in Norfolk, Winthrop meeting me at Crowland, where we saw the last Cheap Jack Doctor in a gorgeous carriage.

Thence we rode over to the ruins of Crowland Abbey, and at the risk of our necks got some yellow wallflower seed, the parents of a stock I kept for many years. We rode from Sutton Bridge fast to Lynn doing 6 miles in 23 minutes. Next day Winthrop ran into a cart horse stallion at Heacham and smashed his machine, and had to go back for repairs, he not joining me till Norwich, where we hired the "Warrior" and went for a cruise with Arthur Grimmer by Oulton, Beccles, Yarmouth to Norwich.

Cycling by Pulham on 6th October, I had a curious quasi-mystic accident, the tale of which I may tell hereafter. Of course there cannot have been anything in it but coincidence, but it was a very eerie experience.

During this journey, we excavated the alleged underground passage at Baconsthorpe Castle on 10th October, but found it only a drain which emptied itself into the moat. The burying up of old drains is no doubt the cause of the silly universal myths as to their passages.

Here we had an experience of having to help to hold down a little waiter suffering from *delirium tremens*, four big men being just enough to keep him down.

On 28th October I ran for the last time in a paper chase, taking the bags with Sydenham Dixon, but found that in my 40th year I could hardly go a respectable pace. On 31st I celebrated my birthday by issuing a little tabular sheet of the Pipe Roll in modern form, which I think is a proof that I could once write legibly whatever I do now.

The end of the year I bought a "Humber" semi-racer tricycle, and invented the new Spelling Bee game as an antidote for the card playing which was injuring our Roehampton Athletic Club. It had a great vogue for a time. Its methods were thus: The first man started a letter, and the next man on his left had to put another to it which went to make up a word—the shorter the better, for as soon as a man was cornered with such a one as "copsy" he had

to pay a fine which went to the funds of the club, already increased by the fines for using the "accursed word," *i.e.*, calling the dressing room after it had been finished by its old name of loft.

For a wonder I didn't go to Norwich this Christmas, but instead printed a pamphlet on the History of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, for the benefit of the restoration fund.

I was again at Lamport on February, 1883, and saw a meet of the Pytchley, but none of the pictorial jumping which I had been led to expect. Nor have I ever seen it on any subsequent occasion. Northampton I find noted in my diary as "a filthy hole." On the 21st February, Dr. Jessopp visited me at Selhurst.

On the 10th March I was elected a vice-president of the A.A.A., though my name had been omitted from the list by my friends; and at the T.H.H. on the same day Waddell's whitewashing motion was carried by one vote.

At Easter I paid a short visit to the Beloe's at Hunstanton, where his little daughter upset us all driving up the bank, to the Crabbes at Merton, and thence cycled to Norwich.

All the spring I was seedy again, Dr. Slight thinking I was suffering from liver, but I cycled a great deal, and on 6th May Willoughby¹ and I rode over to Abinger Hatch to see our partner, Eyre, who was invalided there; a very fine performance for Willoughby, who was an absolute novice, but rode 47 miles.

Later in the month, at Whitsun, I rode from scratch at the Norwich 2 miles tricycle race, but could not catch Winter, to whom I was giving 125 yards, and had a nasty fall over the ropes, cutting my leg. My little son, J. B. R., made up for it by running second in the boys' quarter, doing 53 for $\frac{1}{4}$ less 105 yards.

In June the Canadian La Crosse team visited the T.H.H. at Roehampton, and on the 20th I dined for the first time with the Goldsmiths at the invitation of Mr. Wigan. I rode my old "Fleet" up Reigate Hill with Lacy Hillier, who on a 63 Humber did not quite get up. I owed much of my cycling to Hillier, who kindly gave me much valuable advice as to style and pedalling.

In July I went to Cromer to bid for some cottages at Sheringham, having the idea of making them into an

¹ Willoughby was a cousin of W. H. E.

autumn residence, but did not get them, or some bungalows at Gorleston. On 12th October my uncle George Tuppen died at Brighton, and on 29th October, 1883, my wife was confined of a still-born girl.

During the year and at Christmas¹ I have little doubt that I was sailing on the Broads, but my memory of this part of my life is almost a blank owing to my attack of typhoid in 1884.

Some time during 1883 I brought out the first part of the rough materials for a History of North Erpingham. This when eventually completed ran into no less than 761 pages, and was an attempt to get together all the materials I could from the Bodleian, the British Museum, and the Public Record Offices relating to this Hundred, besides all the inscriptions in its churches and churchyards, notes of all the Feet of Fines, and copies of all early Subsidies, as well as a reprint of all Le Neve's Collections as to the Hundred in the Bodleian Library. This was a very ambitious idea, and I hoped to have compiled from the printed material a very comprehensive history of the Hundred. But other things took me away from the job, which I am happy to believe is to be undertaken by Miss C. Hoare, whose capacity to do so is evidenced by her excellent History of Sidestrand, one of its parishes.

By the end of the year I issued the second volume of the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany, and dedicated it to my old school-fellow, R. Howlett, whom I justly described as "once my scholar but now my master." His contributions to it were a very able translation of the libellous "*Descriptio Norfolciensium*," &c., a paper on the Custom Rolls of the Port of Lynn, temp. Ed. I., which was his first article on the History of Lynn, of which he was afterwards as great an authority, and another on the Account Rolls of St. Benet's at Holme. My own chief contribution was a long one, on the riot between the monks and citizens of Norwich in 1272, already mentioned.

Other papers were those by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith on the Walloon Church of Norwich, by E. M. Beloe on "Our home in East Anglia," with a speculative map by Dr. Jessopp, on the Life of Elizabeth Lady L'Estrange née

¹ I think this was the Christmas I took my sons out, but only drifted a few miles each day, there being no wind. I tried flight-shooting at Cantley with very little success, and then the weather which had been most mild changed to bitterly cold.

Isham, and on the Suppression of Norfolk Monasteries, in which he came to conclusions with which I could not at all agree for reasons which I gave on pp. 440-3. My views have since been shown to be right by Mr. Coulton and others.

This part also introduced to the public the Rev. George Crabbe, who had been working at the Merton records, and was a most loveable and modest man, but who died too soon afterwards 9th August, 1884, before he had fulfilled the promise his work gave.

During 1884, I nearly lost my life, for I caught typhoid from an open drain, and recovering too soon took liberties with myself and had a bad relapse. I was given over twice, but the most assiduous nursing of my wife and sister Annie pulled me through. I was away from business for many months, and it was lucky I was so well nursed, for having gone to Norfolk to recuperate, I received the pleasant news that, by recovering, I had saved quite a large legacy by surviving a testator.

This was perhaps the strangest thing that ever happened to me, for my client, the testator, had many years before, made me and his doctor his executors, and divided practically all his property among charities, leaving us the "residue" for our trouble, at which we demurred at the time. He, however, lived on, and very economically and none of us thought any more about it till he died, and I received a letter from my partner that I was to benefit to the extent of some thousands by the division of his "residue" which had grown from nothing to something very substantial.

My second daughter, Frances Elizabeth, was born at Selhurst, 7th November, 1884.

My next move was a lucky one for finding that Winchester House, Putney, was to be sold on my birthday, 31st October, 1884, I bought it very cheap, and it was and still is a beautiful old house with, elaborately panelled rooms, very fine mantelpieces, and ample accommodation. It had been built by a French Huguenot family called de Ruvigny, and though most of the garden had been sold off had enough left including a very big mulberry tree and an enormous may tree to make it a very pleasant residence, with a long balcony overlooking the Thames and nearly opposite the Bishop's Palace, and the

start for the University Boat Race, a fact which made me extremely popular for one day in the year among my friends and clients, though it also mulcted me yearly and heavily for their lunch.

Here too, I indulged in greenhouses to the utmost possibility of the garden, a large span house about 40 feet by 20 feet, being most prolific in Marechal Niel roses and tomatoes. The sale of the latter paid for several years all my coal bill for the houses, but prices obtainable



for early English tomatoes were then thrice what they are now.

I spent a lot of money on the house and introduced two very fine mantelpieces I had picked up at Norwich, the finer being an oak one, which I had to sell when I left London, as it was too big to move, and which is now at the late Sir C. B. Lawes-Wittewronge's.¹

To revert to personal history it was on 21st December, 1884, that my brother Francis, who had long been suffering from consumption, died at Ventnor, a death which was followed with startling rapidity with that of my brother, E. C. Rye, who was taken ill with small-pox on the 31st January, 1885, and died on the 7th February. Short biographies of both of these will be found in the appendix.

I was myself ill in bed at the same time with what turned out to be rheumatic fever, but my wife offered to

¹ I had two replicas made of this, one of which is at St. Leonard's Priory and the other at Anguish's House, Tombland, which I bought intending to live in it.

take my brother into the rooms over the kitchen, but her sister-in-law feared to accept the offer, and he was moved about in an ambulance for the whole of a day till he was taken in at a Small-pox Hospital, where he died very soon afterwards. Had my wife's plucky and unselfish offer been accepted he would in all probability have been alive now, for his constitution was a very strong one. He was buried in my family grave at Barnes' Common, his funeral being attended by many of his scientific and rowing friends. I was in bed ill at the time, and so unable to be there.

In May Hubert G. Rye was very bad with lung disease, and Dr. Grun performed the operation of aspiration and drew off nearly a pint of matter and serum, my sister Annie nursing him, and at the same time having been ordered complete rest, I bought the "Lotus," an old round-topped boat with a short jib, and embarked at Norwich on a long voyage.

I broke off on 12th July and had a week at Putney, bringing the four boys back with me for a fortnight's sail.

By 24th June my weight had run up to 17 st. 7½ lbs. !

In May I parted with my old friend J. J. Bateman, the Birmingham runner at the Aylsham Sports, and this was the last time I saw him. He died 28th April, 1886, and had been one of the firmest friends I ever had.

I did not return to work at the office till 10th September, having been away 22 weeks, and then I had another short sail in September with my nephew Dobbie and Willoughby.

In October I was again at Lamport working at the Record Room there.

On 2nd November, my old athletic friend Arthur Ball died, and in consequence none of the club ran in the T.H.S. No. 40.

The Christmas week, Brooke Little, and D. M. Roberts slept in the boat, but I did not, both of them being inveterate snorers. We reached Beccles and had an amusing if unpleasant experience with a man called Pickthorn or Pickthall. Returning, we had to leave the boat at Reedham, for there was heavy snow and much landwater and the tide never making for three tides, the snow being heavy all night, so we came back to Norwich by rail.

The next day I sold the William Street house, thereby losing £100 by my guarantee for Mrs. L'Estrange.

During the year (1885) I brought out four works: 1, the Report on the MSS. of the Gawdy family, published by the Historical MSS. Commissioners. I had bought this and the Hare, Le Neve*, Knyvett, and Hobart papers, once in the Frere collection, and afterwards in that of Mr. D. Gurney, by private contract, and as soon as I had done calendaring them, re-sold them to the British Museum Library, where they now are forming part of its MSS. 2, The Monumental Inscriptions in the Hundred of Holt, which W. N. Dew had compiled for me. 3, The murder of Amy Robsart, a subject which had been introduced to me by the Hon. F. Walpole, who wrongly thought her his ancestress. 4, A History of Norfolk in Elliot Stock's Popular County Histories, a book on which I had been working for years, and which was very favourably received. So it can be imagined the year 1885 was a very busy one for me.

In February, 1886, I was consulted by the plaintiff in the case of Stanley v. the Mayor of Norwich, which was an action brought to declare that the Town Close Estate at Norwich belonged to the freemen of that city individually and not to the Corporation of Norwich, the reason for my being so connected, I understood, was because I had somewhat severely criticized the way in which a former action brought against the Commoners of Mousehold Heath had been conducted and had given my reasons for doing so. I went into the matter thoroughly during the month of February, and came to the conclusion that the Freemen could win if the case were properly got up, and the result proved I was right, but it gave me an immense deal of trouble to get up the evidence and print the agreed book, and for the rest of the year my time was very fully taken up in doing so and in journeys to and from Norwich.

My spare time this year was spent in trying to work a centre-board boat between Putney and Hammersmith, with distinguished want of success owing to the strong tides and the gusty and patchy winds through the trees, and in May I was allowed to begin tricycling again.

*The Le Neve letters were calendared by my brother, F. Rye, and the Calendar was printed with an introduction by myself in 1895. The Calendar of the Knyvett, Hare, and Hobart letters are still with me. The total collection of 3276 documents were bound in 17 folio volumes.

New Putney Bridge was opened the same month (from it I was astonished to see the ease with which the piles of the old bridge were drawn), and a new "Cripper" trike bought. We had a short cruise on the "Lotus" on 12th June, and got stuck on the weeds on Surlingham Broads, and I think this was when the episode of the gible pie took place. The 15th was a memorable day! In July was the Royal Agricultural Show in Norwich, to which I went with Professor Voelcker, followed by a long cruise in the "Lotus," which included a memorable hoax of the Theodore Hook type at Catton. During another voyage in August and September, I heard of the birth, on 22nd August, of my youngest son, Gilbert Walter Rye, and before I finished I was negotiating for the purchase of the pits under St. Leonard's Priory, which house I had later on.

I then had the idea of terracing these pits and building glass houses, which from their south aspect would have brought flowers and fruit on without artificial heat, and with a good fruit and flower market just beneath and close by. Something, however, stopped it, but I still think it would have been a good speculation. In December my eldest son won the Bedford History Prize at St. Paul's, and as usual I spent my Christmas holiday on the Norwich river in my boat. Our winter sail at Christmas was with Plaskett and B. Little, and afterwards we drove across to Barton Broad and Irstead Shoals on perhaps the coldest day I ever remember. It was so cold indeed that we could not keep aboard the boat, but turned in at the Great Eastern Railway Hotel at Thorpe. It was snug, but cold as usual, and I remember the tide never turned but the water ran down for two days, so we had to get back by train.

In 1887 the "Squire Controversy" was on, and during this year I had a good deal to do with J. Bain, the great Scotch genealogist about the alleged Scotch descent of the Stywards. I met Matthew Arnold and Knowles of the "Contemporary" at Miss Mary Henniker's. I cannot say I was impressed with the former who talked incessantly when he was not eating, and ate incessantly when he was not talking. Miss Henniker was thinking of getting up a periodical about East Anglia which she afterwards brought out, and through her I had the privilege of rummaging through the library at Broome Hall

where I found a MS., afterwards printed at my suggestion by Miss Toulmin Smith, a great coadjutor of mine and one of the Record Office workers. On the 14th February, 1887, I privately printed "Rubbish and Nonsense."

On the 20th September I met H. Lee Warner in the train, and found him a keen naturalist and entomologist, and a very pleasant man.

The Town Close case came on in March, and as Sir F. Jeune threw up his brief for some reason or another at the last moment, we fell back on Warmington, Q.C., who displayed a marvellous power of mastering a mass of complicated details in about two days, and won for us handsomely on the 23rd March.

On the 26th May I read a paper at the Albert Hall on the Persecutions of the Jews in England, which had long interested me, as Norwich had been the scene of one of the earliest persecutions, and it was printed as a volume by the Anglo-Jewish Society.

My second and third sons went to Beccles Grammar School on 4th May, where they were very comfortable and learned to swim excellently, but little else. On 14th May, J.B. Rye won the school mile again at St. Paul's, the under 16 quarter, and got second in the 100, while A. L. Rye won both the junior jumps, so they came away with five prizes.

This summer I filled up time with a hard fight with the Wandsworth and Putney Gas Co., which culminated in several police court summonses, and in which I was able to demonstrate that a meter could lie and which earned me complimentary reference in the London papers, which referred to me as the "Dobbs of the Gas World," as being the first man who had successfully tackled a gas company. I received another and what I thought a vindictive summons the next quarter, but having elicited the fact that the Government Inspector who certified the correctness of the meter had never even seen it, but had left it to his deputy, I scored again, the magistrate (who was heartily sick of the whole case) dismissing the summons with heavy costs. After this they let me alone. They had summoned me the first time, for, as nearly as I could remember £17 for one Summer quarter's gas, and stood firm on their charming and convenient maxim, that a meter *could* not lie. On 1st July I saw Henley Regatta with my wife for the first and only time. On the 26th

August, W. Wareham, an old client, was drowned at Ilfracombe, trying to save a woman.

The autumn I spent as usual on the Broads and latter on took my wife a round by Sheerness, Chatham, Rochester, &c., followed with excursions to St. Albans, Canterbury and Ramsgate, where we saw the celebrated Sir John Bennett and his then temporary wife at the Granville.

On the 31st October, 1887, I published the last part of the third volume of the first series of the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany, in the preface stating that, as the management of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society had now come into the hands of one eminently qualified to restore the society to the position it formerly held (the Rev. W. Hudson), there was no reason for the continuation of the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany, and that the present part, therefore, would close the series. Unhappily the autocracy which followed did not have the results I hoped, and I had to resume the publication as mentioned hereafter.

This part contains (*i.a.*) a paper by myself on "The Murder of Amy Robsart, a brief for the prosecution," which was the result of much independent search, and which was afterwards published separately as a pamphlet (Elliot Stock). It collected besides my independent work all that had hitherto been written on the subject by previous writers, and I think any unprejudiced reader will come to my conclusion that Elizabeth was probably an accessory after the fact to the murder.

The part also contained a vocabulary of East Anglia, which I afterwards expanded into a volume for the English Dialect Society, and an article on Norfolk Genealogy and Heraldry, which similarly formed the germ of my published index.

The Christmas week was spent on the Broads as usual with M. Wilson as guest.

Early in the year 1888 I had my first short experience at pigeon shooting at Sole Street, but as may be judged from the fact that I secured 10 pigeons (and a pocket full of half-crowns) out of 13 with a single gun, the pigeons must have been of a very low class indeed, for want of practice I never could hit flying birds if strong on the wing.

In March (1888) I had a business journey to York where the Cathedral disappointed me. I went on to Edinburgh for the first time and stayed at the "Royal."

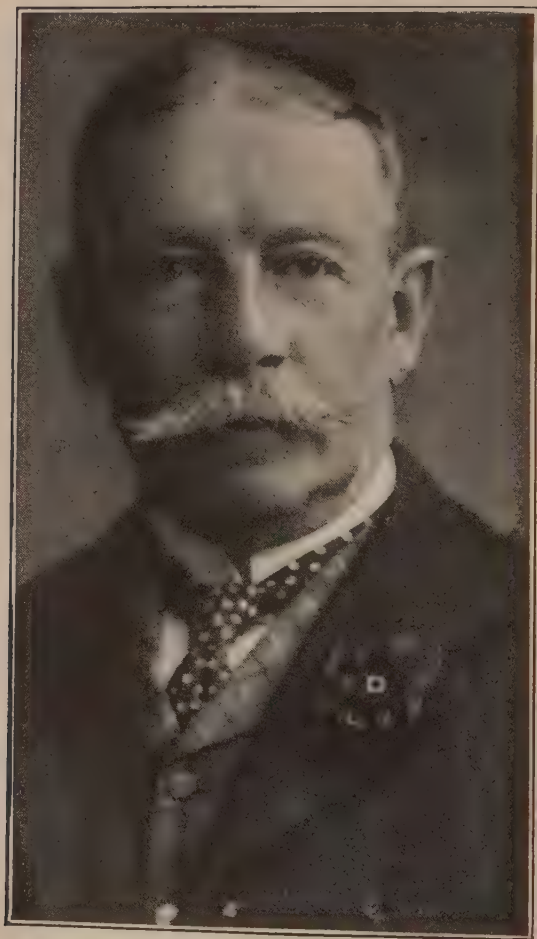
I will not say slept, for a cup-tie had been played that day, and all the performers "kept it up" deep into the night. At breakfast the next morning they were chipping one another as to their excesses and I heard one say to another "Well, I wasn't so bad as you for I didn't have to ring for a cup of tea at 7 o'clock." As a matter of fact it was *my* early cup of tea he had heard ordered! During the Sunday morning I walked round the old and very squalid part of the city and noticed more drunken women in that forenoon than I had ever seen in London in a year. The Canongate struck me as dirty, dilapidated and disappointing as the Castle was interesting. To my mind, however, the city as a whole is the finest one I ever saw. After lunch I took a hansom round Holyrood, a shoddy and poor palace, but "Arthur's Seat" was grand. I may mention that the cabman stopped automatically at a private house and said mysteriously "you'll get it there." On enquiry I discovered that he thought the *raison d'être* for my outing was a search for a shebeen house. Then I went on to Berwick and so home.

Finding that my second son (R.C.R.) was doing no good at his book-work at Beccles, I moved him to Mr. Wallich's (a relation of the rector of Poringland) at Burgess Hill. My eldest son had been doing very well both at book work and running at St. Paul's, although under 17 again won the school mile by 180 yards in 4.56, which was a school record.

On the 19th May I bid up to £1,400 for Beech Grove at North Walsham, but did not get it, and at Whitsun took out the "Lotus" for a sail. At the Norwich Sports J.B.R. won both the half and quarter mile handicaps, in the former running his full first quarter in 59, a cheerful prospect for the scratch man who was giving him 70 yards and lost about 30.

In June I went with my wife to the "Oaks," but didn't think much of horse racing, and I don't think went to a race meeting again. Later on I was foolish enough to buy a picture by Landseer for 150 guineas, which I was glad to sell later on for £20 or so.

In August my son Roger and I rode a "Cripper" tandem trike across Norfolk to Lynn and back. It was a fearfully heavy machine, weighing as much as a small motor would now, but coming home we got it to cover 16 miles in 1.28.



P. BERNEY FICKLIN, F.S.A.

Later on we had our usual month on the "Broads" without any particular episode, except that having run aground at the mouth of Upton Dyke one morning, we left the man to get her off, and returning at night found her still stuck. We ultimately got her off by anchoring our longest sheet across the river at one end and fixing the other to our tabernacle and laying in wait for the next trading wherry coming down to run into it, which she did to her astonishment, but our relief.

This August I was foolish enough to give 150 guineas for a picture by Landseer, which some years after I was glad enough to sell for 20. The Bank Holiday sail was with the Grimmers up the Ant (only just squeezing through Ludham Bridge) to Yarmouth where we saw that excellent piece of fooling "Pepita," and the song of "My excellent friend Bobbados" has stuck in my head ever since.

Having bought a new "Cripper" tandem I rode with my son (R.C.R.) through North Walsham, Hanworth, Wells, Hunstanton (where he upset E.M.B.'s daughter on a joy ride) and back by Swaffham and Scarning to Norwich. Considering its weight we got it to move fairly well, 10 miles in 52 and 16 right up to St. Giles' in 1.28.

By the 12th September P.B.F. had married, for I saw his wife for the first time, and they came for a short cruise with us. Her determined and spirited conduct when he got a nasty knock through the block coming over, deluging his new cap with blood, will never be forgotten by me.

On the 19th I attended as guest the Mayor's feast to Hardley Cross and returned thanks for the visitors. The Mayor in proposing it had gone a little out of his way to chaff me about my genealogical propensities and suggested that if any of his hearers wanted a pedigree they should come to me for it. I could not therefore in my reply do less than to say that I should be delighted to take his job on, but should have to be first told who his grandfather was, which went home, for it was notorious he didn't know!

On the 11th to 16th November, I had another journey to Berwick, when I caught my first trout. This was, I think, very soon after the Tay Bridge disaster, and it was blowing a positive gale on Berwick platform. A

porter was literally blown off his feet and all the windows in the train were compulsorily opened to minimize the air pressure, and I don't mind admitting I was greatly relieved when the train had crawled across safely.

J.B.R. went up to Oxford this month for a Balliol Scholarship (Brackenbury History) which he won, though the youngest of the 30 entries.

At the dinner given on 15th December, 1888, to celebrate the foundation of the Thames Hare and Hounds I was presented, as its founder, with a very fine and large silver salver, which, with all my cups, I passed over to my sons when I broke up my Lammas home mentioned hereafter.

During 1888 I issued four books:—

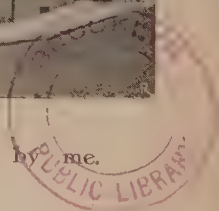
- i. A reprint of John L'Estrange's Calendar of the names of the Freemen of Norwich for 1317 and 1603.
- ii. "The Parish Register of Bircham Newton," which I found among the papers of Sir Hugh Beavor and which was ably edited for me by R. Howlett.
- iii. "The Persecutions of the Jews in England," published by the Anglo-Jewish Society, and
- iv. "Records and Record Searching," which was really the printing of a mass of notes I had collected for my own use during the 25 years I had been working at the Public Records and which I thought might help beginners. It was extremely well reviewed in the *English Historical Review*, *The Athenæum*, *The Academy*, *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, and other papers. In 1888 the then Master of the Rolls specially mentioned it as a good manual. It was sold out, and I printed a second edition in 1897.

In 1889, my son who had been working very hard for his scholarship, went away for a deserved rest to Dover, Sandwich, Richborough, Edenbridge, Bristol, Bath, Salisbury, Stonehenge, and the Isle of Wight.

I bought the Flowerdew picture on 2nd February, and saw T.B.L. for the first time at P.B.F.'s excessively cold and draughty house at Hellesdon.



THE "MAID'S HEAD" as restored by me.



This year my history of Cromer came out, and on 28th February, 1889, my youngest daughter, Barbara Cath. Valentine Rye was born at Putney. She was due on the 14th, but we called her after that day after all. In the spring various journeys took me to Orde House, Norham, Cromer, Scoulton Mere (for the first time) and Aylsham, to see the celebrated "Aylsham Derby." On the 18th May my wife showed the first serious symptoms of the disease which ultimately killed her, and was under charge of Dr. Grun at at Ramsgate very ill and delirious, but better when I went down. During the spring Dr. Grun caused a scare about J. B. Rye having spinal curvature, and he was hung up and put into plaster. This turned an expensive maresnest for his round back was only the "student's back" inherited from his grandfather and father.

In May I did what my friends with complete unanimity declared to be the most foolish of the many foolish things I ever did, for when old Webster retired from the "Maid's Head," at Norwich, where I had stayed since 1867, I took a long lease of the house, and knowing the possibilities of what could be done in the way of restoration, threw myself into it with vehemence.

Some of my innovations in management were startling in their novelty, and I will quote from a *brochure* handed to visitors.

"For a London lawyer, whose chief connection with the county has been through his dabbling somewhat in its antiquities, to take a lease of an inn, however old and interesting it might be, and to try to manage it from a distance of 120 miles, is a thing which is so unprecedented, and has so greatly excited the curiosity of local busybodies, that I have thought it best to issue this little book as a sort of "*apologia pro publicâ mea*," and satisfy everybody's curiosity.

My motives were surprisingly simple. I had been myself a customer of the house for twenty years and more, and some of the most pleasant parts of my life had been spent in and about it. It was rumoured that when Mr. Webster (who and whose wife had been rather the personal friends of his guests than ordinary innkeepers) left the "Maid's Head," the whole scope of the old Tory house—the nearest approach to the typical old hostel that I ever saw—was going to be changed; that it was to be let to a big brewer, and be turned into a commercial inn, with coloured glass bar, a billiard-room, and the rest of it; and, in fact, that the whole place was to be spoiled, and no longer be a refuge for those who like peace and quiet and old surroundings. I heard what the new rent was to be, and took upon myself the burden.

The present Coffee-room, my old fellow frequenters of the house will remember, had been long divided off into two rooms, neither being big enough to be of any particular use : and in the operation a grand old settle, or open fireplace, had been bricked up, so as to square the room. This was re-discovered when we pulled down the lath and plaster, and has been tenderly restored. It is extremely inconvenient and draughty in the winter ; but visitors will, I know, cheerfully put up with the inconvenience when they remember their ancestors had to do precisely the same. Then, again, we found the Ladies' Waiting-room, which opens out of the Courtyard, had also been divided into two rooms by a partition, and the fine panelling had been canvassed and papered over. More than this ; when the panels were exposed, we found in them a hinged shutter, and on opening it the very fine oak-framed window looking down the yard, and dated about 1480.* Of course, we at once re-opened it, and restored the other window (a hideous modern thing), to match it, thereby, I think it will be admitted, getting as handsome a room as there is in the city.

Upstairs in the fine old attic, where I make my own lair when I am in Norwich, with its great oak beams and rude oak-planked floor, we found a very interesting chimney piece with a depressed arch in narrow bricks quite perfect.†

I had, however, two great disappointments, one in the non-appearance of the guaranteed ghost, and the other in the cellars. "Every one knew" that the Maid's Head cellars extended right away underground to the Bishop's Palace, and that there were several bricked up arches containing the hidden skeletons of nuns, and I naturally looked forward with great interest to re-opening all this, and recouping some of my expenses by selling a nun's skeleton to Madame Tussaud. I need hardly say that the discovery at once of the capital of a Norman pillar built into the wall excited my highest hopes ; but they were not justified. We found nothing else, except that the floor of the room above was supported on a column formed of worked stones with mouldings of all sorts and dates, and that there were one or two stone arches *in situ*.

Though I began by taking the responsibility of running the old Inn more as a joke than anything else,—I have found it rather more than a joke as far as money matters are concerned, though I don't regret it. Anyhow I have made myself what I consider (and I hope my customers will think the same) a comfortable old world corner.

Again, the position of autocrat of the coffee-room table is not an unpleasing one. The Proprietor, who does not care two straws whether guests come or go, can rid the room of bores and "bounders" in a very summary and effective

*Later I now think.

†This room is now absurdly shown to American and other visitors as the room in which Queen Elizabeth slept, whereas nothing is more certain than that she stayed in the Close. That the inn was not called after her is equally clear from its being mentioned in the Paston Letters (iii., p. 65) in 1472.

way, and so render life worth living to the well disposed. The grumbler can go elsewhere, and be hanged to him. He shall not stay and grumble here without having something to grumble about. If he dislikes his eggs hard and makes an undue fuss about it one morning, he shall be able to play tennis with them the next morning. If he complains his steak is underdone one morning, he shall have it raw the next, and so on until he goes, and we others are well rid of him. Anyone who annoys (as one prominent person of note used to annoy) others by his offensive and beastly conversation in any public room, will have to go as he went.

In half a dozen words I have tried and shall keep on trying to make people as comfortable as I want to be myself and if they don't appreciate it, I shall leave off when I have lost a certain amount (well defined in my own mind) of money. Minor sins of other hotel owners I seek to eschew. I have myself often groaned under the extortion of sixpence for a pint of beer or a bottle of soda water, when two-thirds of that price renders one a handsome, I may say extortionate, profit. So when I came into power here these ship money sort of taxes were promptly abolished, so were the compulsory taxes on cleanliness. There were no bath rooms here till I put them in the other day, but the persons who suffered by their absence were, as in most hotels, taxed for the landlord's omission by being charged for baths in their bed rooms. This is a grievance no longer in existence here at all events.

The Machiavellian policy of sending up an early and gratuitous cup of tea (which perhaps cost me a penny) to all comers free of charge with their hot water is I venture to think, a stroke of genius which deserves a return in much gratuitous advertisement by the customers.

On the sin for charging exorbitant prices for wines there is no need to say anything. From the customer's side all I can say is that in the old days here one used to slake one's thirst with beer in the house, and get one's wine elsewhere. From the short experience I have had here I see my customers don't do this now. Singularly enough I am satisfied with what in other business would be thought an outrageous profit, and want no more.

This, I think, is all I have to say, so I will now close what is in effect a statement of policy."

Luckily obtaining a first-class manager and cook in Mr. F. B. Pomeroy, my speculation, though it was a very bold—not to say rash—one, was very successful, and we soon doubled and trebled the takings, and had it not been for the iniquitous decision in *Sharpe v. Wakefield* mentioned hereafter, I should probably still be a quasi-Boniface.

In June, the Thames Hare and Hounds hired an enclosure on the Mound at Stamford Bridge, which succeeded very well as a "Thames Tent," about 170

attending the first meeting, but owing to the opposition of the low class clique, which by that time had obtained an ascendancy in the L.A.C., obstacles were raised and the scheme was not persevered with.

Also in June, I finished my Calendar to the Cambridge Feet of Fines, and it came out the next year, but I got no help from the authorities at Cambridge in the way of identifying the place names, and to this day I have never received any credit for my discovery as to the extraordinary difference between the early Christian or forenames there and those just over the border in Norfolk, from which I deduced the theory that the early inhabitants of Cambridge were aborigines driven out of Norfolk by the Danish invasion. The figures were 128 names in all for Cambridge, of which 28 only were found among the 322 names found in the Norfolk fines, so we had 100 names new to the very much larger and fuller list of names found in a county, the border of which absolutely marches with it for over thirty miles. It would seem to point to a radical difference in race which we should hardly expect to find at so late a date.

On 6th July I met Max O'Rell and other literary celebrities at a garden party at Holman Hunt's, where J. B. Rye fainted from the heat and the weight of his plaster jacket. Soon after we finished our new wing at Putney.

On the 8th August I read a paper as the unpublished material for the history of Norfolk before the Archæological Institute at Carrow, afterwards reprinted in its Journal, xlvii., pp. 164, &c. Just before reading it I received the painful news that Walford D. Selby, of the P.R.O., who had been a staunch friend and co-worker of mine, had shot himself after typhoid. He was one of the best, and a most cheery and able man, but the same delirium which afterwards caused the death of Archer affected him.

Our autumn sail as usual was on the Broads with J.B.L. and the Ps. It was chiefly memorable for the roughest passage I ever had down the river, which had overflowed its banks below Acle, and we had to find our course by guess work and noticing the different colour of the water in the deep part. A trading wherry was not as lucky as we, for sailing over a marsh she stuck and a channel had to be dug to get her out. We came down under a bare mast and then went quite fast enough.

In October a very pleasant business journey to Penrith (with its Runic crosses), Borrowdale (Arthur's Seat), Darlington, Kirkbank, and Gatherly, back by Peterborough ("Angel") when I resumed my holiday and saw the smoking ruins of Woodbastwick Hall just burnt down, and heard how the magistrate had rightly dealt with some men who had broken into the cellar and drank 47 port out of pewters.

I went up to Oxford on 13th November to see my son run in the Freshman's Mile, but he was not very well just then, and was beaten 4 yards by Allen in 4.43, far slower than he ought to have done.

During this year (1889) I published my long deferred "History of Cromer, past and present," which I am conceited enough to think is the most complete history of a Norfolk parish ever attempted.

Christmas I spent as usual at Norwich, when I was instructed to act for the Rev. T. T. Berney in the case he intended to bring against someone to establish his right to free warren in respect of Braconash (?) Manor. I inspected his deeds and satisfied myself he had a perfectly good case, but unluckily he died soon after, and it never was fought. He was a most eccentric man, suspicious, dictatorial, and disagreeable to a degree. Most of my readers will remember the story how he having a quarrel with two of his neighbours who were Judges of the Superior Court preached at them on the text of the Unjust Judge, how he offered a painter who offended him a day's fishing in his pond, and then ran him in for poaching, and how his housekeeper having county courted him he proposed to drive her with him to the Court, and charged her 1/- for the lift, and how she informed against him for doing so without a license. He never was a favourite among the Norwich police, who delighted in catching him for leaving his pony and car unattended.

New Year's Eve I spent at a house where German festivities obtained, but I can't say I enjoyed the cubes of raw pork.

At the beginning of the year 1890, our junior partner left us to better himself, but I doubt if he did. Some unpleasant business, which culminated in the sale of an interesting old house and two yachts, took me to Norwich in March. Just then my eldest son was running very well,

e.g., in a trial he gave my friend Howlett's son, then at Westminster, 10 yards and a 3 yards beating over 300 yds., 33 $\frac{3}{4}$, and at Easter won the open half-mile at Norwich, beating Ayton, of Dereham, then thought to be the coming local man, by 6 yards at the Carrow ground, literally through pools of water. The "Thames Tent" was this year on my lawn at Putney to see the start for the Boat Race and about 120 attended.

On the 7th June I saw W.J.W., who had been away for some time, but was thinner and weaker.

I find that on Friday, the 13th, I broke a looking glass, but strange to say nothing came of these treble forebodings. During the summer my wife was at Brighton a good deal for her health.

No doubt I took my usual autumn holiday on the Broads, but my diary is a perfect and absolute blank.

In November, J. B. Rye won the open half-mile handicap at University College, Oxford, from scratch in 2.2, and ran fairly well in the Exeter 2 miles, which he did as good as 10.30, but was never a distance runner any more than his father was. Another of my sons, who at one time thought of going into journalism was then staying with the widow of G. B. Jay, the author of the History of St. George, Tombland, incidentally keeping a tame goat on the roof of the tower of an adjoining church. As to his journalistic career, his sauce to a Master Printer which summarily closed it, is still remembered with regretful admiration in a certain Norwich "Chapel."

The Christmas holidays of 1890 were spent inspecting an old trading wherry called the "Alma," once a very fast boat built at Barton, which I afterwards bought and converted into a pleasure wherry. After Christmas B. L. Tungate and I drove over to Cley for duck shooting with poor success as the cold was intense, the washing water in our bedrooms freezing in the basins close to our beds.

I was working hard restoring the Maid's Head and on antiquities all the spring of 1891, and made the acquaintance of the Revd. Haweis and his wife at the house at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, once Rossetti's, but did not fall a victim to his favourite snare of the mediæval self-locking chair. In May F. G. Rye went to Sandford's at Cromer.

Holman Hunt was a neighbour at a quaint old house at Fulham, and I often saw him at work. He painted my

eldest son in his picture of May morning on Magdalen Tower, and the flowers which formed the garland were from my Putney garden. The weather this year right up to June was the vilest I ever remember, and I shall never forget journeying in an open trap to Scoulton Mere on the 17th May in a veritable snow and hail storm which agreed weirdly with the white wings of the innumerable gulls.

In this year I was asked to take up the Hickling Broad case which turned on two questions, one whether the tide regularly ebbed and flowed there, in which case the public would have had the right of free fishing on it, and the other whether or not the public right to row and sail over it was limited, as was contended by the so-called "Broad Owner," or whether, as I showed, was a right to sail or tack over the whole Broad. Some persons unwisely also claimed a public right to shoot over the Broad. The whole argument for and against was set out by me in a book published in 1892.

The first aggressors had been Blofield of Hoveton, who chained up the two entrances of Hoveton, and Blake Humphrey, who got a conviction for a man fishing on Wroxham. The crass ignorance of facts both on the aggressor's part and of the judge, would have been amusing if it had not been painful and unjust. The judge, A. L. Smith, (1) in his judgment said that it was an inland lake not connected with the river; and (2) that the only access to it from the river had a gate and chain across the entrance! These very inconsistent statements showed that he could not have even read the case submitted to him, which specially stated that the broad communicated with the river by *two* entrances, of which one was 15 or 16 feet wide, and the other was open and is about 50 or 60 feet wide.

The Norfolk Broads Protection Society was formed and I acted as its Hon. Solicitor, and also started the funds with the gift of 100 guineas. The acting Committee were T. J. Woodrow (hon. sec.), M. Wilmer, and Nisbet, and we received very considerable support, including a handsome donation from the City of London, but we never had the funds out of which to pay the heavy charges of the crack "professional expert witnesses" brought against us. The Judges were very severe on our witnesses, calling them "more or less expert witnesses," which they considered

rather complimentary than otherwise, having in view the old saying of "liars, d——d liars, and —— professional witnesses."

Later on in the Rockland case one of such judges came round entirely to my views as to the tide.

All the year 1891, off and on we were scheming the fitting up of the "Alma" On 2nd September, we had our last (?) voyage in the "Lotus," and on the 7th, our first in the "Alma," taking the tides on Hickling Broad, with J.B.L. and his wife, working right up to Aylsham, incidentally working at the Hickling case and taking tidal notes.

On 29th August I went down to Norwich in a light single brougham with S. Dixon, who drove me, sleeping the first night at Chelmsford, the second at Ipswich (White Horse). The next day we only got to Scole, and in the night the mare died of heart disease in the stable. It turned out she had long been suffering from a greatly distended heart.

After living about seven years at Putney, I got rather tired of it, chiefly on account of the growing noise and blackguardism of the tow-path rowdies, and the spoliation of the picturesqueness of the place, by the pulling down the old timber bridge, the destruction of the tow-path, and felling the trees of the Bishop's Meadows opposite, and having the chance of selling both properties advantageously, I bought a larger and very old-fashioned panelled house at Hampstead, called Frogna! House, which I restored, and in which I passed another seven years or so. Here again the garden was to me a great charm; it was a very long walled garden rising up a steep hill with a grand south fruit wall.

I moved my span house to it, and used it for an orchard house, being most successful with great trained plum trees from Veitch and Rivers, which bore me great crops. I also had a long and very successful house for green figs only, and was seldom without fruit.

It was, and still is, a very fine and roomy example of the old Merchant Princes' home, panelled from top to bottom, a fine wide staircase, and I improved it a great deal by adding the two fine mantels I brought from Putney.

The Christmas day of 1891 I passed at the empty house at Hampstead, with my sons and Dr. Furnivall, but



FRONT AND BACK OF FROGMAL HOUSE,
HAMPSTEAD.

went on to Norwich about the Hickling case for the new year.

During 1891 I only published two books, viz., the *Monumental Inscriptions of Tunstead Hundred* and the *Visitations of Norfolk for 1563-1589 and 1613* for the Harleian Society. I was practically obliged to take this in hand, as owing to the practical decrepitude of General Bulwer and the abominable laziness of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society, it was quite clear that the Visitation they began years before would never be finished. Nor has it been gone on with to this day, but my shorter edition has filled the gap temporarily.

On 13th March, 1892, we moved from Putney to Hampstead. I had been bivouacking there getting ready for some time before.

Our first winter at Hampstead was severe and I saw tobogganing on the Heath for the first time, and we had our first children's musical evening there on 19th January, at which we introduced a very fine ghost effect of a slim girl walking downstairs across the old Hall, in the full view of everyone, and then disappearing behind a curtain. It was done by cutting out a panel in a locked door through which she slipped, the panel working with leathern stops which made no noise, and letting her through into a back staircase, the joint being masked by a screwed on picture on the one side, and a coat rail on the other. It took a lot of working out successfully, but though repeated yearly was never found out till one of my children gave it away "in strict confidence" to a schoolfellow.

On the 19th March, J. B. Rye ran third from scratch in the Ch. Ch. half, doing the veriest shade over 2 minutes all the way.

Later on he ran third in the Varsity mile, doing about 4.31 all the way, and on the 2nd April, ran second in the L.A.C. half mile handicap, doing a shade under two minutes all the way. In the Inter-Varsity mile on the 8th, he was only started as a pace-maker, and Lutyens won on his merits in 4.24 $\frac{3}{5}$. On the 21st May, Dr. and Mrs. Grun came to Norwich, the former to analyse the water of the Broad, and I had a curious experience driving over Mousehold, soon after I fainted.

The Hickling case began on the 14th and ended on the 27th June, when the court decided for us as to the

public right of way across the Broad, but against us as to shooting and fishing. The shooting I had advised against from the beginning, but the latter which turned on whether or not there was a tide we ought to have won. We appealed, and the appeal was heard on the 9th February, 1893, but the court, of whom Kay and Lindley were curiously enough both Norfolk residents, decided against us, and called it a most hopeless appeal. Our Counsel (Mr. now Sir M. Shearman) and I were as sure as could be of winning for the reasons I afterwards set out in a pamphlet I published, and which I summarize below. Our main points on appeal were that the Allotment Act, which the "broad owner" relied on, did not and could not allot the open part of a navigable river.

It speaks of the land being allotted as being land "frequently" overflowed with water, whereas the Broad is permanently covered with river, and it directs a dyke to be made through the lands "directed to be divided and allotted" *to the common river or Broad adjoining thereto*, which shows as plainly as words can say that the Broad itself was not intended to be allotted. Besides, these two absolutely conclusive reasons (1) It gives as a reason for the enclosure that the lands were for want of sufficient drainage yielding but little profit, and yet the Award allots a Broad that could not in the nature of things ever be drained, it being the natural drainage place for the adjoining country, and moreover being under the jurisdiction as a part of the king's river, of the Yarmouth Port and Haven Commission from early times, to extinguish which and the public navigation rights, a Public General Act would have been necessary.

(2) It states that the allotted land is to be enclosed within a limited time after allotment; but the allotted part of the Broad of course never could have been enclosed and divided from the rest of it, especially not by a ditch dug across it, which was what the Act directed

Yet in the face of these very strong and all self-consistent proofs that the legislature never intended to authorize the enclosure of the Broad, any one of which I should have thought would have been sufficient, the Court of Appeal talked of the *defendant (!)* straining the meaning of one section of the Act. Had they talked of the Award Commissioners driving a coach and horses through the whole Act, it would have been nearer the facts.

However, as we could not find the money to take the case to the House of Lords, and as we had won on the most important point, viz., that the public had access all over the Broad, the matter was allowed to drop, but no further aggressions by any so-called "Broad owner" took place until Sir C. Rich tried to stop the fishing on Rockland Broad, and met a well deserved defeat, the judgment by a strange irony of fate being delivered by one of the very Justices of Appeal, which was good enough to call our appeal the most hopeless one he had heard for a long while, but who then used the arguments we used in such appeal! For years after, Lord Lindley in his capacity of Chairman of the Magistrates at Stratton, decided a precisely similar case (the Rockland Broad Case) in accordance with my arguments, and practically against his former decision in the Court of Appeal. Those who take the view that a tide is not a tide unless it is salt should live, as I had done by the side of the river at Putney, and seen a rise and fall of many feet of fresh water twice a day. The absurdity of saying that the tide is caused by a pushing up and down of fresh water by salt is colossal.

On the 22nd June my son R. C. Rye went to Manitoba by the S.S. Mongolian, and early in July M. M. Rye had a slight attack of typhoid. Having almost accidentally become the owner of a motor launch, we used it for a few trips but did not care for it.

On 25th July J. B. Rye got a first class in modern history and took his B.A. soon after. I was still tricycling, the 21st August got up Brockley hill, which used to be a test hill for bicyclists. Our autumn cruise was with the family and one or two visitors, including J. Beloe, taking a day or two off to attend the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society's excursion at Lynn and the Marshland Churches, when I printed and presented to the members Tom Martin's notes on them.

Our yearly voyage up the Broads was from 26th August to 9th September, Stephen Wright and a friend were over and the boys and Macfarlane part of the time. My old schoolfellow Heriot, and Blyth came down for a week, and with the help of "Professor Day" we showed them some grand bream fishing off South Walsham Dyke. I fear that they did not know the pitch had been heavily

ground baited for several days, and when they went back North they spread extraordinary news about the prolificness of the Broads.

Afterwards Hunt Roberts and Reay joined, and we had much pleasant sailing after Stephen Wright deserted, and we took Sam. Holmes in his stead. At Aldeby Priory I thought I detected rye ears as ornaments on the Norman door.

We then renewed our voyage and had a very pleasant sail except that one of my sons dropped his purse overboard at Stalham Staithe. On the 16th September was the scene of "yeure tew rare lumps," at Ranworth, and later on we were run into by a loose wherry with her helm lashed near St. Olaves. This cruise was followed, as far as I was concerned, by an acute attack of rheumatism.

A business journey by Darlington, Getherly Castle, Richmond, when I tasted grayling caught (off the hotel) for the first time, and Berwick again was a pleasant change. Christmas was spent by driving with B.L., by East Dereham, Fakenham, Cley, Weybourne and Aylsham.

During the year (1892) I printed besides Marshland Churches a book on the Rights of Fishing, Shooting and Sailing on the Norfolk Broads, and edited for the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society an index to the fourth series of Norfolk Inquisitions *post mortem*.

In February 9th, 1893, the decision of the Court of Appeal in the Hickling Case was a great disappointment to me, for we were sure of winning for the reasons given in the pamphlet criticizing it, I at once published, and which I have summarised on pp. 75-77.

In the same month I went over the pictures and papers of Sir Harry Verneys at Claydon House, Bucks, a most interesting man, for at 93 he had immense vitality and was as clear in his head as possible. He was, however, not a Verney by blood in any way, but a Calvert. The house was full of valuable things, a travelling chest of the time of the Civil War especially interesting me, as did a picture of a lady bearing a scar, showing a broken rose at her feet, which I ventured to suggest referred to an unsuccessful attempt by a mother to rescue her child from fire. There I met for the first time a Mr. A. H. Cocks, a wonderfully interesting man, and a good naturalist, whose private menagerie at Maidenhead I afterwards went over. His



"DORTON'S" COTTAGE.



method of disengaging himself from the fierce grip of a wild cat by inserting its tail in the hinged side of a door and then shutting it struck me as a very fine example of presence of mind. No cat could stand two feet of simultaneous pressure, it was like the idea of a camelopard with many feet of sore throat.

On the 25th of February I saw Micky Slater for the last time at Roehampton.

This year I saw a good deal of Dr. Furnivall who was working at Chaucer and was greatly interested in my researches about him. He was extremely popular with my wife and children; for he was one of the heartiest and friendly men I ever knew, and a perfect demon for work. Any information you wanted from him invariably came back by return post. He was a life long teetotaler, but by the irony of fate had a very red nose, and I remember hearing an irreverent rough on the towpath at Putney referring to him in his sculling boat as that old man working off his Saturday's booze (!). I don't know any man whose loss I felt more when he died.

In the Easter of this year I first saw Selborne (Gilbert White's Selborne), where my doctor (Grun) had moved when he left Putney. I was so very much struck with the beauty of the place and especially of a stone cottage called "Dortons," in the Lower Lyth, that I did not rest till I bought the cottage and have since used it as a week end cottage. *See plate opposite.*

In April I had a bad attack of influenza which kept me at home for some time, and in May took to riding the new safety bicycle, but I never took kindly to it after the high bike and the tricycle, to which latter I eventually reverted.

I had another journey to Ord and Berwick-on-Tweed on 1st July, 1893, where I shot rabbits fairly, but was troubled with gout this month. Business took me to Exeter later in the same month and then on to Tavistock, where I remember the "Bedford" as a very good and comfortable inn.

August this year was intensely hot and on the 18th, when I came down to Norwich by the 5 p.m., there were quite 20 people at Ipswich in their shirt sleeves on the platform.

My wife joined us on 4th Sept., 1893, and we had very pleasant week paddling up to Bungay, Shipmeadow Lock, &c., she leaving on the 9th with Reay. The rest of our holiday I took with Roberts driving round the coast by Hunstanton, where we saw my future daughter-in-law and her sister on the pier, and on to Lynn. Coming back we could get no accommodation at Swaffham, so trained to Dereham, and our horse getting tired and a sore back, came on by rail to Norwich where I stayed for the "Show" and returned 18th September.

On the 4th November, 1893, A. L. Rye won the Thames Short Cup easily. A high gale on 10th December blew our front garden wall down.

Early in December I went to Edenbridge to see E. R. B. and he told me he had a female descent from Richardson the novelist. Just before Christmas I had a business journey to Hereford and Bollingham, where on the faith of my athletic reputation I was made to drive a spirited pair of ponies at Hereford, shaving the bridge wall by a fractional part of an inch only, which was taken as a proof of my extreme skill at driving and not the direct interposition of providence which it was. The Cathedral at Hereford struck me as very fine, with grand decorated work, and excellent porch.

Christmas I spent with George Bennett at Norwich, incidentally revisting Scoulton Mere.

During 1893 I had been too busy to print anything except a pamphlet, reviewing the ridiculous judgment of the Court of Appeal in the Hickling case (see pp. 76-7 *ante*); and during 1894 I was too busy to print anything at all except articles.

The early part of 1894 was intensely cold at Hampstead, said to be the worst for 20 years, and it was most difficult to get up the hill, tobogganing going on continually as before. I began to remodel Upper Frogmal Lodge, which I had also bought, Halley being my architect.

At the end of the month, having been warned by the decision on *Sharpe v Wakefield*, I decided to part with the "Maid's Head," and completed the sale on 8th March.

In the middle of March all the children and myself were down with German measles. The Easter I spent with Grun at Selborne, when the weather was fine but cold, many butterflies, chiefly brimstones and small tortoiseshells on the hanger, and early in April I had influenza again.

On 12th April, Kitty was baptized at Hampstead Old Church; she had been registered when born as Barbara Valentine, but as she had always been called Kitty, was christened B. C. V. Rye.

On the 14th and 15th I tried a new tricycle, but being weak from influenza could hardly crawl home, and on the 26th I heard that my old friend, E. B. G., had had to execute a composition deed, and on the 30th we sold the Brighton houses (my mother's settled property) for £1,210.

At the London A.C. meeting on the 5th May I saw Bredin do two good performances, 50 $\frac{3}{5}$ and level 2.0. In May went to Selborne with my wife, and agreed with Maxwell to take Selborne Cottage (Dorton's) on an agreement, but soon afterwards bought the freehold. *See view opposite p. 79.*

Very early in June I acted for Lacons of Yarmouth as to purchasing all the Grimmer holdings in Norwich, work which kept me employed for some time. By 14th June I was, I think for the first time, badly troubled with gouty eczema. All the summer I was triking, and though 15/5 I still rode up both the Bull and Bush Hills.

When at Norwich on 24th June I had my first sail in Harry Brittain's "Buttercup," of which he was so particular that the story went it was kept in his spare bedroom, running up to Brundall under jib only, and again on the 8th July. By 12th July I had reduced my weight by continual triking to 14.12, and I did some good rides (*i.a.*) up Petersham Steep! 17th July was our garden party, about 80 there, and on 21st I rode to the Chertsey Bridge Hotel and back by Walton, riding up Norbiton Hill and the left hand road up Chohole to Roehampton. On the 29th rode with G.B. by Richmond, Ripley, and Guildford, where we slept at the "White Hart," and next day, which was very hot, up the Hog's Back, dinner at Alton and on Selborne, and on Bank Holiday to Alton, rail to Woking and back by Byfleet, Cobham, Leatherhead, Kingston, and Richmond. Being saddle sore I took the train on, which was very crowded. Weight 14.8 $\frac{1}{2}$.

On 8th, 10th, and 11th August I was again at Norwich settling Grimmer's matter, to the astonishment of the Vendors, who throughout had thought I was buying on

my own account, and soon after went to Gruns to see my wife who had been nursing there.

On 25th August with G.B. to Richmond, and again by Guildford to Selborne. On the Monday G.B. had a wire that his aunt was dead, so went to Alton, and then raced Grun back to Selborne and to the "New Inn," and on by Alice Holt to Farnham and Guildford. Next day I went in a dog cart to see Sutton Place, and rode home by Chertsey, lunching at the "Clarendon," Teddington.

I began my autumn triking cruise by going to Lynn by rail with G. Bennett, and worked round by Burnham and Holt, got caught in a vile storm at Kelling, and on to Cromer, where we stayed at the "Belle Vue," and so on to Norwich. Two miles from home G.B.'s saddle slipped and he had a nasty fall, cutting his stomach with a saddle pin. Stayed at the "Maid's Head," and on the Saturday took a wagonette with stores to Coldham Hall. On the Sunday we had a fine sail to Beccles. Started for Bungay, but the lock was blocked. At Oulton, P.B.F. joined, but being bad and sick in the night he left next day. We came back by the "Cut" and Acle, took rail to meet my wife, then railed to Wroxham. Up the river to Oxnead, where we got nearly sunk in Buxton lock, and to Aylsham (Stapleton's daughter was buried that day). On Tuesday, the Littles joined, and we sailed up to Ludham Bridge, Stalham and Acle, when G.E.R. and D.M.R. left. During this journey I saw to my disgust that the fine hedge at Potter Heigham had been cruelly cut down, I presume by the same vandals who have *twice* altered the dialect lines on the sign of the "Falgate" from "hang high" to "hangs high." We then worked round by Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cantley, and Norwich. E. Farrer was with us some days on Church Heraldry.* It was getting cold on 28th September, so came home on Saturday, 29th.

On 7th October, I tried the "Bantam" at intervals round Elstree, &c., but ultimately came off it and cut my left knee badly. On Saturday, 13th, my wife, and W.H.E. and his wife, went to Alton, and back on Monday, having completed the purchase of Selborne.

On the 28th October I arranged with Dr. (now Sir) Robertson Nicoll to write literary anecdotes of Norfolk for

*He got his feet wet and wore my wife's shoes as slippers, for he had the smallest feet I ever saw in a man.

£50, and an edition of Unprinted Letters of Cromwell, but nothing came of either.

Early in November, the Brent Water was out in four places, and I got badly wet going to the Hale.

On the 18th November, the water was again much out at "Welsh Harp," and in the evening I took my eldest daughter to see the great floods at Richmond.

I had the dirtiest and muddiest ride in my life on the 2nd December, through "Honeypot Lane," at the back of Stanmore Marsh, the water being over my treadles most of the way when I had ploughed my way through, and my trousers pockets were full of mud. I had to have an ostler throw buckets of water over me.

On the 5th December my eldest nephew, E. W. Rye, married at H.B.M.'s Consulate at Cairo, to a Dalmatian (Austrian) girl, Annetta, daughter of Mario Florio Puhalo-vitch, of Lissa.

9th December I tried a new triplet, which I had bought, with F. and A. in a vile fog. During the ride A.L.R. was so done that he fell off the end seat without our missing him, indeed we were unkind enough to say we got on better without him. On the 18th Professor Wright stayed with me at Hampstead about his projected Dialect Dictionary.

At Christmas I went again to Selborne, this time by rail. G.B. and I took a dog cart through the Old Alton road, by which Gilbert White used to get to Alton, but had to unharness and lead the horse home, for the way was absolutely impassable, the high sides having fallen in. On the Sunday evening we drove over to Alresford. On Bank Holiday we had some rabbit shooting at Farmer Bailey's, where the very deep indoor well struck my fancy greatly.

The boys and I rode the triplet by Barnet to Potter's Bar, about 12 miles only, in the vilest weather on the 30th, taking 1.20 to get there, and 1.15 back.

I cannot trace that I published any book this year, so this was my blank year.

February 3rd—9th, 1895, was an intensely cold week, the worst in my memory, and it kept on for another week. On the 11th, the gas at the office gave out owing to the water in the meter freezing, and I caught a bad cold and was practically in bed till the 19th when a thaw set in.

Four of us were in bed at once bad with influenza! After the Boat Race I attended a run of the H.C.H. and H., when after a bad dinner a prominent member of the Club was specially filthy in his tales, so I left the table. I had a very unpleasant and wet ride home next day and developed piles.

On Good Friday we went to Selborne with G.B. by rail. Took wagonette with G.B., G.E.R., and Kitty to Petersfield, and lunched at a charming old inn there.

On 21st April drove over to P.B.F.'s and saw great havoc from recent gale, and inspected the cock-eyed new wing. After four weeks I renewed cycling, and on the 4th May rode by Harrow to Rickmansworth, when I slept at the "Victoria." New tomatoes and asparagus out.

On the 11th May I went to the L.A.C. meeting and saw perhaps the best day's sport I had ever seen, for Bredin won the half from scratch, though much hindered, in 1.55; Munro the mile in 4.20, and Downer doing record at 120 and 200,

A beautiful ride on the 12th was through Barnet and over a long narrow common (Shirley?) and some country as wild as if it were a hundred miles from London.

Easter we were on the boat, starting from Beccles, Howlett coming. Good sail with Lucas Hunt, who joined at St. Olaves. Seymour Lucas joined at Reedham, and we sailed to Burlingham, Hunt imitating a cuckoo so well as to make it follow the boat for miles. Went on with Lucas to search Lynn Registers. Returning was the occasion of the "I never do" repartee.

On 9th June P.B.F. came, and we took him over to Seymour Lucas for the first time; and on the 15th I rode over to Rickmansworth, and next day back by Chenies and Sarratt, where I stopped to note a pretty cruciform Norman (?) church in the middle of a cornfield.

On 22nd June was our tennis and garden party. and on the 29th June we went to Selborne again with Howlett and J.S.

On 16th July was a fine Championship meeting, Bacon doing a record for a mile (4.17) and Bredin winning the half, but got beaten by Fitz Herbert in the quarter.

On the 7th July Mark E. Jobling, a very old athletic friend from Newcastle came to lunch.

At Lucas' on 17th July I met Crofts R.A. for the first time. I dined with Raikes at his club on the 22nd, where were Sir Luther Vaughan (brother of Lady Isham) and — Ensor of Rollesby. There were about 60 at our garden party on the 30th, but my wife was still seedy, so on August 1st, I took her for a short tour to Gloucester Cathedral: poor except tower, but magnificent Norman arches; stayed at the "Bell" and at the "Royal" at Ross, and took a trap along the Wye to Monmouth ("King's Arms," good), Monnow Bridge, very interesting, on to Chepstow ("Beaufort Arms"), rail by Severn tunnel to Bristol ("Royal"); St. Mary, Redcliff, I considered much overrated, but the Clifton Downs very fine. Bath (Lansdowne Road Hotel), the Cathedral I thought very good inside, and had fine view of the city from "Quarries." At Southampton I thought the German sailors very fine men; stayed at the "Dolphin," Worthing (Marine Hotel) and saw the fig orchard which had suffered much from last year's frost, the old trees dead. Here I bought three pieces of tapestry, and saw Steyning with its half-timbered houses and Norman clerestory to its Church. By self to Ford Junction and saw Arundel Castle.

J.B.R. went to see Field of Waterloo, and I had a most unpleasant operation after a so-called freezing with ether, a most painful and sanguinary job.

Mainwaring Jones and his wife (Seymour Lucas and his wife had had loan of the boat) and Bertie sailed with us up and down to Yarmouth, and on 2nd September we sailed against the "John Henry" (Walters captain), who gave us half-an-hour to Acle Bridge, and we were winning when we were run into by the "Mayflower" of Aylsham. Up the Ant Bertie took and lost a rare *pluma*, but afterwards got more at Irstead Shoals. At Stalham, Cubitt Silcock said he had seen the large copper lately, but he was always a bit of a romancer, and so by Horning Ferry, Ranworth Broad and Wroxham when for first time I noticed a beastly passenger steamboat on the Broad.

At Oulton we saw the flashlights of the fleet. At Shipmeadow, Beccles, the Jones left on the 28th, and D.M.R., Little, and wife, and others at different times. On the 11th September, our mast broke just outside Belaugh Church. This accident we then considered was caused by the too violent playing by the Rector's wife on the organ

at the time we were sailing by, but this was probably only a coincidence. This misfortune threatened to stop our cruise, but following the example of Robinson Crusoe in emergency, I served out a dram all round, and we got the sail in smartly and towed the mast down to Wroxham. We tried to get an old mast at Shreeve's at Buxton, for which he asked £20, avowedly under the idea we would rather pay this than lose our sail. We heartily cursed him and got old Press to cut off the broken part and refix the lead on the rest of the mast, and sailed away on the 14th, and never sailed better, though to placate the men I had to buy a new mast at my leisure.

On October 5th I resumed triking, having done nothing since 21st June. My niece Lily was married to Percy Skinner on the 8th, and I lent them the Selborne Cottage for their honeymoon. She died December, 1915.

On the 12th my weight had gone up to 16.3, and at Mainwaring Jones, on the 29th, I met Col. (?) Stokewasser, an old schoolfellow.

I saw an abnormally large Scotchman at the Hale on 2nd November, but he was all fat. Tom Gill, the retired prize fighter, who kept the "Hale," told me that he had to do with the present Emperor of Germany, having had to get up some sparring to amuse him at Portsmouth. This was 20 years before the war when he told me this, and he then described him as a "cruel beast," who was not satisfied with fair sport, but who insisted on the men going on till they were unduly punished, and also said that he had shot one of his sailors in English waters because he thought the man was going to murder him! Tom was (and I hope still is) an excellent sportsman, and his house was a *rendezvous* for young aspirants to pugilistic honours, who trained there. On one occasion three Irish reapers came in, terrorized old Mrs. Gill, robbed the bar and helped themselves to all they wanted, when to them there appeared Tom and two of his novices. The scene can better be imagined than described, but I understand three battered, toothless and eye-blackened Milesians eventually wound their sad way to the Edgware Road.

Took train to St. Alban's, rode back, but a high wind developed into a gale, and it took me 3.20 to do 17 miles, and I was hardly able to move *down* Barnet Hill.

On the 16th I tried shooting at Edenbridge. I shot very badly, but my host even worse, I noticing nearly 21 consecutive misses.

Rode about 26 miles against a very heavy head wind, and was glad at last to keep under the lee of a bus from Putney.

Hearing that a prominent Norwich solicitor had gone mad went down to Norwich with the idea of trying to buy his practice, but without success.

On December 26th, with F.G.R. and young Lucas, called for Seymour Lucas and a friend, called Cotton, set out in the wet, and with W.J.W. we went to Selborne for the Christmas. This was a noisy party, but the weather was very mild, pansies, roses, wallflowers and snapdragons being in bloom. Returning in a wagonette, which was very full, we broke the traces.

During the year (1895) I completed and printed three books: a Memoir of Coke of Holkham for the Royal Agricultural Society, the Calendar of the Le Neve MSS. which had been done by my late brother Frank and his wife and the Glossary of words used in East Anglia for the English Dialect Society.

On January 11th, 1896, I revisited my old Wimbledon haunts, walking from Combe and Malden across "Long Course" to Roehampton; "tired, melancholy and slow."

During January I formed a syndicate as to "Ivy Bank," and also went over to Hampton Court with F.G.R. and visited the galleries, he beginning to develop art tastes.

Next month I took E.R.B. to Selborne, driving over to Farnham and Racklesham potteries. Eyre and Grun joined us later. Returning we just lost the early train by two minutes. On the 17th I bought the Le Neve and Norris MSS. at Sotheby's, through Quaritch.

On the 22nd I had a good ride to Barnet, "Cock Fosters" and a very good lunch at "Red Lion," a house which has had many changes in my time.

On March 7th, with Voelcker to Rugby match, the T.H. & H. v. Rugby, over the Barby run, which we won, and spoke to him as to H.G.R.

The inaugural East Anglian dinner was on the 14th. I note that on my diary I thought Arch, M.P., an old bounder, and Price, M.P., if possible, worse—squatting under the dinner-table singing a comic song: "The Baby on the Shore." I came away early.

On the 17th I bought the Smith Norfolk Collection of Prints (about 7,000 items), &c., which I afterwards gave to the Norwich Public Library.

Soon after I had a touch of rheumatic gout, very painful, but cured it by dropping meat for a while.

My sisters were thinking of buying a house at Hemel Hempstead and I went over to see it. They afterwards bought it and called it "Baconsthorpe."

Early in April I went to Norwich as to the Cawston Estate. I rode over the estate with Moxon after having had lunch with Purdy at Aylsham. "A poor Tombland Fair, only 9,000 sheep." This was thought very bad then, but now nowadays, since Lynn has taken away the trade it would be thought very good.

On the 4th I had occasion to go to North Repps to inspect the register. The Rev. Dr. Cresswell (since deceased) was very bitter about the Gurneys, whom he accused of all sorts of crimes "except arson," but after a little persuasion on my part he admitted remembering some suspicious fires in the neighbourhood, which *might* be attributed to them! I fancied myself as a good hater, but felt a perfect lamb by his side.

Evening to East Dereham. On Easter Monday I took a dog cart to Wroxham, but our boat was not out of water yet. On to Stalham, having a picnic lunch at Lynes'.

On 21st was our concert at Consumption Hospital. Clarke sang, Sachs conjured, and M. Wilson recited, all very well.

On the 25th, with Macfarlane to Alton and Selborne. Orchids out sparingly, weather fine, but wet coming back.

On May Day to Woodrow's, dinner at the Guildhall, General Purposes Committee. I sat between W. W. Ball and Harry Furness, who drew an amusing sketch on my menu card, which I still cherish.

To Norwich about the Marsham Exchange from 2nd to 4th, and drove over with Baldry to Rackheath and Wroxham, but found the boat had still not been touched!

On the 15th I heard that the garden next to me at Hampstead had been let for the erection of flats. I told the buyer Elsdon, a builder, that I should block any lights he might open, and offered to take the ground off his hands, but he defied me.

On the 18th I went with Macfarlane to my old opponent, Tom Griffith's funeral at Lower Tooting Cemetery. He was the son of an Essex parson, and died aged 54. A very game walker and fair when he liked, but most unscrupulous in his methods. His alleged feat of 21 miles in three hours is absolutely absurd, for he is supposed to have covered his middle 7 miles, faster than he ever walked seven miles and stop.

May 22nd to 26th we were at Norwich, sailing in "Alma," which had at last been completed. Baldry and Capt. Blake came to St. Olaves. I had a nasty attack of sciatica or rheumatism, and went on to Beccles. Spoke to old Peter Youngs, I think for the last time. On 29th, very sharp rheumatism and had to be helped into cab at Finchley Road Station.

On June 8th, having heard from M.S.R. that my sister Bessy was very bad, went to H. H. and found her better than ever! She is still going strong, twenty years later!

On the 13th, Roger came over from America; and on the 15th to 17th I tried a new safety bike and rode up Bishop's Avenue.

On 19th, having been consulted by Kennett as to the boundary of the City of Norwich, I was there again and found that E.B.G. had been dangerously ill with pleurisy.

On 27th, the Thames Tent was again a success at the L. A.C. meeting. I was trying a safety bike about this time and rode up Barnet Hill, but punctured at Stanmore and had to come home in a pony cart; Mrs. Ripley to lunch.

On 7th, my wife heard of death of her sister in Melbourne, and Gilly had pneumonia. By the middle of the month I reverted to the trike, and on the 12th had a good ride round by Ewell, Epsom and Carshalton, Greyhound, doing nearly 38 miles; and got some speed up again, for I rode to the Hale in 52, and back by the Edgware Road in 45, very well and comfortably. From the 18th to 20th, D.M.R. and I went to Selborne, but it was very hot indeed.

On the 21st still most hot, rode out to Abercorn Arms, Stanmore, in evening. Molesey Regatta was on the 25th, and went with G.E.R. in Butterworth's boat, "The Jahnebrune," chiefly foreigners, Mr. Shearman, Wylie, &c. My new trike came home on the 29th. It weighed only 38lbs., and I promptly upset it. I had a pleasant run on 31st to Great Marlow; launch up to Medmenham Abbey, and noticed

that the river was much fuller of bird life, especially of kingfishers and moorhen, under new regulations.

On the 1st August I rode my new trike by Edmonton, Chingford, Epping Forest, Greenstead to Chipping Ongar, when I slept at Lion (F. Gibbs). Next day I took a trap and drove over to see the wooden Church and Kelvedon Hatch where my grandfather and grandmother were married. Then triked to Great Parndon "Cock," on to Hertford, where I stopped at the "Salisbury," and on by the lower road to Hatfield and Barnet, lunching at the "Red Lion," and so home.

9th, On new trike to see G.B. and back, over 11 miles in 61. 14th to 16th, "Thames Lawn," for the Marlow, Suf. Regatta. This was once Edmund Yates' house, but except some good engravings, squalid and vulgar. I spent a lazy Sunday seeing the people go through lock.

21st, Rail to Forncett, slept at P.B.F.'s. 22nd, to Norwich, lunch with E.B.G. F.G.R. brought trike and we went round curiosity shops. I then worked round by Dereham, Swaffham, and through heavy rain to Lynn.

25th, Hunstanton, lunch at "Golden Lion," and slept at Burnham, and left machine at the "Hoste Arms."

On the 28th I had a very good ride (51 miles) by coast to Cromer, Aylsham and Norwich. I practically saved the life of an elderly female bicyclist when machine had bolted with her by letting her run gently into me down Sheringham Hill! On this journey I saw H.T.G. for last time. Elborough Dumpie, and D.M.R. joined 5th. The old round till the 12th; Gibb (Doctor Gibb's son) joined 12th. On the 15th, saw the "Eel's Foot" for the first and last time; Little joined 17th, Gibb left 19th, by Stalham coast to Norwich and back. Sail up the Ant and towed to Buxton Lammas, where the episode of the goat occurred, and then by taxed cart to Aylsham and by Blickling. 26th, at Norwich saw E.B.G. for last time. Early in October I had a business journey to Manchester, Bury and Rochdale, all three towns dirty and unpleasant. 17th, rail to St. Albans and triked to H.H. to see my sisters, and back in the rain, about 22 miles.

On my birthday and November to Edenbridge, Millard and E.B. shooting, the latter only getting seven birds for 37 shots (counted). I hardly shot anything at all except a very big stoat! On the 8th, at Seymour Lucas', met McWhirter the artist. 14th, with G.B. to Croydon to see

the Motor Car meet. There was a very big crowd, and we saw it very well. Walked over to Croham Hurst by the "Red Deer," and back to Carshalton, when we had both a good lunch and wine at the "Greyhound."

On the 19th, E.B.G. died, and the 23rd I came from London to his funeral at Norwich, the funeral service being at St. John's Maddermarket.

December 11th, to W.W.R.B.'s rooms at Trinity College, Cambridge; excellent wine at the upper table and a very fine plaster ceiling in his room. 20th, to Waterloo with boys, met Groombridge and tried to find our old 12 mile course; fair lunch at "Dog and Fox."

26th, to Selborne with F.G.R. and A.L.R., A. Radnall did not turn up, but came later.

During the year (1896) I only published one book, the "Index to Norfolk Pedigrees" with an Appendix to "Norfolk Topography." It is now very scarce, why I don't know.

Early in the year 1897, I had a business journey to Liverpool where I stayed at the N.W. Hotel, and saw docks and landing stage, but could not get on to Chester as I had hoped. "Bear's Foot" restaurant at Liverpool interesting and good.

On the 8th and 9th January, I went to Norwich with Arthur Rackham and to Yarmouth about E. B. G's. business, and back to London; very uncomfortable in snow and fog.

The end of January (22nd) was a very deep snow, and I trained to Mill Hill and walked by the Hale through heavy snow drifts to Edgware, a policeman and I forming the only traffic. We met in the middle and used one another's tracks as we each returned. After a visit to the curiosity shop, went back to the Hale and lunched.

Up to the 24th there was continual tobogganing, and on the next day I had to help a D.T. case close by. There was an extremely funny episode for my sons having gone to a private lunatic asylum for skilled help, unluckily gave the wrong address, and two burly attendants shortly after knocked up a respectable fat German under the impression he was the patient, and tried, soothingly, to get him to come quietly to his intense wrath.

In February (11th) I had a business journey via Kettering to Thrapston, where the floods were out, and had

to drive through the water, but took the opportunity of seeing Dryden's birthplace. A week after I sat down where no seat was, in a railway carriage, with painful results. Later on I went to Lynn, where, on the 21st, saw a very high tide.

On the 9th March I heard that J.B.R. had won the "Arnold." This month I had a slight fall off trike at shed at the "Hale," and cut my left knee. On another occasion I had a long ride from Richmond, Walton Bridge, Cobham (lunch at "Lion") and back to Roehampton, 31 miles, slept at "King's Head," and back to Hampstead the next day. On another in the same month I started for St. Albans, but valve (?) went at Stanmore, so slept at "Abercorn Arms," and rode back next day. A most wet run, 3½ hours.

By the 28th March the flats next door to me at Hampstead were well advanced, and so was my blocking wall, which was, I believe, the highest independent wall in London, 42 ft. high and 6 ft. thick at the bottom. It was of good red brick, neatly black pointed on my side, with handsome three-storied buttresses, and of common white bricks on the enemy's side, where it came within one or two feet of his windows, and I need hardly say blocked all the new lights he had hoped to have created looking over my lav

This unlooked for retaliation enraged him extremely, and he began in return to hang out all sorts of dirty old clothes opposite my house. As I had paid him a considerable sum to build the side wall of his houses in red brick I could, I think, have stopped this, but waited, and when he found he could not let any of his flats he at last pulled them down. The wall and the planting trees cost me nearly £. 500, but it was a work of necessity, as otherwise it would have taken off two or three thousand pounds off the value of my two properties.

When at Norwich on the 3rd April I took a dog-cart with Earnshaw, of the L.R.C., to Wroxham, and we had lunch on a bitterly cold reed-bed, and I saw otters for the first time in my life, except the couple I had seen very many years before in the Beverley Brook at Sheen Common.

This Easter I railed to Richmond, where Dumpie brought my trike, and rode on to the "White Lion," Cobham.

The next day it began to rain; just before Guildford literally pouring down over the Hog's Back into Farnham and over vile roads to Alton, where over-loaded with clothes and luggage I stopped, having gone about 30 miles without no food. I was too tired to eat, but slept there. This was one of the three or four times in my life I ever have been really tired. Next day, 20th, to Selborne. Frank, Arthur, Dumpie, and Arnott were there already, and Markham joined in the evening. Next day it was very fine and hot, plenty of butterflies. We set to work draining the plot outside cottage. I railed from Alton to Surbiton, and A.L.R. rode over from Selborne to Slough, where he got second in the mile, and then rode home, a very good performance indeed.

Next Saturday at the Surbiton Sports I saw Sydenham run 9.37 from scratch for two miles on grass, and a week after I had another wet ride from office to Carshalton, carrying my luggage, and slept at the "Greyhound," going on May Day by Godstone (lunch "Clayton Arms"), and by steep roads to Oxted through the wood to Edenbridge. A perfect day. (A.L.R., who was just then in form, won the mile at Horley the same day).

On the 9th I had a long ride before lunch—a ring round Shenley, Radlett, Uxbridge, and Stanmore, finishing the last 9 miles in 55 minutes, and about 26 miles altogether before lunch, riding both the Bush and Bush Hills.

In the middle of the month I rode over to see my old sisters at Hemel Hempstead, and on by Berkhamstead, Chesham, Amersham, Chalfont St. Giles, Chenies, and Rickmansworth (28½ miles), slept at the "Victoria," and on Sunday came back by Sarratt, Chandlers' Cross, Croxley Green, Watford, and Stanmore.

Later on I took my wife and Mrs. and Miss Quaritch to Selborne, coming home next day by wagonette to Liss, and so by rail.

I rode a good deal in Herts. just about this time—one day by Pinner to Rickmansworth, the next day having a pleasant ride by Loudwater and Watford, then through woods to right, a lovely if lonely ride to Pinner, and home by Stanmore.

With a friend H.H. and his wife and her sister R.P. I had a capital ride at Whitsun from Richmond Station to

the "White Lion," Cobham, where (Bath Road) Smith stirred up my friend's wrath by more or less truthfully describing his bike as a bundle of old gas-pipes. I rode over the Hog's Back—they walked—and we had a first lunch on the summit. At Farnham "Lion and Lamb" occurred a fine example of uncalled for jealousy, and we rode on to Alton, and on to sleep at Selborne. I rode all hills well with my bag.

Rode to Liss. It was Election time, and unknowingly to him H.H., who is a hot Radical, carried a Conservative poster on his back-bag. Railing to Red Hill I rode to East Grinstead and Tunbridge Wells (tea at Edenbridge) on business to the "Swan," slept there, next day to Victoria by train.

Met Dr. Back for the first time at Seymour Lucas'.

With Gray to Rickmansworth by rail, then rode by Loudwater and to Watford, Oxhey and Harrow Weald, Stanmore (walked H. Lane), Kingsley Green, and Willesden, about $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles before lunch, and beat him easily, though he was hiking and I triking.

On the 18th of June, I sent on my trike by rail to Norwich, where I met Willis the C.C. Judge, in the Smoke Room at the Maid's Head for the first time. He was as overbearing as he ever was, and talked about what Jessell would have decided in a certain case, and seemed huffed when I said, "But you're not Jessell," which caused some amusement to some local solicitors, who told me who he was.

The next day I rode by Cossey to Dereham in 1.40, carrying an 18 lb. bag. On this occasion was the discovery of the hoard of old milk punch which caused much excitement, then rode round by Swanton Morley and Bylaugh, Bawdeswell and Cawston, copied MSS. and back by North Elmham.

Coming home, at Norwich I beat A.L.R. at billiards by more than he gave me! He ran at the Norwich Sports and did about 4.45 over grass. I went round the City with Miss McNab and her sister to see the illuminations and fireworks, etc. The 21st was very hot, so back to London.

On the 3rd of July I trained to Chenies and over the very hilly and bad roads to Hemel Hempstead, having *en route* made the acquaintance for the first time in my life of the typical stage rustic with his smock frock and peculiar stage dialect.

The Dictionary of National Biography dinner to contributors at the "Metropole" was on the 8th, Dr. Jessopp, E. M. Beloe, and others I knew were there. The speeches were very poor and bad except that of the Master of the Temple, which was witty, especially "No flowers by request."

I had a view of Marlow, and on Blyth's launch to Henley after the Regatta to see the fireworks. A chain got round propeller.

17th, Called on Somers-Cocks and saw his menagerie; very fine prints and pictures, and the knife with which Felton stabbed Buckingham. Afterwards rode to Bisham Church, nice tower, good material. After lunch we trained to Bray through Boulton Lock, and had tea at Bray, but I made a vow to have nothing more to do with steam launches in hot weather again. Back on 19th, and greatly welcomed a storm of rain at last.

On the 14th I tried a varied way to Rickmansworth by Willesden, Perivale, Greenford, Northholt, Ruislip, and Harefield, slept at "Victoria" as usual, and came back the next day by Moor Park to Watford.

Next week I went to Norwich about getting up a subscription for E.B.G.'s widow, and saw the decent Hotblack; on by train to Dereham. Next day by Reepham by road in a dog cart, stayed at Dr. Back's; he drove me to Cawston, where I first met the Rev. T. H. Marsh and saw his splendid collection of Lepidoptera.

Early in August I took my wife to Dr. Grun's at Southwick and left her there on the 9th, and I began my autumn holiday by riding through Barnet to Hertford. The roads past Potter's Bar were bad and hilly, and I should have gone round by Hatfield, $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles. I saw two very light trikes, one a Raleigh about 32 lbs. 15th, by Ware, hilly, and Bishop's Stortford, through some nice red brick Queen Anne's villages (lunch "George"), Dunmore (24), Braintree (32), where I slept at the "White Hart," and was very comfortable.

By Castle Hedingham (and its Norman Castle), to Sudbury, and went over the fine Church there. Slept at the "Rose and Crown" on the 16th.

Next day through Lavenham I saw another very fine Church, but as there was no sleeping accommodation I went on and slept at Bury St. Edmund's ("Angel"), where I met the [Most] Rev. S. T. Nevill, a bishop *in partibus*,

afterwards Primate of New Zealand, a very intellectual and pleasant man. Young Harding was also there.

Next day we had a very fast ride to Thetford, racing a man and a girl in a high rear wind, lunch at the "Bell," and on by the vilest roads to Diss, where I found the "King's Head" on the edge of the mere very comfortable.

Next day I punctured badly at Scole, but remended at Long Stratton and rode into Norwich fast and well inside the hour, and on the 19th went on to Beccles ("King's Head"). On the next day railed to Yarmouth and came back by Ormesby, where it rained in torrents. The inn-keeper at Acle Bridge was most disobliging, so I went up to the "Queen's Arms" where I was well served, and having packed myself up in cotton wool to keep my wet



BACON'S HOUSE, COLEGATE, NORWICH
(See p. 97).

clothes off me I rode into Norwich. Being rather tired I railed next day to East Dereham, and on the 21st went on to Scarning, where I stayed with Dr. Jessopp. Professor Gardiner the historian, Willis (the County Court Judge), and others, to dinner there.

I looked at Bacon's House, Colegate, Norwich, the house where the ragged staff was put up in Kett's Rebellion, which I afterwards bought and restored.

In the evening I rode over to P.B.F's., and went into Norwich to fetch my old trike (lent to old Brown (?)). Miss Miller biked in and out, and I had a good race with her back. After this I railed to East Dereham, then round by Swaffham (lunch) to Lynn ("Globe").

August 29th, at Beloe's (Lynn), and then by my usual coast route by Sandringham to the Hoste Arms, Burnham, Mundesley, North Walsham and Felmingham to Aylsham; slept out of the Black Boys, which was full.

On September 2nd by Cawston to see the new buildings, on to Mundesley, and then back by Foulsham to East Dereham. The next day by the side road to Wymondham, where I copied part of a charter for Mr. Pomeroy. My chain broke at Hethersett, so I painfully walked back to the "Maid's Head," entirely forgetting the existence of a parallel railway!

The 4th was vilely cold and wet, and I got soaked searching for the dole stone, in reference to the boundaries question. Afterwards found D.M.R., my wife, and Betty on the boat. We made a bad start on the 5th, for we broke the old gaff on Wroxham Broad. Having got a new gaff on board on the 7th, we sailed to Stalham, Potter Heigham, Hickling Broad, Yarmouth, and an early sail to Wroxham finished our cruise on the 11th, getting there before 2 p.m. Rail to Cromer for the day, and on the next day we all came back to London by rail.

I went to Purfleet for the first time on the 25th and dined at the Royal Hotel (kept by Davies) with Macfarlane to find a fish dinner; and went over "Botany," very pretty. This autumn we began planting the new screen bank against the Flats' wall. We put in some very fine expensive poplars we got from Veitch, about 30 feet high, and much good ivy. All thrived extremely, as we had made the ground up with thick layers of rotten manure.

October 8th—10th, to Norwich, partly about my Cawston

book, partly as to E.B.G., and partly with Kiffy Brown, round the Anguish's House cellars, which house I afterwards bought from him.

On the 24th October I had a long ride to Stanmore, but my tyre punctured. Wastnage proved a good Samaritan, and I afterwards found out what a splendid mechanic he was. Others did so also, and he made several grand trikes for me. He is now a big motor manufacturer.

On the 30th I had a very sharp attack of gout in great toe, and on the 31st tried Palmer's tyres for the first time.

On November 5th with G. B. to Alton. Drove over to the Selborne Cottage to get ready for the T.H. & H. Run. We used to bring down large quantities of game, hare, and steak to make a gigantic stew on these occasions, and on this occasion the hamper was extremely sanguinary, so much so that it attracted the suspicions both of the hansom cabman and the railway porters. Drove over to Liphook to meet the pack and take the bags and Dr. Voelcker back. We put the whole lot up in the cottage somehow. Roses and forget-me-nots were still out.

The Rev. T. H. Marsh came over (he was staying at Fitz John's Avenue) to see my rock garden early on a very foggy morning (11th).

On the 13th I rode over again to see my sisters at Hemel Hempstead, put my machine up at the "Bell" (where there was a curious old wall-paper representing hunting and other sports), and had tea at sisters', where they thought a small bit of fried plaice enough for an old man who had ridden 22 miles through the mud to see them. So I supplemented it with further food when I got back to the inn! I came back the next day *via* Stanmore and the Hale, 25 miles, before lunch.

On the 20th to East Dereham and slept there. Early train to Cawston and got photos for book. Judge Willis' pro-Boer speech was much discussed, and the draft of my replying letter in the "Daily Press" was locally applauded.

On the 27th with Macfarlane to the Stanley Show, Islington, to see if there were any novelties, but found none.

I rode over on afternoon of the 4th to Roehampton, was too late for run, but had tea there and found Walter Wright had died and was buried. Rode back with Holman, but both our machines broke down.

Next week I had a business journey to Maldon in Essex, where I found the "Blue Boar" comfortable, on by train to Woodham Ferris, Southminster, and took a dog-cart on to Tillingham.

Rode on to Roehampton to see the Flack match, on to Kingston (tea), and in the dark to the "White Lion," Cobham, spending a festive evening among some rather amusing village farmers (11th December).

A bitterly cold and wet ride home (some 24 miles) in about three hours, but found that my selfish offspring had used all the hot water, so I had no satisfactory bath!

Soon after (the 17th) I went to Tasburgh and helped to dig up the "Chapel Field," where we found many bones and pottery.

The next day I drove across to Wymondham where a gig from Dereham picked me up, and came up with C. G. Wood to London by Sunday afternoon train.

In a very dense fog on the Christmas Day rode the tandem trike with F.G.R. (having first upset myself) by Hyde Park, very slow, tyre burst, and we had to leave it for repair and walk over to lunch at Bennett's, Mortlake.

Gray having kindly set my tricycle right on the 26th after three hours' work, I rode over to Hale for lunch.

On the 27th I had a most tiring ride with the boys to Barnet "Red Lion." Just about this time the "stately Maria" was very amusing.

During this year (1897) my only publication was the "Songs, Stories, and Sayings of Norfolk."

On January 1st, 1898, rode by myself, but my chain broke at Wright Ingle's corner, and I had to walk home. On a silly Cockney rough satirical at my not riding up a slight slope, I offered to bet him a sovereign he couldn't. When he tried he naturally found the treadles rotated rapidly and ejaculated, "Why, there ain't no chain," upon which I politely informed him that I had previously discovered that fact many miles before!

On the 15th, rode over to Hemel Hempstead to see my sisters, going to the right of the river; slept at the "Bell" and back next day. 22nd, rode over to Carshalton (lunch), Sutton, up Wimbledon Hill to Roehampton, adjourned general meeting as to A.A.A., slept out at a saddler's. The next day my treadle went wrong, so rode back slowly to Hampstead.

Having lost my train at Waterloo I went to Selborne by myself, and had to sleep at Brickles, having cooked steak and kidneys in the cottage by myself I came back by train, and went over to Lucas to congratulate him on his R.A.

On the 12th February I rode over from office to Roehampton and met team in the Hook Road, and so on to "Mitre" at Hampton Court, where I slept, and the next day came back by Richmond, Kew, Willesden, etc.

On the 17th I went to Jacques Hall, Bradfield, and the next day had some rabbit shooting, on by Ipswich by rail to Norwich. The next day on to East Dereham, where I was seedy and cold, but after lunch to Scarning, where I found Dr. Jessopp very worn and old, and his wife's mind clearly going.

On the 26th I had my first ride on the new trike which Wastnage had built me, and found it very firm and strong, but the gear too high, and the next day I had a long ride on it by Artley, and on returning found quite a gathering, including Furnivall, waiting for me.

On the 6th I had a long ride with Gray, 24 miles, and in the evening to Quaritch's, where garlic and herrings did not appeal to me. The week after rode over to my sisters' at Hemel Hempstead, tea at Watford, slept at the "Bell."

I came back by Redbourne to see the mill mentioned in the legend of "Sancta Puella de Ridibone," St. Alban's, down Brockley Hill in 12.45, about 25 miles before lunch. My wife lost her big diamond ring, but found it again.

Having ridden over to Carshalton on the Friday, and rode the next day by Croydon and Shirley, Hayes Common, Bromley, Plaistow, to Eltham and saw Palace, then on by Sidcup (also Rackham), Chislehurst, &c., and by Bromley, Beckenham, and Elmer's End to Carshalton, a very wet ride of 35 miles. Next day I came back by Sutton, Ewell, Malden Lane, Wimbledon, Purley, and home, about 24 miles before lunch.

The 2nd of April was the T.H.H. run with draghounds from the Hale.

At Easter I rode over to Cobham and on to Selborne, riding up Hog's Back well. F.G.R. and Winthrop came by train, and J. Matthews.

The next day we had pistol shooting in the morning,

and I shot very well, two bulls and three inners at 20 yards with W.Y.W.'s pistol, which he then and there gave me, saying melodramatically, "It is your weapon, not mine."

On the 10th I rode over right through to Cobham, about 37 miles, in 4 hrs. 10 mins., doing the last five miles in 25 mins. 15 secs. ! and next day came home slowly by Kew and Richmond.

On the 15th I went to Norwich, over Dr. Allen's house with Lacey. I sold the old "Alma" for £35. To Mulbarton "World's End" in the morning, and came back in the evening.

On the 20th the Rector of Marsham (Cowell) came to dinner, and slept at Hampstead, a good fellow though a teetotaller, but he stunk us all out with his vile tobacco.

On the 22nd I had a business journey to Canterbury, taking my trike with me, and found the "Royal Fountain" an excellent inn, with extremely good cooking. The next day I trained to Rochester Bridge, rode the very hilly country along the Medway to West Malling, and took the upper road by Ightham, Seal, Sevenoaks, Westerham, to Edenbridge, about 32 miles.

During the next day I strolled over "Battlesden," and saw the horns with which the pond there is filled.

Stamp, of Trinity, Cambridge, a friend of J.B.R.'s, came to Hampstead ;* "a very nice fellow and clever"—a remark since quite justified by his subsequent career at the Public Record Office.

Early in May I took another journey to see my old sisters, and came back by Leverstock Green, Abbots Langley, Watford and Harrow, doing 29½ miles before lunch. On the 21st I rode over by Roehampton to Cobham where I had a scare that I had eaten broken glass in the night with some chocolate.

Next day I came back by Walton, Sudbury, Hampton (the chestnuts out in the Avenue), Brentford, and Willesden ; 27 miles before lunch.

At Whitsun I took M.M.R. to Griffiths, at Smallburgh, and came back by Stalham, Catfield, Ludham, Horning, and Coltishall, a fast ride, doing my last 7 miles in 38, beating two or three bikes, in all about 30 miles.

* I wrote this down in my diary at the time.

Next day I rode over by Tasburgh to East Dereham viâ Wymondham, where after racing a cart, I was inclined to be sick and had diarrhœa at East Dereham.

On Bank Holiday I saw that wonderful old woman, Mrs. Carter, go off on her little day's journey to "Klondyke," as it was locally called, Derbyshire, and back. I took Jessopp a copy of my Cawston book, rode to Norwich, and back by Reepham, Cawston, and Aylsham, and finished fast ride (58 mins.) for the last 11 miles. The next day I returned by rail.

Next day rode over to the Hale for early breakfast, and then by Arkley nearly to South Mimms, doing over 30 miles before lunch.

On the 11th I rode well, beating a lot of bikers by Uxbridge, and by the secluded country through Denham and Rickmansworth, where I had a very bad dinner, and was ill in the night (sick), riding back very early next day.

On the 18th and 19th I had a very wet ride to see my sisters again, but the next day was very fine.

On the 25th the Hampstead Antiquarian Society met at Cannon Hill and "Wildwood" (Figgis), where I saw a lovely garden, and Lord Chatham's cupboard and little room.

On the 26th the Hale again for breakfast, a long cold ride, riding up Frogmal Lane in the rain. I had by this time made the acquaintance of three old paupers from the workhouse, practically turned out on Sundays to "enjoy" themselves, and they used to watch for me regularly in Frogmal Lane.

On the 1st and 2nd July to Smallburgh and found M.M.R. had learnt to bike, she soon took to it and rode very well. On the 25th July she rode up both the Bull and Bush Hills.

It was so extremely cold on the 10th July that I was glad to buy a newspaper to put under my waistcoat when riding. We had opened up a 60 yards archery range in the garden, and to-day I got 24 on out of 30, but that was through practically a railway cutting which kept off all wind.

This month I looked at several houses in view of my retirement, *e.g.*, Netherton House, Long Stratton, and the Rookeries at Swainsthorpe, but the latter was not for sale, though I could have rented it at £20.

On the 23rd we held a combined Garden Party with Hampstead Antiquarian Society, Besant, Haweis, and others there, and I showed my curios and the "wall."

Having heard that there was a perfectly genuine Crusader's suit of armour to be seen near Southwick, I rode down on the 30th by Cobham, Guildford, to Horsham, and so by Southwater, Partridge Green, and Steyning to the Norman Church at Shoreham and Southwick, but the Crusader's chain-mail suit turned out to be modern, so I trained back to Guildford and then rode up the High Street hill fast, carrying a heavy bag, and went on by Merrow and Leatherhead to Carshalton.

Early in August my wife and Kitty went on a visit to the Bax's at Seaton, in South Devon.

On the 3rd August J.B.R. came back from Italy, and we had very full details from him as to the passage of Hannibal through the Alps.

A long lonely ride was that on the 7th by Edgware Bury, lost way, and got into a grass road which ended in locked gates, over which a friendly tramp helped me and my machine.

Next week rail to Alton and Selbourne with J.B.L. but next day railed back for it was too hot for words.

On the 19th I rode with M.M.R., to my old sisters, but it was oppressively hot so we dawdled back, the next day lunched at Stanmore, and had tea at Hale, but it was too hot for me to ride home, so I took a trap, M.M.R. coming home very well on her bike.

On the 26th and 27th I had a short stay at P.B.F.'s at Tasburgh, and on the 29th lunched with them at Canon Hinde Howell's at Drayton, (over 90), rode then on to T.B.L. at Horsford.

On the 28th went with him to a garden party "The Lord's Day, a great snob." "The Rev. Wilson a very nice parson," so says my diary.

On the 31st rode to Forncett to see some one off. Afternoon with Miss M. on to Stratton, and then myself on to Diss.

Then on the 1st September I rode by Eye (a fine Church and curious Guild House), by cross-roads to Debenham a very interesting village with a lot of carving, and fine fireplace in the inn. Rode with a Mr. Fiske of Coddensham to Stoneham Aspall, and Crowfield (when

there was a wood chancel), and Coddington, a very fine old inn with deep moulded ceilings, and linen panel door on to the "Crown and Anchor," Ipswich, then next day on to Blyth at Bradfield.

On the 3rd September, I rode with him, Miss G., and C.V.B.'s daughter to St. Osyth's Priory and back, about 30 miles, beating them all in the finish, and got five rabbits with pistol shooting. The next day I rode back by Bergholt, Capel and Copdock to Ipswich, where Quilter, an old Birmingham Aston man, a friend of J.J.B., kept the house. He is 6 ft. 2 ins. high and all his sons are taller.

By Woodbridge to Saxmundham (lunch) and Halesworth, I slept at the "Angel." It was intensely hot so I rode back in the evening by Beccles to Norwich.

On the 8th, 9th, and 10th to B.L. at Horsford, looking at his deeds and MSS., and I think impregnated him with antiquarian virus. Rode across to Cawston on the 10th where I stayed at Marsh's, whence I rode over the next day to Jessopp's, Scarning, and on the next two days on by Swaffham, Lynn, Hunstanton and Burnham, as usual by the coast to Wells, Cley, Cromer, Mundesley, where I slept at the "Clarence," which my old manager Pomeroy of the "Maid's Head" was keeping.

Back to Norwich and North Walsham, to find my rest. On 17th September, my wife D.M.R. and girls joined the boat at Wroxham.

The 22nd was a bad salt tide, killing many fish and eels. During the week we went on to Wayford Bridge, Swaffield, Acle, Yarmouth, Beccles, and to Bungay on "Round about." Next week we were at Oulton, Stokesby, Coltishall (but no further), Wroxham, where we left the boat, and back by train on the 1st October.

I articulated M.M.R. on the 12th October to Miss Walford to learn the old Court hand at the Record Office. Each week I had good, if dull rides. I was the only one of a party of eight on the 23rd, to ride up Barnet Hill.

Once more we made journey to Selborne for the T.H.H. meeting from Petersfield, game stew as usual. On the 18th rode, came back on the Sunday, being determined not to attend another meeting, there being too much noise, rowdiness, and smoke.

October 31st, my birthday was celebrated by a debate in which A.L.R., was the only one not

to join. This practically decided me to retire from business.

On November 6th, a long before-lunch ride (24 miles). Jacobs came to talk about Cromwell.

On the 12th H.G.R. won the T.H.H. Steeplechases at Roehampton.

On the 14th was the East Anglian dinner to Lord Kitchener, the Sirdar, at the Cecil. I went with E. Clarke's party, the speeches of Lord Kimberley, Lord Russell of Killowen, and Rider Haggard, all very poor indeed. "The Sirdar seemed very jolly and enjoyed himself, and made quite a good speech," was my note at the time.

At Norwich on the 18th and 19th, when I sold part of Anguish's house for £300, and bought a picture of Symons, "The Puritan Hawker." Over to Ficklin's till 21st.

On the 22nd I went to Seymour Lucas' supper in honour of his R.A., Frith, R.A., Croft, R.A., Waller, and others there.

About this time my wife's illness had materially increased, and she suffered greatly from fits of melancholic stupor.

On December 3rd and 4th, a very trying ride to Cobham and came back the next day with a nice man called Waterhouse, who however misled me with a "short cut," back by Esher near Molesey, Fulwell, Hounslow, Heston, Southwell, Greenford, Harrow, Sudbury and Willesden, over 31 miles of very vile roads before lunch. I was very tired indeed, as bad as I ever had been, and had to walk towards the finish.

The fords by bank of Hendon very deep, and I could hardly get through on the 11th.

On the 17th I railed to Amersham, and then by a hilly road by Beaconsfield to Bourne End and to Slough, where I slept at the "George," was very comfortable, and I had the "last" bottle of the port which Lord Beaconsfield affected in bygone times. In the course of time I got wiser, and eschewed the very last bottle of anything at a fabulous price.

On December 18th coming back by Colnbrook Brentford, &c., I rode up Fitz John Avenue, with a heavy bag.

Spent Christmas at P.B.F's., a little shooting, Major Holmes and his big son Scott Holmes there. I shot a

little better, less badly than usual, two long shots at driven partridges. On Christmas day I recorded that a parson was a nasty slimy beast. On the 26th December, Rev. Chute of Moulton, drove us over to Fornsett and then by rail to East Dereham, whence I took a dog cart to a new manor, where there was a gorgeous lunch and some weird Irish lords and ladies. On the 27th, I called at Jessopp's, and afterwards railed to St. Ives and drove to Heriots at Hemingford Abbots.

During 1898, the only book I printed was my History of Cawston, which I hoped was going to be longer and more complete than my History of Cromer, but circumstances stopped it from being finished.

In the early part of the year, 1st and 7th January, 1899, I had two rides by Barnet, Halford, and St. Alban's, where the "Peahen" was rebuilding, and by vile roads, nearly all stones, to Elstree.

On the 13th I rode by Westminster Bridge to Carshalton on to "Swan and Sugar Loaf" to a point near to see the S.L.H. meet, and then back to the "Greyhound" to dinner, about 32 miles in all, and the next day came back through the "Rye" in pouring rain without a stop.

On the 21st I rode over to Hemel Hempstead to see my sisters through very high wind, which so blew across Hendon Lake that it lifted my rear off wheel off the ground, an experience I had never before or since—and don't want to have again, though I was once taken off my feet by the wind whilst walking in Wales. I had a very cold and slow ride back.

On the 4th February I rode well with the T.H.H. out-lying run to the "Bell" at Moulsey and on to the "Mitre," Hampton Court. Sadler's sister turned out to be the widow of Jimmy Brewster, the old C.S. sprinter. A vile, cold, and miserable ride next day. When I got home I had news of the death of Mainwaring Jones, an old friend and client of mine and my father's, and a very good athlete in his day. He was a prominent member of the London R.C. and the Honourable Artillery Company, in the ranks of which my youngest son fought as a private in the War. He was buried on the 8th at the West London Cemetery.

During February I suffered from weakness of the heart, which the doctor said arose from gas-stove fires,

and I took a few days' rest at Norwich, when I discussed with H.B. the possibility of financing a matter which afterwards turned out a great success, but which then seemed to be of a very doubtful character.

On the 28th was Edwin T. Sachs' wedding at St. Luke's, Chelsea, to which I went with my wife.

Having taken a three weeks' rest I had an excellent ride before lunch of 27 miles, the machine having been done up and going beautifully.

To Norwich on the 18th, and had another look at Bacon's house.

On the 18th to 25th March a very cold, chilly week, so back home after visits to Dr. Jessopp and B.L.

The Easter I spent with A.L.R. and Betty at Selborne, and had a long pretty ride to Frensham Ponds, which was a very ordinary tea-gardeny sort of place, and back by Farnham and Alton, and on the 5th April A.L.R. played for the village eleven, but got 0 and 3 only!

On April 13th, to Norwich. I had thought of buying old Surrey House, occupied by Emerson, and bid up to £1,800, but it was bought by the Norwich Union Life Office.

29th, I went to Southwick to consult Grun as to palpitation, and saw Col. Cumberlege's race horses.

May 6th, to Hemel Hempstead with M.M.R. Then I rode over and I slept at the "Bell" at Carshalton, where I saw R. W. Reay, whose eyes had gone bad, and back by the "Rye," Sutton Road, round by Cheam and Malden. I railed to Richmond on the 21st, and then rode on to Cobham, where I slept, eating lunch on the Hog's Back, getting in very wet about four. D.M.R., E.M.B., and Dumpie down the night before, and F.G.R. and A.L.R. by morning train.

Whit Monday (22nd) I rode back to Farnham, 15 miles (1.29), went over Hog's Back, very tired, to Guildford, slept Cobham. The next day rode home by myself.

On June 1st, rode over to the Hale for supper. 2nd and 3rd at F.'s, and went over with him to St. Leonard's Priory, which I afterwards bought. On the 10th I rode down to Cobham to meet G.B., and came back the next day by Cobham, Leatherhead, Epsom, Ewell, Carshalton, Mitcham, about 31 miles before lunch. Took S. Lucas to see Lamport and its 25 old costumes and the Processional Cross there on the 17th; very hot and the trap missed us!

On 20th and 21st to Norwich, and bought St. Leonard's Priory for £1,100, and other houses for £800. 24th, rode over to Hemel Hempstead to my sisters', but slept at the "Bell." The amusing "Wrestler" had gone!

25th, Doubleday called about the projected Victoria History of England, which he wished me to edit for Norfolk.

On the 27th Murie and Bessy went to Eyre's for Henley Regatta. Miss Griffith joined them on 5th. Just then it was very hot and stormy, and of course it affected me for five days.

The 11th of July was said to be the hottest evening for 40 years! On the 12th I talked over the projected Victoria History at the Bath Club, with Doubleday, J. H. Round and O. Barron. Next day I went down to Ficklin's, specially for his dinner party, and the following day I completed the purchase of St. Leonard's Priory.

Returning to London, I found the 18th to the 22nd the very hottest week I remember. On the evening of the 22nd I rode over to the Hale for an alfresco supper, and just as I had begun it, I noticed that one of Tom Gill's hay ricks was on fire and gave the alarm, and formed a chain of buckets from a very muddy pond to the rick, and we eventually got it out. While I was on the errand of mercy, a disgusting little Jew cad devoured my supper and drank a nice pint of Roederer I had just opened, leaving my table neatly tidied up and my knife and fork crossed, I presume, "in despite of Christianity," over my empty plate. This was a warning to me not to do any more charitable acts, the more especially as Tom Gill hardly thanked me for my exertions, dryly remarking "that all his stacks were insured for their full value!"

Early in August I was at P.B.F., and went with him to Flordon and saw Caister Old Hall, occupied by Colonel Burton, who used to live at St. Leonard's, which I had just bought. F.G.R. and I attempted rabbit shooting with unusually disastrous results, which I dare not, even at this date, specify.

About this time my wife was at Brighton for a cure, for some time at a very superior pleasant boarding house.

On the 19th I saw my late partner, A.F.W., for the last time. He was biking but I beat him easily up Barnet Hill, and he was nothing like the man he was a few years before. The autumn I began my holiday as usual

at Norwich, working with Carr at alterations at St. Leonard's (Seymour Lucas and Purdon Clarke were in the city and looked me up).

27th, 28th, 30th, Rode to East Dereham (Jessopp's), where Purdon Clarke turned up again, Cawston, Elmham, Fakenham, etc., by Norris' private bridge at Guist.

All the month I was in and about St. Leonard's. I bid £260 for some cottages at Coltishall, but they sold for £303. I did not bid for Heigham Sounds.

I saw a beastly petrol launch for the first time on the Broads on the 10th September, and on the 11th I came round by Loddon, tyres being well pumped out, and then into Beccles, riding $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles in half-an-hour, which is the fastest I ever did.

During the week I worked round by Benacre Park, Wrentham to Southwold (lunch), Walberswick (found Seymour Lucas had left), and Blyburgh to Halesworth, and so on by Walpole, Huntingfield, Fressingfield to Harleston (lunch), Pulham, Gissing, and Burston to Tasburgh, coming home fast after lunch, 43 miles.

My two girls came down and rode with me to North Walsham and Mundesley, Bacton, Stalham, Smallburgh, and later on to Dereham, where we got drenched in a heavy storm, I having to tow my younger daughter.

As my eyes had been troubling me for some time, I consulted a specialist (Nettleship) on the 3rd October, who said my left was weaker than my right eye.

During the month I was picnicing in St. Leonard's and scheming zig-zag paths up the hill. I had my cranks altered to 8 in. and gear raised to 68.4, but I found they did not work, and on the 18th November reduced gear to 60.

On the 27th I paid another visit to Selborne, Sachs and Macfarlane joined at Cobham and rode fast over Hog's Back to the cottage, meeting the T.H.H. at Bentley, rode out to Alton round the Hanger, but got a puncture and had to ride on the rim to Alton and wheel my machine from Clapham Junction to Sach's, where I left it. On the 6th I heard that a friend was going to be married.

November 10th, to Norwich with A.L.R., when I bought King Street houses. 13th, 14th, and 15th, Foot very bad, probably gout, and was healed with pipeazine (?) By the 9th I was better and had a nice morning's ride of 21 miles with Sachs and his wife.

The middle of December I went to arrange "Jarley's Waxworks" for P.B.F. for the War Fund, and while there I heard of the death of an old friend, Quaritch, and at once came up for his funeral. He was a most able man and most kind to me in the way of lending me books and giving me information. My father was one of his first customers, and one of the lucky ones who secured an "Omar" out of the waste-box at the door! I returned to Norwich and Tasburgh for Christmas.

This year (1899) the only book I published was a Calendar of the Feet of Fines for Suffolk, pp. 393. As in the case of my similar Calendar for Cambridge, I had practically no help from the Society, for which I printed it partly at my own expense.

Having arranged for my retirement from business on what I think was very fair terms to my sons (anyhow they at once did very well, and made a big profit by selling No. 13, Golden Square for more than I valued it to them), I spent the early part of this year (1900) by myself at St. Leonard's, but according to promise I came up to London every week by the early market train on Monday, returning by the afternoon train on Tuesday so as to see old clients, and make the change of business less obvious. This was a wise, but probably a useless, precaution, for few came to see me, and the irksomeness of getting up in the dark to catch the early train was considerable, as I had no servant, and only the help of Carr, the builder, who was fitting up the house under my personal supervision. It had its amusing side, for I pitched my mattress in various rooms from time to time, and was not always successful in my early morning meal, as on the occasion when I had conceived a grand hot-pot of moorhen for my breakfast I left it on a turf fire which wickedly burned up in the night and left me only the cinders of the birds and a burned-out pot for breakfast before I slipped down the snow-slopes to the station. Still, sometimes I had successes, and the memory of a lot of larks and snipe cooked *en brioche* with alternative lumps of bacon is still, I hope, a pleasant memory with two friends of mine who shared it.

My wife came up to see how I was getting on with the alterations in February, but after a very good dinner at the "Maid's Head," whereat I ate some poisoned mussels,



MANTEL IN HALL AT St. LEONARD'S PRIORY.

I was very ill, and went back for nursing at Hampstead for some days.

In March Doubleday came down about the County History, and I got rid of my old house at Selhurst, though only at a ruinous loss.

At Easter D.M.R. came down, and we made our first acquaintance with a motor car to Mundesley. The next day we meant to go to East Dereham but had a breakdown, and incidentally gave a fierce and offensive yard-dog at Honingham a lesson. He attacked the car most fiercely, and nearly jumped up and got in, but on returning we had laid in a stock of roadside flints, and several of us being very fair "picks" found his trunk till it resounded hollowly, and I don't suppose he ever attacked a motor car again. Next day, however, we broke down again at Sculthorpe.

Some time this month I went over Gissing Hall but was convinced nothing could be done with it, in spite of all its interesting associations. On the 17th March I made a hasty cross country journey to Edenbridge, to see my old friend E.R.B., who was ill. I remember on the 25th April attending a capital lecture by the late Dr. Plowright of Lynn on "Woad," which he had made his special study, and he gave me some seed which has kept going with me to the present day, when I think I am the only man who grows the still curious glaucous-leaved plant in East Norfolk.

Marsh's "daffodil tea" on the 1st May, to which I took Mrs. C., was as charming as ever. On the 3rd I went over to Lowestoft to see P.B.F.'s boys, then at school there and now prominent officers in the war. They were always very nice manly boys and have so grown up. The 6th May I rode over to East Dereham and back, and on the 13th had a 22 mile ride before lunch.

I put up my Hampstead property for sale by auction on the 18th May, but both houses were bought in at a reserve of £6000. I am glad they were so, for I afterwards sold the bigger house for £4125, and the other is now let on a repairing lease of £175, say £3500, or together £7625.

I was sorry to part with my Hampstead house for many reasons. Until the builder fiend drove me out of it with his hideous flats I don't know that I remember seeing a nicer old house and garden. No doubt, from the fact that broom and

harebell still lingered in its grass, it was two hundred years ago part of the old heath and had been filched off it when the house was built. Its garden ran up the hill and rose so high that when I erected a rough wooden gazebo at its top I could see from it the Tower of London, the House of Commons with the "Big Ben" on the Victoria Tower, clearly enough to check my time with it, just as one could see Windsor Castle from the White Stone pond. It was full of fruit trees and one white heart cherry of an enormous size ripened bushels of fine fruit yearly, only, however, to be invariably eaten in one night by the starlings. Pied flycatchers nested in the cherries on the north wall and annually a pair of hawfinches took toll of my peas. Roses flourished extremely, and altogether it was a *rus in urbe* only a furlong or so outside the 4 mile radius, and the old red brick house with its wrought iron gates had a great fascination for me. Two of my younger children nearly came to untimely deaths there, for escaping from their nursery they walked round the house by the narrow parapet but not knowing the danger came round safely.

I can't say I cared for the Monday-Tuesday journeys to London, for I stayed in lodgings with one of my sons (A.L.R.) in various places, which, I think, he must have chosen for the express purpose of having the *maximum* of noise with the *minimum* of convenience. One I specially remember was poised over or next door to the G.N. Railway main line, and the express trains through the night rocked me out of sleep, while another adjoined a milk depôt, into which many thousand reverberating milk cans were rolled over granite sets from 2.45 a.m. Still they had the effect of making the Norwich factory hooters comparatively sweet to me each week on returning.

My furniture came down on the 24th May, and my family soon after joined me at Norwich, the girls and servants on the 22nd, and my wife and Kitty on the 26th.

On the 30th I heard that Frogna! House had been sold for £4,125, and a week later we had the satisfaction of seeing the procession to celebrate the relief of Pretoria, from a window at the corner of the Market Place, the effect of the various societies marching with torches down London Street being very fine, though the "mafficking" was too pronounced.

The illuminations were very fine and the lavish flare from the Gas Works startled us greatly as we walked home, for it looked just as though our house was on fire !

This month I began systematic work at the Castle Museum, calendaring the Enrolled Deeds there, and kept at it pretty closely, doing about 60 a day, lunching at Grix's to save time, where the grill was excellent though it was a trifle embarrassing to be called upon to pay for it before one was trusted with the knife and fork. On the 19th July I went to the Surrey Archæological Meeting at Ripley, Sutton Court, and Guildford—a very hot day, but we improvised shade with umbrellas lashed to mop-ticks. Our garden party was on the 28th, and early in August I cycled round by Fakenham to see Barron's Hall and the Whissonsett Scandinavian Cross, both of which afterwards formed the subjects of papers in the N. & N.A.S. transactions. On the 9th was the Aylsham meeting of that Society round Mannington and Blickling, to which I cycled (and cycled well for an old man), doing 37 miles and beating all the other cyclists.

My son Gilly went to sea from Hull in the "Donna Francisca," a very big sailing tramp, to which he stuck for a long while, and I went up on 13th August to arrange for his outfit and took the opportunity of seeing my old sisters again.

At the Primrose League Gymkhana on the 23rd, my daughter Betty won the ball-picking and the ladies' bicycle race, though riding a very heavy machine. We were all of us physically fit just then, for on the next day I had one of the longest tricycle rides I ever had (about 60 miles, not so bad for a man aged 57): round by Holt, Sheringham and Cromer, my son, J.B.R., hopelessly failing (on a bicycle) to give me half-an-hour's start and coming home tired by rail.

Other pleasant rides this autumn were round Bingham, Wells and Burnham, where I met a clever young architect, named Shepherd, and went over the ruined abbey there with him, and so back by Lynn and Dereham, and another to Parson Back's to see his beautiful garden at Carleton Rode.

At the end of August I had a long ride round Acle and Yarmouth—the new road being as dismal as ever, about 40 miles.

At the end of September, my elder sister, M. S. Rye, was in the hospital at Hemel Hempstead, and I went over to see her. I saw her again next year having ridden over to Hemel Hempstead, but she eventually died of cancer, after a long and most painful illness.

In October, I bought the most enormous mackerel, a "King Mackerel" I ever saw, and took it over to Brandon to my old friend Sachs and his wife, who were part of an art colony there, and for whom it actually provided a meal. By the way, later on at the Norwich Scotch dinner, I almost persuaded the Scots that the fish took its name from its first discoverer, one McKerell. In October and November I had two long rides round by Stalham, and saw the Rev. N. White who was very dropsical and helpless. Howlett came to see me in November. The boys came down at Christmas, and we lunched at the Wroxham bungalow. This year I had 55 good long rides, as against 72 the year before. I don't see that I published anything during 1900, being separated from my library and MSS.

A short journey to London in January made me renew my acquaintance with the quaintly named "Bel and the Dragon," at Cookham, which I knew so well in old boating days, and where I found old Worboys as amusing as ever.

The death of Queen Victoria on 22nd January, and the incessant bell tolling everywhere reminded me of the similar experience I had years before, when Prince Albert died, when I walked many miles at night but never lost the sound of melancholy bells. By this time F. G. Rye was engaged to Miss B. On the 31st we had a party at St. Leonard's.

In March I lectured for the first time in my life at Norwich or elsewhere on "Manners and Want of Manners" for the Woodpeckers' Art Club, to which I had become acquainted through that cheery artist and etcher, Miss C. M. Nichols. A fat old lady in the audience, tired out (and I don't wonder at it, for I was not showing any slides), went to sleep and audibly snored, which gave me an opportunity of scoring with what I trust was an apposite piece of gag.

On the 26th March Dr. Williams brought me the bad news that my wife was in an advanced state of diabetes, and would need close dieting. I was about this time very busy in arranging and working out the "Victoria History of Norfolk."



RECTORY COTTAGE, LAMMAS.
As bought in 1901 and as left in 1916.

On the 17th April my son, Roger Cubitt Rye, was married in Canada to a Canadian girl, Pauline Whitaker, who has made him a very excellent wife, and borne him fine children, and the next day, 18th April, another of my sons, Frank Gibbs Rye, married at Lynn the daughter of my old antiquarian acquaintance, E. M. Beloe, F.S.A., of Lynn. Not to be outdone by his brothers, yet another of my sons, A. L. Rye, got engaged to Miss Clulow, and she came down with her father to see us the same month.

On the 1st May my eldest daughter, Miss Clulow, and I rode over to Marsh's daffodil tea at Cawston, and during May I was consulted as to the restoration of Wymondham Church, and later on there was an amusing controversy as to the propriety of "finishing off" the towers with battlements, &c., which Prince F. Duleep Singh, Dr. Jessopp, Beloe and I all joined in deprecating.

At rook-shooting for the first time in my life on the 14th May I was fairly successful.

On the 29th I rode to some sports and saw my horribly reverend opponent about Wymondham tower.

On the 5th June, while on a country ride, I accidentally discovered that Rectory Cottage, Lammas, was for sale, and as I had long been on the look-out for a week-end country cottage to fill the void of the Selborne cottage I bought it on the 7th (?), and at once celebrated the occasion on the 5th by a nasty fall off my trike at Buxton Lock Bridge. As I found it very monotonous to have these falls I had my axle widened, and except one caused by my own folly in 1914, I never had another "toss."

On the 25th I lectured at Great Yarmouth on the "Unsuspected Royal Hunting Box at Burgh by Aylsham," which was originally Mr. R. J. W. Purdy's discovery, but elaborated by me from documentary evidence into a paper printed in the proceedings of the local Prehistoric Society, 23rd March, 1914, reprinted by me in Norfolk Hand Lists No 2, Roman Camps and Remains.

At the beginning of July, being up in London, I had a capital ride from St. Pancras by Park Lane, Roehampton to Cobham, and having a gale behind me, I romped up through Guildford over the Hog's Back to Selborne. This was, I think, my last cycle ride to Selborne, and a very pleasant one it was. Next day, I trained from Alton to Guildford, and rode by Merrow and Gomshall, through

lovely but steep country, and by Dorking and Redhill, where I trained to Edenbridge and saw my old friend E.R.B., who was very ill. Then by rail to London and by the old road by Edgware to Hemel Hempstead to see my sister.

On the 4th, she was able to walk round the garden with me, and I rode on to St. Albans and to Hertford (Salisbury Arms), but it became so excessively hot that I went through to Bishop Stortford, where I found a good lunch at the "Boar's Head" opposite the Church, and wisely took train back to Norwich, where I was met with a terrific storm and rain.

In July, E.R.B. died, and I went on the 13th to his funeral at Edenbridge and stayed with his son at Westminster. He was a very good sort and never recovered the loss of his wife, whose funeral I had also attended some years before.

On the 20th was our second Norwich garden party, about 60.

August was noticeable from my seeing S. F. Edge's motor car drive up Gas Hill, which had hitherto seemed impossible, for a visit from Miss Jermyn, sister of my old friend the Rev. E. B. Jermyn, who came to search local wills, and for a very fine ride ($37\frac{1}{2}$) I had on the 18th where I had the luck to see two swallow-tail butterflies on the wing at Ranworth. This had been my entomological dream for years, but though I had taken the larvæ, I had never seen the *imago* itself. I remember sitting breathless and noiseless on my saddle for a quarter of an hour, watching them feed on bramble bloom. Later on I saw one fly across Wroxham Broad.

Later in the month I paid a short visit to Simms Reeve at Brancaster, where he and his wife (jointly and severally, for they owned separate cellars) gave me some extremely good port, and he introduced me to the last of the smugglers, a fine old chap in a rough tall hat, who alleged he could have kept up the game to the present date but for the unfair prices asked by the French, whose selfishness he alleged had ruined a thriving local industry. Feeling almost convinced me that my grandfather's early prosperity had arisen from being a London agent to the Norwich Smugglers' Company (Limited), I quite sympathised with him.

On the 30th August G.B. came down for a short visit, and we had a short sail with Jimmy Gibbs in his boat.

In September was the sad accident of a drunken engineer smashing the parapet of Cringleford Bridge and drowning two people.

On the 10th my new trike came home, and I rode it ever since till I gave up riding in 1916.

The next day was the N. & N.A.S. meeting at Wingfield Castle. We lunched at the Harleston "Magpie," and I rode about 42 miles very well, in fact better than any other except Miss Newcombe, a new member, who afterwards married the Rev. C. Norgate.

My usual autumn tour this year was by Cawston to Dereham, and by very circuitous roads to Wymondham, where I began to copy a very long Pope's Bull for Pomeroy, sen., but left off owing to hunger, and so back to Hingham.

On the 16th took my lunch with me, and called at Scarning, where I offered Dr. Jessopp to pay for back part of the field where he was planting a screen fence, and which would have made a far better job of it, but he was too independent to accept the offer.

It was always a pleasure to look in on him, and have a long antiquarian talk, for a better conversationalist than he never lived, and the hospitality of him and his wife was very great. With her I had, as a gardener, a great sympathy, for she was a very skilled cultivator, and loved her flowers like Rufus did his red deer.

She was the only one could grow the *little white* tobacco, a most shy flower and seeder, with success, and again and again restored my stock of it. Her roses and auriculas also were superb, for her flowers knew her and she knew their wants. What the doctor felt by her loss is known only to a few, of whom I think I am one. I then went on by Swaffham to Lynn.

The next day was wet, and I had lunch and slept at my old schoolfellow's Heriot's, at Summer Hills, Heacham, and so on to Burnham and round by Holkham Park, Walsingham and Hindringham, and back by coast road by Cley, Cromer and Mundesley, where I slept at the "Clarence."

On the 20th called on the Rev. F. Proctor (I think this was nearly the last time I saw this excellent hardworking antiquary), and so back by North Walsham and Lammas.

On 21st September, I declined to stand as Conservative Candidate for Thorpe Ward, and on the 24th had a narrow escape on the G.E.R., through a breakdown at Tivetshall, which delayed us three hours.

On the 27th I took over my old trike to Marsh at Cawston, but I don't think he ever used it, though he thought it would suit him.

On the 28th I gave evidence at Norwich (at request of T. C. Blofeld) as to necessity of a full licence at Wayford Bridge. Blofeld and the Superintendent of Police (though using my evidence) stuck out that I was wrong in saying that Ludham "Swan" was less than a quarter of a mile from Wayford Bridge which they said was three quarters of a mile, so next day I measured it, and found it was a few yards under the quarter. It struck me as strange that the Magistrates never administered an oath to me at all !

On the 2nd Dawson Paul, the Mayor, gave a very excellent dinner at his private house, one of the few good private dinners I can remember. On the 3rd I handed over to the city the original bond as to safe custody of the gilt ewer and dish given to the city by Archbishop Tenison. On the 24th I rode over to Acle with a double white lilac from a very fine plant of mine. Later I went to Brighton to see Mrs. Willett as to the restoration of Wymondham Church.

On the 1st November I had a good 40 mile ride to Carlton Rode, Wymondham, &c., coming home in bright moonlight.

In November my old running friend "Little" Dicker (cousin of the great sculler), of the T.H.H., who was acting with Arthur Roberts in "H.M.S. Irresponsible," came to lunch. During November we were troubled with very high gales, and for some nights none of us could get any sleep.

On 28th November I lectured (for the first time with H. Brittain's help) at Hemblington, for the benefit of Godfrey Weston's Church restoration, on "Norfolk in the Olden Times," which went well, at least in a pecuniary sense.

On December 4th I attended my first meeting at the Castle Museum, having been co-opted a member of the Committee. (This I resigned in 1914 as soon as Mr. Hotblack was made a member of it). I repeated my

"Manners," &c., lecture to the Teachers' Guild on the 6th, and on the 7th went up to see the Oxford and Cambridge match at Roehampton, and took the chair at the dinner at the "Trocadero," sleeping at Voelcker's.

All the 8th I was poisoned with dense tobacco smoke when I was not attending his Presbyterian service, and felt unwell from both causes.

On the 9th was my last official visit to my old office at Golden Square, which I had seen first 43 years before, in 1858.

At Christmas D.M.R. came down and we went to see the erosion of sea at Lowestoft and on to Lammas by waggonette for our Christmas feast.

On 30th I was at the Tasburgh Parish Dinner, where I spoke fairly well.

I published nothing this year (1901), being very busy compiling the Norwich Calendars.

The year 1902 was a busy one for me in many respects. I gladly joined in Mrs. Laura Stuart's movement to found a local branch of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society, and have been a regular member of the local Committee ever since.

At the end of January I was asked to help in the Art Exhibition at St. Andrew's Hall, got up by Mrs. Russell Colman for the benefit of a charity, and ultimately was chosen Hon. Sec. of the Antiquarian Section.

On the 15th February I went all over the county borrowing exhibits, a not unpleasant if tiring occupation. The result was very satisfactory in a monetary point of view, and the collection got together an extremely fine one, though I had great difficulty in obtaining for it the ample protection against fire and burglary, on which my Committee had insisted by the instructions of Prince F. Duleep Singh and others. In fact, the very laudable desire of the charitable promoters to increase their profits by cutting down the insurance and watching lead to considerable friction, and I insured on my own account, and should have applied for an injunction if necessary as to inadequate protection had they not given way.

The work of collection, and afterwards of the return of exhibits, was very heavy and incessant, and practically lasted from the 1st to the 29th April, and I never want such another job again, for it was a very thankless one,

and I was simply dog-tired, and a considerable amount of money out of pocket at the finish.

On the 14th March Dr. Williams, in whom I had great confidence, reported most unfavourably as to the state of my wife's health, for the percentage of sugar had risen to 40 per cent. My own eyes, through heavy stress of work, also troubled me much, but Dr. Johnson Taylor reassured me and said it only arose from overwork, though he afterwards threatened me with glaucoma if I persevered in my evil ways. Since then I have continually over-used my eyes, but glaucoma has not yet come!

On the 19th March I lectured on "Practical Joking" to the "Woodpeckers" at Ferryside, and on 3rd April on "Old Norwich" at St. Stephen's.

Just before Whitsun I had my last (?) bad trike-fall going down the hill into Coltishall, but then widened my axle and improved my stability immensely. Those learned on tricycling used to say a wide axle slowed a machine immensely, but I greatly doubt it. I slept at Lammas for the first time on 12th April.

At Whitsun we had G.W.B. and his wife to stay at the cottage, but it was not a success, for their children had been sadly spoiled, and made themselves most unpleasant. The weather too was vilely wet, and our fuel unluckily ran out, but G.W.B., who was always one of the handiest of men, got over the difficulty by cutting down an apple tree, which burnt when wet better than any dry tree I ever saw. This was one of the acts of many bits of knowledge of which he was full. I never saw him again, for he shot himself on the 3rd December following, to my deep regret. Soon after was the episode of the speaking-tube at Golden Square, so well known to my family, but which cannot be explained here.

My eyes being so bad already I naturally thought it wise to take in hand the job of transcribing and printing the Register of Old Buckenham, with which Prince F. Duleep Singh tempted me. In June I saw the interesting ruined little "castle" at Dilham, which I always thought was an outpost for Caister, and got an account of it written by my friend Mr. Harry Brittain, and printed in *Norf. Arch.* xv., p. 190.

On the 12th June I bought some riverside cottages at Horning, thinking one day to build a bungalow looking up the Long Reach.

Later on my daughters and I cycled into the worst thunderstorm I was ever out in, and they thought me hard-hearted not to let them shelter under oak trees by the Westwick Woods. Being drenched to the skin we escaped injury from the lightning, but it struck far too near to us to be pleasant. This month, too, was the last time I seriously attempted to row, when I rather astonished my girls by turning the boat in two strokes after the most orthodox London fashion.

Scarning Parish Hall, promoted by Dr. Jessopp, was opened on the 18th. I thought that the then Bishop of Norwich a very uncouth and rude man, but perhaps he suffered by comparison with the suffragans of Thetford and Ipswich, who were also present, and his absolute antitheses. The room, though well meant, was misconceived, and has been a white elephant, as will all other similar rooms which are run on rigid temperance principles.

On the 20th we cycled over to Happisburgh and Witton when I saw, for I think the last time, the excellent old antiquary, the Rev. F. Procter, of Witton, who was 90 the next day, and still taking the Church services. The Coronation (or Peace [?]) Celebration behind Lammas Hall on the 27th was amusing, the appetites of some of the villagers being abnormal. We tried to get up a tug-of-war across the river, but it failed, for the brawny smith Buckenham, Houghton (the tenant of Lammas Hall), Harbord (the ex-tenant), his brother-in-law Musgrave (of Edenhall) and myself, and other big men, frightened the Buxton team away.

The early part of July was noticeable for the visit to Norwich of the "Quatuor Coronati" Club of Freemasons from London and elsewhere. It was a "Lodge of Enquiry," and they did themselves and the local antiquaries extremely well, finishing up with a water trip from Wroxham (excellent lunch at Crowe's, Horning Ferry) to Yarmouth and back by the other river. This was noticeable for the drastic treatment served out to an unauthorized band which had hidden itself as stowaways on our private steamboat, and on which the alternative of keeping silence or being marooned in a wet marsh were offered. A few of them came up to say good-bye to me at St. Leonard's on Sunday, and the "prosits" out of celery glasses which one German Grüner took filled us with regretful admiration.

He was a "masterpiece," and as jovial as a man could be made. If he is still alive I suppose he is now one of our deadly foes.

Just about this time I had put up a butt in my garden and practised pistol shooting assiduously, getting to shoot very well, for I see that with 12 shots I scored 35 as against two well-known game shots, 10 and 6! Fired with this I made up my mind to go in for archery, and contriving to get a 50 yards range on my lawn had plenty of practice. Privately I could shoot well, but in public was always a duffer.

One of the pleasantest rides of the year was on the 30th seeing the yachts start for their long journey at Acle regatta, and keeping them in view most of the way till they stopped at Horning Ferry, about 30 miles in all.

In August I bought privately the Norwich Rate Book of 1633-4 (?) which no doubt had been stolen from the Guildhall in the bad old days, and before returning it to the Corporation arranged with Messrs. Jarrolds to print it, which I did soon after. Hertzfeld, a German Socialist, we had known through Furnivall, and a very pleasant man, came to see me for a day or two.

On the August Bank Holiday I went to the East Dereham sports and saw C. G. Wood, the old running champion, do very well in the riding competitions. I noted that Spencer, the aeronaut, was a very superior and quiet man, and that Boyle, the Conservative candidate (afterwards M.P.) was both pleasant and sensible.

Dr. Venn, the great Cambridge antiquary, and an old correspondent of mine, gave us a visit on the 7th. Our Coronation Sports on the 9th at Lammas were very successful, the new R.C. tenants at the Hall behaving very well and liberally at a very short notice.

My usual autumn coast ride began on the 16th, through East Dereham, Scarning, and Swaffham to Lynn. The next day was pouring, and as I could get no food at Hunstanton (I was too wet and dirty to be taken in by respectable hotels) I pushed on to Burnham. Next day I had a mare's nest discovered for me as to an alleged cave dwelling at Salthouse, which I thought would have been a splendid score to show the N. & N.A.S., which had its autumn meeting the next day at Wiveton, &c. However, it turned out to be a very prosaic smugglers' cave. After I had

attended the meeting at Wiveton Hall, Blakeney, and Bayfield to Holt. Next day I rode by Holt and Aylmerton to West Runton and so to Cromer, where I bought a haunch of venison, and a sea trout, and so laden rode on to Lammas, where the food was most welcome to my son and his wife and brother-in-law, Turl, of Bedford School.

The excavations at Chapel Field, under the auspices of the N. & N.A.S. began on the 1st September (see article in N. & N.A.S.).

Early in September I bought the Norman Leper Chapel (the Magdalen Chapel at Norwich) to save it from being pulled down and made into building lots (!), and on the 22nd journeyed to Icklingham to see the celebrated "achievement" of the Seneschal de Buxton, who afterwards formed the subject of an illustrated paper in the "Ancestor," a paper now unluckily extinct, run by the same people who owned the "County History" series.

D.M.R. and R.H. came one after the other to Lammas early in September, and then my wandering blood led me to another cycle tour, begun however on the 26th by rail to Broxbourne where I derailed and cycled across with heavy bags to Barnet, which I reached dog-tired (for one of the few times I *have* been dog-tired) and had to go to bed.

Thence back by Jack Straw's Castle, Colin Deep Lane, to the Hale, where I had a strange bird described as a moko for lunch. It resembled a pheasant, but could not have been one as the season had not begun! Then on by the old well-known road to see my sisters at Hemel Hempstead, where I found my old sister still alive but very feeble. Thence by Hertford to St. Alban's, where having missed the "Salisbury" I slept at the "Dimsdale," and so on by Ware, Buntingford, Royton, to Cambridge ("University Arms"). The first four days in October I worked round by Newmarket and south by Cavendish, Clare, Long Melford to Sudbury, where I paid what I trust was my last visit to the "Rose and Crown." Boxford, Hadleigh, took me to Raydon, where getting utterly wet and cold I railed to Ipswich and recuperated at Quilter's most comfortable hostelry. Needham Market, Coddensham, Debenham, and a revisit to Eye brought me to Diss, and the next day home by Scole.

During the early part of October R.H. and his sister-in-law stopped at the cottage, and he began to work at a paper on the Kenninghall Household Accounts MS. (*see* Norf. Archy. xv., p. 51). On the 23rd Nov. I cycled to Dereham and back quite early, about 33 miles (?). Another long ride on the 7th was to Cawston, Marsh's garden looking beautiful.

Several other good rides and lecturing at St. Peter Mancroft on 13th November, and I had the last fast walk I ever had to Horsford with M.M.N. to lunch and back when I rather astonished her showing some of my old walking form!

On the 20th my very old athletic friend, Pullam Markham Evans, died at Chelsea, aged 61. I should have thought he would have lived to be 100, for he was extremely healthy, and only a trifle older than I.

On the 22nd I went to see the enormous ox at Bostock's Circus, almost as striking an animal as the gigantic Spanish donkey which had fairly frightened me at Selhurst many years before.

Later on I lectured in Pockthorpe, &c., at the Y.M.C.A., to a very chilly audience, and I don't blame them, for I was 26 minutes over the hour, a fault I never repeated, and never again exceeded the hour.

On the 3rd December poor G.W.B. shot himself at Mortlake, having morbid feelings that he was ruined. He need not have done so, for many of his friends would have helped him, and so would the Stock Exchange (who behaved as liberally as they always do) to his widow and children. His death was a great loss to me, for he had been a very cheery companion to me and mine for many years, and was a special favourite with my wife and family, and always more than welcome to us.

The end of the year was a very dreary one for me. I lectured once or twice more, *e.g.*, on "Bygone Sport and Modern Athletics." D.M.R. came down for Christmas, but my wife was very bad, and we had so many of the family that we were fairly packed up.

P.B.F.'s parish dinner on the 29th was as amusing as ever, and the next day I actually shot respectably for me!

On the 3rd I rode over on a bitter cold day about 30 miles, to arrange through R. J. W. Purdy for Gilly, who had got tired of the sea, to learn farming at Thwaite Hall

under Godfrey Hilder, a job he afterwards took on for awhile. On my return I heard of the death of C. H. Mason, one of the oldest members of the T.H. & H. Club, and a most able man of business—solicitor of the L. and N.W. Railway.

During the year four of my old friends had died, viz., George Howick, C. H. Mason, P. M. Evans, and G. Bennett.

This year (1902) I printed four books, viz., the Catalogue of the Art Exhibition at Norwich, the Buckenham Parish Register 1560-1641, an account of Norwich and the Broads for the "Quatuor Coronati" Club, and extracts from the Corporation Records as to Masonry and Apprenticeship for the same.

Early in January, 1903, I was instrumental in getting returned to the Corporation a bundle of early documents which had been "borrowed" from the Muniment Room many years before. They included a most interesting Fabric Roll of the building of the present Norwich Guildhall of 1390-1400, which was soon afterwards admirably edited for the N. & N.A.S. by my old school-fellow, R. Howlett, F.S.A. (Norf. Archy. xv., pp. 164-189).

On the 24th I lectured on "Folk-lore and Ghost Stories" at the Training College, and repeated it at Prince's Street Congregational Chapel soon after.

Early in February I was able to obtain the loan for safe custody in the Castle Museum of the great map of Mousehold, *temp.* Elizabeth, and I had armorial quarries of all owners of manors of Lammas, etc., made by Mr. G. A. King, and hung them up in my cottage there. This spring I tried to put some life into the N. & N.A.S., and on the 16th February handed in five notices of motion for the approaching General Meeting.

On the 24th I lectured at East Dereham for Canon Arnold on "Norfolk in the Olden Times" to a good audience.

There having been an attempt to sell some doubtful old city plate to the Norwich Museum, I was privately told by Mr. Henry Birkbeck that he knew of another Elizabethan cup with a forged inscription. Years before I had exposed the Peg Pot said to have been presented by a Captain Conolly to the Corporation in 1681, which had been offered to the Corporation by a Piccadilly silver-smith (Eastern Counties' Collectanea, pp. 154-158).

This spring I was foolish enough to build a picturesque double cottage on the allotments I had bought at Benspit Hole, the same day I had bought my Lammas cottage. I built them quite cheaply, £315, including the well, and they are excellent cottages, but only pay me about 2 per cent. on my outlay, without reckoning in the land wasted, and I subsequently insisted on their being called "Rye's Folly." On the 7th March I continued to excavate at St. Leonard's Priory, and found a good piece of string course and traces of the entrance gatehouse next Denny's house (*see illustration on p. opposite*). Next day I met Dr. Starling at Hight's for the first time, and soon after bought, through Clayton, the orchard and cottages opposite my Lammas property. The weather had been so bad that I didn't get a tricycle ride till the 12th March.

At the end of the month I heard Leathes Prior's lecture on the Boer War. The wind which had been bitterly, South or South East, changed the last day of the month to the North, and we got some rain at last. For Easter D.M.R. and R.H. joined me at Lammas, but only for a few days. 16th and 17th April we had heavy snow.

Dr. Bensley's banquet was at the Maid's Head on 30th April and a very good one too, the Bishop and Dean, Dr. Jessopp and others were there, but the speeches were especially poor. A red-faced parson who sat next to me not inaptly described one of the speakers as a "vulgar little pothouse speaker."

On 1st May I explored the "Gidding Heath" trenches on Mousehold, disclosed by the big Mousehold map, and they afterwards formed the subject of a paper.

Still pistol shooting, I shot fairly well, making 39 in 10 shots. On 12th of May I persuaded Major Fitch to restore the rare Grammar School Oration to the Norwich Grammar School, and on the 25th I bought 9 and 11 Wensum Street, thinking they might come in handy if the "Maid's Head" ever wanted enlarging.

At the meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society all my five new rules practically revivifying the society were passed without a dissentient voice, and were as promptly broken by the officials, and I soon found out that it was like punching a big lump of putty to attempt to make the Society a live one.

By this time I had got the first part of the Calendar of

Norwich Enrolled Deeds into type, and was checking the proof.

At Whitsun R.H. and D.M.R. were down again for a few days at Laumas, and Howlett was with me. In June I cycled over with him to see Stratton and Marsham Churches, but he was too tired to go on to Cawston, and left. On the 9th June I had a visit from one of the meanest men I ever came across, but it avails not to go into details, however instructive they would be.

On the 11th June I had the chance of inspecting a very large mass of little deeds showing the building up by amalgamation of the Westwick estate and seeing the grand gardens there, I think for the first time. Next day, 12th June, having been trusted with several great pieces of the Stapleton brasses from Ingham, long since stolen away, I had the pleasure of triking over and restoring them to the Church on the distinct understanding they should at once be rivetted into position again, a promise which I understand was never kept, and they are once more loose in the Church chest ready for the next brass-thief to remove.

The next week, 15th June, I took Betty up to town and paid a long promised (and somewhat dreaded) visit to Gruner, the Champion of the *Quatuor Coronati*. I had made elaborate arrangements for a late reception that night at my son's house at Hampstead, but they were unnecessary, for I found him a boiled owl when I got there, dolefully singing the praises of one who he admiringly called "an admirable young Scotchman," who had been staying with him for some days, and had reduced him to a limp rag, and I escaped by 7 p.m. surprised and greatly relieved. The next day I rode to Selborne again and had a close shave for my life, for a heavy rain storm setting in on the Kingston Road going down into Norbiton, the rain rendered my brakes useless, and my trike and its heavy bag fairly ran away with me. Luckily I had sense to jump off at high speed, and went on to Cobham. The next day was dull but good travelling, and I went through Guildford and over the Hog's Back, so rode to Selborne very well. But on the next day I felt the effects of my wetting, for I had a bad cold and kidney pain which I relieved externally by applying hot flannel, and internally by copious hot gin, eventually

returning to Alton where I slept. I then worked across by Basingstoke and Kingsclere, lunching at a fine old inn full of good Chippendale (the hostess, however, being very well aware of its market value) to Newbury, naturally sleeping at the "Jack of Newbury" there, a pleasant little place. Training on by a very slow, most unpunctual railway to Lambourne, I rode over the down to "Wayland Smith's cave," noting close by two fields of dodder grass and blue succory (which beat any flower garden), by the the Watling Street and down to the "White Horse," the blowing stone, out of which I naturally could make no noise issue, and so on by Wantage and Abingdon, through the floods to Oxford, where I slept at my son's rooms.

A day at the Bodleian, where I had a long talk with C. H. Firth, was followed another long ride to Aylesbury, where I dutifully stopped at the "George" with its Disraeli's memories, and found it a very excellent inn. As on a previous occasion, I was offered as a great favour the very last bottle of the port of which Disraeli had been so fond, but this time I did not fall into the snare. Another day I went on to Hemel Hempstead, where I found my old sister still very weak and thin. On the 25th I went to Watford and Stanmore Hall (where the "Abercorn Arms" had been vacated by Veal) to Tom Gills once more, and round by Barnet to Hertford (the "Salisbury Arms" had changed hands and was not so good as it used to be).

The next day being intolerably hot I railed to East Dereham. Saturday, 27th, was hotter still, so I went back very slowly to Norwich, barring one dust up with two obstinate young female bikers at Cossey.

Visits to Lammas, Backs of Acle, and Coltishall to try to negotiate a lease for Palmer of the dilapidated greenhouse where Miss Maud B. years before had unsuccessfully played with a rat trap and so formed the subject of an unworthy Limerick.* One more pleasant ride followed to Parson Back's beautiful garden at Carleton Rode, returning by Wymondham and putting in very nearly 36 miles.

* Miss Maud was as mild as a lamb,
She doted on strawberry jam;
But when by mishap
She got caught in a trap,
She plaintively murmured "O —."

On the 16th I acted as Judge for the Shopwalkers' Walk from Attleborough to Norwich, for which 78 men started, some walking extremely well, and there was a dozen leaders at different times. On the 17th I began my crusade against the vandalism of the Dean and Chapter for pulling down the old precinct wall of the Close to make room for some vulgar little villas which obstructed the view of the Cathedral from Bishopgate Street.

About this time I was riding fairly well for an old man, getting into Lammas via Spixworth 12½ miles with heavy bag in 1.15.

On the 29th I once more witnessed the long race from Acle to Horning Ferry, and my sister C.L.R. paid us a visit to the Cottage; on the 2nd I rode "cross country" by Attlebridge and Elsing to East Dereham, and on Bank Holiday to East Dereham Sports, riding back the next day.

On the 7th August I suggested to the N. & N.A.S. the use of motors for their following outing. This was the day of sale of the Rev. Steward's effects at Lammas rectory, he going elsewhere; and on the 11th my son, A.L.R. and wife, had the misfortune to have a still-born child born which was to have been called Arthur Clulow Rye. In the middle of the month I had bad indigestion and felt very low.

Tippetts, of London, came over to lunch from Horning, and on the 22nd the gold medal I offered for competition at the N. & N.A.S., was won by that very steady and persevering old walker, Cooper. On the 23rd I saw the very absurd "restoration" of Dilham Hall. All this time I suffered badly from indigestion and insomnia, but more or less cured myself by a good trike tour from 1st to 7th September. This included Dereham, Scarning (where Dr. Jessopp's dog bit me slightly), Swaffham to Lynn, then joining the N. & N. Archæological party with H. Brittain, we went by rail round Wisbech (excellent lunch at the "Ship"), Walsoken, West Walton, Walpole St Peter, and Terrington St. Clement, H.B. and I riding back, and all dining at the "Globe." Earl Orford promised to let me have an heraldic MS. to print, but I don't think he ever did. (I had printed all Tom Martin's Church Notes of the Fen Church and given copies to the members). The second day of the excursion was by Weston, Moulton, Whapload, Holbeach ("Chequers" there good), Gidney and Long

Sutton, next day by the old coast road to Burnham, and so on by Cley, where I saw E. B. Parlour, the well-known London oarsman (I think for the last time), and so by Wells to Holt "Feathers," and finished on next day by Kelling and Sheringham and Cromer (I found all the coast line being rapidly spoiled by building), and south by the main road and Aylsham to the Cottage. D.M.R. came for the rest of the week, and we left him at Lowestoft, lunching with him at his favourite boarding-house there (where the incident of the bread and butter pudding greatly offended him). By the 18th the new parson of Lammias, the Rev. E. H. Goodwin, had come into residence, and I put him and his family up at the Rectory Cottage while his Rectory was getting ready.

On the 27th I had a good round by Attlebridge and Reepham, Booton, went over the eccentric Church there, and so to Marsh's Cawston, but it came on to rain and I got very wet finishing my 28½ miles.

A. L. Rye and his wife came down on 2nd October to Cottage, but I don't think stayed, for on 4th and 5th October I cycled with Hight to Beccles, where in the evening there was an amusing row around the "Shambles." Next day home by Bungay and Ditchingham. About this time I was again doing a lot of work at the Muniment Room at the Castle. The Rev. W. P. Holms, of St. Peter's, Leicester, was there about Bacton Abbey and came up afterwards to see the Norris MSS. He was to have written a history of it, but never seems to have done so. On the 27th October I lectured on Thorpe, Pockthorpe, and Mousehold Heath, at the St. Matthew's Schoolroom, and on the 31st went to R.J.W.P's. at Foulsham, and went over Skippon's House, Guist, the alleged earthworks and the Norman detached piscina at Bintre, when I saw the Rev. W. Hewetson, afterwards a very consistent bowman, for the first time.

On 6th November was the first Drover's Tea at St. Andrew's Hall where others and I covered ourselves with glory and grease as amateur waiters. This went on for a year or so, but the idea of humanizing the cattle drovers by means of the N.S.P.C.A., though a good one, had dropped, as many unauthorised persons found their way in, and the temperance *régime* was not popular, the rush out at the interval to adjoining public houses being extraordinary.

This month I was instrumental in getting Sir Kenneth Kemp to present to the Castle Museum a very beautiful cur-ricule of the type mentioned in "Rodney Stone," but which the then curator relegated to the dungeons, expressing his opinion that we might as well show a city dust-cart.

My old sister, Maria Susan Rye, died on the morning of the 12th at 8 a.m. at Hemel Hempstead. She had long been a great sufferer from cancer, and would not have lived anything like so long but for the assiduous kindness of her sisters and her attendant, a Miss Still, who had been her assistant when she kept the "Gutter Children" Depôt at Avenue House, Peckham.

On the 14th I began to copy the old Parish Register of Lammas and Hautbois for the press, which I soon after published.

The first snow this year was on the 17th, and bitterly cold it was.

On the 18th I lectured for the first time at the "Norwich Science Gossip Club," which I had just joined, at the Royal on "Good King Henry and bad Queen Bess"; and on the 23rd before the "Woodpeckers" on "Ballads."

On the 3rd December I lectured at Lammas to an overcrowded and very noisy audience.

On the 17th Miss Oxley's entertainment for the Bethel lunatics was as good as ever.

Christmas at Lammas this year was a slow, a very slow, affair, though the fatted swan from St. Helen's Swan Pit was succulent, and on the 28th was a big local children's tea at Lammas, whereat one boy having achieved 12 sausage rolls as against 10 the previous year was rightly acclaimed the "Sausage King." He explained to my daughter that he had achieved the feat by starving two days on cold potatoes. P.B.F.'s tenants' dinner was very fully attended, and as jovial as ever.

During this year (1903) I printed the Norwich Rate Book 1633-4, and in conjunction with the Rev. W. H. Hudson a short Calendar of Norwich Deeds 1215-1306.

This year I rode a lot, 76 long rides by the 9th November.

All the spring of 1904 I was at work, off and on, at noting and calendaring the City Docquet Book of Deeds, which I afterwards printed. On the 11th January, Miss Seccombe, who had acted as governess. and companion to

my daughter left, and on the 15th, I and others ineffectually voted for the Conservative Candidate at Norwich, Tillett getting in easily, Roberts a very bad third. On the 26th, I had a very welcome visit from my old friend, F. J. Furnivall, who had been transcribing one of Mr. J. H. Gurney's MSS. at Keswick. During the next few months I undertook the Chairmanship of a Debating Society in connection with Thorpe Hamlet Church, which I fear has now gone the way of nearly all these ephemeral societies.

I gave a lecture on Cringleford and its history, for Mr. F. W. Harmer on the 4th February, and next day attended a very excellent dinner given to the Local Law Society by Mr. Oddin Taylor in Black Friars Hall, where my then pet aversion got red in the face with suppressed wrath at *not* being asked to make a speech.

On the 13th, I lectured on "Practical Joking" at the Training School to an appreciative audience, but I fear to the disgust of the too proper authorities, and in the week after I had the pleasure (?) of listening to a lecture delivered by some one else, which lasted two hours and seven minutes. Personally, I had learnt by experience that anything over an hour bores one's audience, and I always rehearsed my effects to a stop watch before giving them. Of course there *are* exceptionally good lectures. I remember listening to a lecture by one of the Bensons, which exceeded even two hours and seven minutes, but which I actually would have liked longer. But they are scarce—very scarce.

On the 25th, I gave my abusive lecture on "Taste and Want of Taste" in Norwich (afterwards printed) to a packed audience at the Strangers' Hall, my coadjutor, Mr. Harry Brittain, having taken great pains with the slides, which after all are everything, unless a talented man like Benson is the lecturer.

The immediate cause of my lecture was the vandalism of the Dean and Chapter who were pulling down a great piece of the old precinct wall of the Cathedral, to build on its site a row of hideous small villas. Taking this as my text, I showed slides of the wall as it used to be, and the offending houses which replaced it, the corrugated iron fence, and the hideous motor house in the Close. Outside the Close I showed a slide of the terrible urinal on Tombland, which profaned and obscured the Erpingham gate, the equally terrible War Memorial, the "Time Ball" on the



THE LATE TERRIBLE URINAL ON TOMBLAND.

but an equally thoroughly wrong-minded man as was evidenced the other day, by his declining to douse his lights during the Zeppelin scare at Norwich. May was extremely fine, and I had some good rides to Loddon and back, and another round Acle, in all about 35 miles, and yet another with R.H. by Horning Ferry going over to Woodbastick Marshes, where the orchis, bog bean, and wet fern were splendid, having bought an old and to me valueless copy of the Charter to Boston (England) I was lucky enough to sell it to some one who wanted it for Boston (U.S.A.) for a good profit.

Middle of May I had a good 35 mile ride round Acle. At the end of May D.M.R. arrived, and we drove over to Sall Church (which was said to have been sadly messed about by the new squire, Mr. Timothy White) at the request of the rector, the Rev. F. Lillingston, whose death soon after, before he had time seriously to begin writing the history of his parish which he had contemplated, I sincerely regretted, for he was a very able, and quiet man. In the present instance, however, I could not honestly object to much of what had been done, for it seemed to me it was absolutely necessary, as was shown by the very rotten state of many of the beams. T. White's extraordinary conduct of removing all the memorial stones in the churchyard, and substituting little brass tablets of initials without even applying for a faculty (which would not of course have been granted) could not be excused for a minute. However, after his death his son Woolmer White (High Sheriff of 1914-5) has made very handsome amends for his father's misdeeds, for he has restored the beautiful Church extremely well at an immense expense, and with every regard to all architectural proprieties. When I first saw Sall and Cawston Churches in the utter state of decay and disrepair in which they were in 1870, I never even hoped that such splendid work would ever be done to them as has recently been done.

The month ended for me with a long ride to Ingham, Horsey, &c. The fair was on at the former place, but I was not lucky enough to secure one of the celebrated penny china cows, or to sell it afterwards for 15s. as someone else did!

Another good work I witnessed was the opening of the People's Park, down the Dereham Road, by the liberal

donor Mrs. Radford Pym, daughter of the late Mr. Fitch, the Hon. Secretary of the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society mentioned before. It was a beautiful bit of woodland full of "blue bells," fox-gloves, and primroses, but was promptly turned into a Corporation "Park," with the orthodox paths and seats, and most of the wild plants were at once eradicated by the city rough children—the worst and most mischievous set of little beasts I have ever come across. The London rough boys are cultivated gentlemen compared with them.

On the 21st June I spoke at a Conservative meeting for the first time on politics.

June ended with a meeting of about 40 of the Science Gossip Club at Oxnead, who rowed down to tea at Lammas and amused themselves there at various games, the expression now so often quoted of "I can't 'it the little beggar" originated from an incident there. Our new-old staircase was being inserted.

On the 12th July Mr. J. Reeve, the Curator of the Museum, gave us all a very excellent "reception" at the Castle. On the 14th was Mr. F. W. Harmer's Garden Party at Cringleford, which allowed many to witness his very beautiful river-garden, with the wealth of acclimatized water-plants, and the next day, said to be the hottest for four years, was very appropriately filled up by an excellent water party to Horning.

At the end of July I was in London for the usual penal walk round the Royal Academy, and drove with my son A.L.R. and his wife to the Hale, while in my son's rooms at Hampstead saw the most torrential rain I ever witnessed. It brought down on the top of its downhill running several cartloads of wood-paving blocks and deposited them in the first level place it came to. The same tropical weather no doubt caused the great heath-fire at Skeyton on the North Walsham Road on the 13th and 14th August.

About this time I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Munford, of Swanton (son of my old antiquarian acquaintance of Domesday Book fame), who was and is one of the best mechanics I know (he had built a practicable motor-car 30 years before), and whose recent personal restoration of the screen at Skeyton Church is a very fine piece of faithful work.

On the 8th July I had a long slow ride of 30 miles round Ranworth in the (unsuccessful) hope of seeing Machaon again.

Soon after, on the 16th and 23rd July, having joined two Archery Clubs, the Fakenham and Dereham, and the Beeston Clubs (I always had a great hankering after archery, and had tried it at Wandsworth and St. Leonard's Priory), I made at Briningham the first of very many unsuccessful attempts to become a decent shot, which have of late amused both me and the spectators. In private I have ever shot more than respectably, but in public I was hardly second, and more often, third class, suffering greatly from the nervousness which practically spoiled me as an athlete.

At the end of August I went up the North Walsham and Dilham Canal in an open boat to North Walsham and returned to Dilham "Castle," and so, frequently on one wheel only of the dog cart, to the station. Soon after I went over the old Hall of the Drury's at Freethorpe and saw what is said to be their old tilting ground, and the next day took part in the N. & N.A.S. Meeting at Thetford, the flint-knapping being as interesting to witness as the stabling of race-horses in monastic buildings was sad to see. It was one of the wettest days I can remember.

My autumn tour this year was a short one, the weather being against cycling. With R. H. I railed to Holt, and then by the coast road to Cley to Burnham Market, and so (by the reverse of my usual coast ride) by Hunstanton, and Heacham, where I punctured, so by train to Lynn. Next day we trained to Terrington intending to do all the Marshland Churches, but the weather was too wet, and the sloppy progress along the top of the Roman Bank was too cold and miserable for my friend, so we took refuge at Wisbeach, where we were as usual extremely well treated at the "Ship." Thence he returned to London by rail, and I rode to Lynn. Next day I rode 28 miles without a dismount to East Dereham. Another day I rode over to Wymondham and back, but was out of sorts and seedy, and had to call in Dr. Howlett.

On the 6th, I supervised the flaking off by Argent of the coatings of paint from the beautiful pargetting work on Bonner's House, East Dereham, which I had recently bought, which he ultimately restored most carefully and

well for me, and I shot at the Quebec Archery Meeting for the first, and I think, the last time, badly as usual. The meeting was stopped by the rain, and finished my holiday by coming round by Cawston, Aylsham and Lammas. D.M.R. came down for a few days but he being unwell, was very uncompanionable, and I wasn't sorry when he left on the 12th.

On 19th September the City Engineer feeling aggrieved that Gas Hill was being used as a test hill by motor bicyclists and motors, took the extraordinary step of driving in posts, and putting up a locked gate across what was one of the oldest public roads in the City. I had suffered a good deal at his hands since I had been in Norwich, but to use the words of the irate nobleman, when the footman dropped a plate of soup down his neck, "Great G— Almighty, this is a little too much," so I threatened an immediate injunction, with the result that the posts came up on the 21st.

Next week I thought I would practise Archery in the St. Leonard's Garden at 50 yards, and got 33 hits out of 48, with a score of 167 which I nearly repeated the next day, but when I shot at the full 60 I found the immense difference that the extra ten yards made.

The "loony" show at the Bethel on 12th October, was extremely good as usual. I greatly admired the tact of the doctor in charge, who, when one of the patients loudly interrupted the performance with a grievance got him away nicely to his private room for the purpose of writing out such grievance and its immediate transmission to the Home Office. It was one of the neatest things I ever saw done.

At the end of October I still tried to practise at 50, and got 36 and 37 hits out of 50 for 170 and 177 and later on increased it to 43 hits for 193, but this promise did not bring the desired result at the real range.

On the 28th October I went to a shooting party at which I overheard a keeper described me as "that old gentleman," which was the first time I realized how old I was looking at 61, though I couldn't feel it myself.

On the 2nd November I got 43 hits at 60 for 193 long, a record for me and about double what I could do in public

On the 6th, a local volunteer and freemason at Lammas, named Gladwin, having died, their was an enormous attendance, quite a 1000 at his funeral.

On the 16th November I lectured at Scarning for Jessopp with the help of Brittain, who showed the slides, and came back with me next morning.

December began for me with a lecture on the "Unspoiled Upper Waters of the Ant," which had cost Brittain and me much trouble to get up.

On the 2nd I felt very seedy and unwell, so walked out to Drayton, which I reached extremely tired, and it began to break on me that my walking days were definitely over. A good lunch at the "Red Lion" (Randall's), however, enabled me to crawl home. I have tried again and again, but could never really get to walk again.

F.G.R. came down on the 18th, and we drove over to North Walsham to see the carved beam, afterwards illustrated in *Norfolk Archæology*, xvi., p. 76, but both being temporarily insane did not buy it for the £5 he asked.

J.B.A., A.L.R. and wife came over for the Christmas, and I managed to walk into Norwich from Lammas with J.B.R., but very slowly. The "swan" this year was a failure.

P.B.F.'s Annual Dinner on the 29th was as amusing as ever. Mr. Winch, the prospective candidate there, very young but pleasant. P.B.F. was fitting up the malthouse farm buildings as a private house, which he afterwards called Tasburgh Grange, now occupied by the brothers Roche, who were good artists and sculptors, and who have made the place and its gardens very pretty indeed.

This year I rode 63 long rides, and only published two books, "Taste and Want of Taste" and "Old and Present Life at Cringleford," the latter being a reprint of my lecture.

The year 1905 was one of the dullest and most unlucky years of my life. Not only was my wife very ill, but the weather was bitterly cold, the river at Lammas was frozen over, and the only thing I could find to do was to work at the Castle Record Room. Howlett was writing a paper on "Norwich Artillery in the 14th century," afterwards printed in *Norfolk Archæology*, xvi., p. 34, as I thought I had found traces of rifling in the long gun said to be used at Kett's Rebellion, but we came to the conclusion that if there were any it was only near the muzzle.

A journey to Dereham on 21st January to see some excavations made at the Old Guildhall by Mr. Barton did



TWO VIEWS UP THE ANT.

not disclose enough to make a paper about it, as he, not unnaturally, did not care practically to pull his house down to oblige me. The other day a Zeppelin saved him the trouble.

Later in the winter I began my self-imposed task of writing and indexing the pamphlets and reference books in the Local Collection at the Public Library, which ultimately resulted in my compiling the present card catalogue of about 15,000 entries, now 1916, revised and brought up to date by me.

One member of the Committee, whose urbane loquacity used to waste the time of such Committee for at least an hour every meeting, strongly objected to my doing so, sneering greatly at amateur librarians, but as we had no paid labour to spare the rest of the Committee backed me up.

By the 29th January my wife, who was then attended by Dr. S. (our friend Dr. Williams having died), was so bad that by his advice she went for awhile to a nursing home. My eldest daughter about this time, wearied no doubt by the monotony of our home-life, went in for amateur theatricals.

On 5th February we had the news that Roger had a son born to him on the 23rd January, to be named Gilbert, after his younger brother.

My wife who had returned from the Nursing Home, on the 17th February got very bad again, and had to go back there next day, and was better when I saw her there on the 24th.

I began archery again on the 3rd March, and got 31 on out of 48 for 115, which tied with the best I had ever done.

This year I began to lecture again on the 14th and 15th March, the first at the Y.M.C.A. where at my strong denunciation of football professionalism and betting, was naturally well received by so virtuous an audience, the second was at Prince's Street, on "Side Lights on Norwich History." That on the 20th at the Presbyterian Class Room, was on the "Romans in Norfolk," before a very good audience.

Another of my old friends, George Cross, died on the 24th, aged 54. He was usually, but undeservedly, known as "Cocky" Cross, and had been my partner in a weird Christmas journey in an open boat up the Thames. If he

had a weakness it was to bring hordes of dogs of all sorts to the boathouses.

The weather was so bad this year that I never got a ride till the 23rd March.

On the 26th, H. H. Hall (since so prominent a member of the local Prehistoric Society), pointed out to me a mass of Roman masonry by the river side at Lakenham, on which I got the Rev. H. Dukinfield Astley to write a descriptive paper on it published in *Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany* (n.s.), i., p. 39. The same day I made the acquaintance of a delightful old man, Mr. Henry Cooper, of Lakenham, who had been born in 1825, when his father was 73 years old, which easily beats the much vaunted Coke record. He was full of reminiscences, but only lived a few years longer, dying in 1908, aged 83.

By the 2nd April my wife was sufficiently recovered to come over to Lammas with me to lunch.

About this time I was working with R. J. W. Purdy at Hautbois Castle and the prehistoric mount at Burgh by Aylsham, and also by myself completing the "History of the Bethel Hospital," which had been begun by Sir F. Bateman. This I agreed to finish if the authorities would let me print as an appendix a most interesting series of depositions I had found at the Castle relating to the Royalist rising of 1648 and the "Great Blow" which happened near the site of the Bethel when the Committee House and all its stores were blown up. These depositions are most interesting reading, and give an extremely vivid idea of the life in the city in those troublous times, and a wealth of detail as to the manners and customs of the people not to be found elsewhere.

The Committee very kindly offered to pay me for this work, but I declined with thanks, suggesting that they might give me a perpetual free presentation to the Hospital, as I feared I might want it some day. But for the interposition of one of the Committee, who had a sense of humour, I believe I should have got this. It would have been the greatest scalp I had ever raised in a long series of practical jokes!

On the 11th April I attended a lecture given by a local parson, who succeeded in beating the two hours and seven minutes record mentioned before by no less than 13 minutes, taking 2 hours 20 minutes for his performance.

My own lecture a day or two after to the inmates of the Old Man's Hospital on the history of their buildings took, I am glad to say, much less than half that time.

Charles Mackie, the sub-editor of the "Norfolk Chronicle," a most genial and industrious man with an immense taste for local antiquities, came down with me to the cottage for a farewell visit the same week-end as his appointment to a vastly better berth up north, and we had a most enjoyable "crack." He had compiled from the files of the "Chronicle" a record of remarkable events of Norfolk from 1801-50 and from 1851-1900, which was a glorified continuation of the "Norfolk and Norwich Remembrancer," printed by Stevenson and Matchett, which covered the period 1701-1800. The "Remembrancer," however, only ran to 208 pages unindexed,* whereas Mr. Mackie's work took up 515 + 541 or 1046 pp., and being well indexed forms an absolutely indispensable volume of reference for future local historians.

Mr. Mackie also began "Norfolk and Norwich Notes and Queries," which appeared weekly in the "Chronicle" from 1896 to 25th February, 1905, and was repeated from time to time, and he reprinted it in 966 pp., including index, and 120 pp. unindexed. He was a most enthusiastic Scot, and practically ran the Anniversary Dinner at the "Maid's Head," appearing in kilt and sporran, to which dinner he never forgot to take me as his guest. I rather fancy that the subsequently great Harry Lauder appeared at one of these gatherings. The haggis and pipers certainly did, and I must own I can't think which of the two I liked the less.

At Easter D.M.R. and the boys came to the cottage and I went over to Dereham, and so on to see the Fakenham Steeplechases, which I thought much less interesting than the mildest athletic sports.

Having heard a rumour that a very old parchment book was at Tillet's, a ham and beef shop in Rupert Street, I went over to see it, and found it was the long lost Custom Book of Norwich, the loss of which had been so much lamented. I warned him it was city property, and at once reported my find to Mr. Tingey, the Hon. Archivist, who recovered it for £5 5s. It is now among

* I have indexed it in MS. This index will go to the Public Library with my other books, &c., when I die.

the other City Records. One would have thought that after this miraculous recovery the authorities would have taken more care of it than (to suit the convenience of the Editor of the "Records of the City of Norwich") to send it to him to the South of England by post! But they did, and luckily it came back all right. By the way, such Editor did not do me the common justice of stating that the recovery of this most important record was due to me!

Having occasion to look up the early registers of Horsford St. Faith's I found they had vanished quite recently, and that there were none before 1695. Worse still, the very important registers of Aylsham, which I had myself seen a few years before, are now gone. Some day possibly Parliament will wake up to the necessity of collecting all these early registers, and preserving them from the negligence of many of the clergy.*

On the 8th June I did not attend the General Meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society as I had resigned the Committee, finding it hopeless to get them to do any work about this time.

I summarized in Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany (n.s.) i., pp. 167-171, the ineptitude and laziness of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society, pointing out its breach of faith with its members over a period of many years, in terms to which I must refer my readers. It was, however, like punching a loose-hanging bladder, for it seems as though it is impossible to get the society to work on any other lines than cadging for free teas at excursions—of which scandal, however, they have at last become ashamed. Nothing much, however, could have been expected from a society of which *the President and both Hon. Secretaries* were stone deaf!

Subsequently efforts were made to get a working Hon. Secretary, but the gentleman selected promptly broke down for a long while, though his post was well filled by the Rev. Dukinfield Astley till he regained health, without attaining editorial vigour!

The next day I cycled over to Ingham, in all 34 miles, and restored the fragments of the Stapleton brasses on

* I found the Bircham Newton Register among the private papers of the squire, and the early Register of Buckenham was absolutely rotten, and now has to be held together with interleaved paper.

the distinct understanding that they should at once be rivetted, but I regret to say that the last time I went there they were once more loose in the Church chest ready to be stolen again by the next enterprising "collector." I should say that the restoration was made through the Colman family, who had bought them as unidentified curiosities years before, but Mr. Russell Colman on my pointing out their identity gladly gave them up at once.

There was a pleasant but to me most unsuccessful Archery Meeting at Narburgh on the 20th June, where I saw the very curious truncated monument in the Church, and one of the most spreading trees I had ever seen in the garden.

On the 22nd Miss Seccombe came back to us for a while, as my wife was getting worse, and on the 26th Mr. Rudd motored me over to Claxton Castle, and we discussed the paper he afterwards published in *Norf. Antiq. Misc.* (n.s.) i., pp. 86-93.

At the end of the month I was at work on the very intricate Norris pedigree I afterwards printed in the *Norf. Antiq. Misc.* (n.s.) i., p. 56.

On 2nd July I visited for the first time two interesting buildings, viz., Swainsthorpe Hall, with a fine stone mantel, and Swardeston Hall, a good ride (26 miles), finishing round Mulbarton and Drayton. Another good ride (27 miles) was round Horning Ferry, Ludham Bridge, and Dr. Back's at Acle.

On the 13th Brittain and I went over to Tasburgh and photographed the skulls found there, which afterwards formed the subject of a paper in *Norf. Antiq. Misc.* (n.s.) i., p. 79.

I also paid a visit with P.B.F. and M.R. to Reedham "Old" Hall, which the former afterwards bought for the sake of its associations with his ancestors, but which had not much old work in it, having been recently "tastefully redecorated" by Mr. Gilbert of the Circus!

On the 20th I went with the Horticultural Society to the beautiful Westwick Gardens, and to a teetotal feed in a tin room, which later on I supplemented by entertaining to non-teetotal beverages just 105 thirsty gardeners at my Lammas cottage.

I shot better than I ever did on the 28th, at 60 getting on 33 for 134, and on the 30th had a very pleasant run with

Mr. Harry Brittain on his "Bonny" from Wroxham to Acle.

Just then I had lent the cottage to Captain Copeman, né Haggard, who though well over age has since joined, as has his brother, the fighting forces at the present War, it not having occurred to him nor to any other of my friends to seek exemption!

On the 8th I unluckily missed Dr. Furnivall, who had called and lunched whilst I was away, but had better luck when Dr. Venn came on the 12th.

Another good sail on the "Bonny" over Hickling (I had ridden over to the Bower Farm there on the 18th) was somewhat spoiled by the caterer having forgotten the salt and the whiskey in packing up an otherwise excellent lunch!

The Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society Meeting this year was at Belaugh, and several came to lunch at my cottage, but the meeting was spoiled by incessant rain.

The only little cycling which I had this year was from the 13th to 18th September. I went through Heydon (sleeping at an archer friend's), Wood Norton, looking at W. E. Norris' MSS., and on to Dereham, Lynn, Burnham, Wells, Cley, and failed to get accommodated at the "Runtun Golf House," when, however, I scored against an impudent German manager, who not being impressed with my seedy outfit and spare baggage declined to let me have a room, for I asked him to forward any letters to Lord Harris, leaving him to assume falsely my identity with that excellent cricketer, and he became at once obsequious to a degree, but I rode on obdurately to the "Roman Camp" at Aylmerton, and the next day by Cromer to Lammass, finishing up on the 20th by a ride round Smallburgh, Stalham, and Catfield, lunching at Horning, and by the ferry to South Walsham.

The New Barracks (site) on Mousehold was opened on the 5th October (a very windy and wet day). I was not impressed with Mr. Arnold Forster, the War Minister, whose outward appearance and manners were those of a successful linen draper. The scheme of building having been abandoned under the Radical Government I took the opportunity when I was Mayor in 1908-9 to ask Haldane (whose ludicrous fat appearance in a tight uniform I shall

never forget) to give the city back the land subscribed for by its citizens, which he promised to do at once, and I don't suppose he ever thought again on the subject.

Next day Hight came to say good-bye as he was permanently leaving Norwich. I missed him greatly, for he was a very well-read and pleasant man, and a very competent artist, but he was bored to death with Norwich people, though he had introduced me to Dr. Starling and "Red" Smith, for which I was thankful.

On the 9th R.H. and I called at Mr. C. L. Buxton's at Bolwick to see his stained glass, one panel which might have been of Sir Robert de Sall being very interesting. It is described and illustrated in *Norf. Antiq. Misc. (n.s.) i., p. 98.*

On the 11th I gave a very outspoken lecture on "Norfolk Law and Lawyers," to what I think was a very appreciative audience. I rather anticipated actions for slander for some days after, but none came.

On "Trafalgar Day," 21st October, my old friend Dr. Jessopp made a very ill-considered attack on me (in the interests as he thought of the Norwich Grammar School) for having stated that Nelson was educated at North Walsham Grammar School, but I had no difficulty in showing he was absolutely wrong in a letter to the papers of the 23rd, and he amply recanted his heresy on the 25th. Another newspaper controversy in which I was involved was about Sir Thomas Browne's skull, I taking the view that there is no evidence that the skull said to be his, and exhibited at the Norfolk & Norwich Hospital, is so.

E.M.B., and his wife came to the Cottage on the 28th, and we had a very wet ride, luckily on my new lowered gear.

On 2nd November I went up to London to see our outlying run at Selborne, driving over to Privett to meet, and start. I then saw Lieut. Hawtrey, that very fine miler for the first time. I believe he has been killed in the war.

On the 12th Brittain and I photographed the old Norman gateway at Horsham St. Faith's which had been interpolated into a modern school (*see Norf. Antiq. Misc. (n.s.), i., p. 25.*)

The Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Peter Mancroft on the 21st November agreed to a case to counsel about Sir Thomas Browne's skull being taken at my expense.

On the 30th I lectured on St. Peter Hungate at the Strangers' Hall to a full gathering, with Prince Duleep Singh in the chair. On the 6th December, repeated my "Side Lights on Norwich History" lecture to the Teachers at the High School.

Christmas (held at Lammas) was very slow, for though nearly all the family came to see their mother she was very far from well, and the "Fatted Swan" was a failure this year.

This year I only had 54 long trike rides, and only published two books, the "Norwich Depositions, 1549-1567," and the first "Register of Lammas and Little Hautbois."

In January (1906) I lent my MSS. volume of Civil War State Papers and letters to the N. & N. A. S., and ultimately edited, indexed and passed it through the press for them, as a supplementary volume for 1907, Mr. C. H. Firth having kindly written a preface for me. In the same month my daughter Bessy, attracted by the specious advertisements of a "lady gardener" went south on a wild goose chase to learn gardening, being under the impression that this was a light, pleasant, and airy way of getting an independent living. I warned her it would be nothing of the sort, but she would have her own way, served a long apprenticeship, did much hard, and unwomanlike work, stoking up fires at night protected by a bull pup, and ultimately failed to get anything of an adequate living out of the scheme. Undoubtedly "lady gardening" is a paying idea for the promoters, who get their ground cultivated for nothing while their pupils are supposed to be learning.

All this year (1906) I was worried with what was thought to be heart trouble, but was somewhat reassured by a London specialist (Dr. Bruce) being unable to find anything much the matter with me. I daresay I had, and still have, an enlarged ("athlete's") heart, but now nearly ten years have passed I have come to the conclusion that it was only indigestion.

I still went on lecturing, *e.g.*, on 30th January on "St. Andrew's" to a very large audience, though I had a bad sore throat, on 22nd February on "St. Etheldred," and on the 1st March on "Ballads, &c.," with musical accompaniment, before the Presbyterian Church in Theatre Street, and in February was busy in rearranging the "Norfolk and

Norwich Maps" which I had bought in the Smith Collection and given to the Norwich Public Library. On the 14th I offered my whole collection of books and MSS. to the Corporation on certain terms as to storage and access, but nothing came of it, so I decided to hold them and leave them to the Corporation by will, which I have done.

Here I may mention that the reasons which made me "go back on my word" (for I had promised to present the Smith Collection to the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society) was the extreme lassitude, not to say laziness, of the officials and committee of the society. I did my best to stir them up, but it was hopeless. They would smilingly agree to the necessity of reform and of work being done, but then took no steps to ensure it.

So warned by the state in which their own Library and MSS. were kept I decided to pass the maps and views over to the Public Library, where they could always be consulted by any and every one. That this was the right thing to do is, I think, proved by the fact that the late H. J. Hillen, who wrote a voluminous history of Lynn, was so pleased with the facilities given him to consult our Public Library that he left £500 to it rather than give a larger amount to the local Lynn Carnegie Library, which has very few local books. Some day Mr. Beloe, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Ingleby, M.P., will do great things, but at present Lynn, perhaps the most interesting place in the county, is in a state of absolute stagnation, despite the fact that the Town Clerk and his deputy are most ready and willing to help students. But they can't *make* students, of whom there hasn't been one since the dissenting minister Richards wrote a most able history of the place, which is infinitely superior to Mr. Hillen's lengthy compilation.

This spring my sons began to pull down and rebuild 16, Golden Square, in which place my father and I had carried on business for 76 years. As a commercial speculation it was an excellent one, and their removal to No. 13, which they also built, and into which they moved, brought none of the "13" ill luck, which stupid superstition said it would. Personally I have always found the "13" a lucky day for me, especially when it fell on a Friday.

At the spring Parliamentary election of 1906 I took some little part, and voted Conservative wherever I had

votes.* On what such election meant I wrote a pamphlet "The Recent Norwich Election and its Lesson," which came out first in a Radical paper "The Norfolk Review," edited by Mr. Fred Henderson ("Local Topics," of the "Daily Press"), and it was afterwards published separately on 16th March.

It is hardly worth while for me to reprint my paper, but I may cite two passages, viz., that "our very existence both as freemen and tradesmen depends on our keeping other nations off our soil and the seas open for our ships to bring us the food we can't grow here," and that "of course if we cheese-pare our Navy and can't keep the seas open that will be another story," and I wound up thus: "A word of prophesy and I have done. It wont be long before the Labour voters will adopt so much of the Chamberlain scheme as will put a duty on all imported manufactured articles, and this will do much to improve their own position and English finance."

To this article Mr. Henderson replied on p. 207 (*et seq.*) in much the tone that a supreme being would address a black beetle, but without seriously answering any of my points, and he wound up: "As for the Labour Party adopting so much of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme as will put a duty on foreign manufactured articles coming into this country we will not follow Mr. Rye into prophesy on that point. But we think not, we think not."

Now that a Radical Government has recently done what I prophesied I have no reason to be ashamed of my prophesy. By an irony of fate "Local Topics," who in the same number so strongly deprecated the Cavalry Barracks, having been tried by the fire of the War, has come out in the most patriotic way, and proved himself one of our most useful recruiters. His very able daily essays and his pamphlet warning the public of the danger of a premature peace are worthy of a far larger circulation than a local paper can give.

*At Sprowston for Boileau, and at Dereham for Boyle. At Dereham I wrote down a prominent Radical in my diary as being an oily humbug. He got into conversation with me, and asked me the way to a certain place, and I had no scruples in directing his motor by a route which took him through a deep ford. Next day I saw he was late at a meeting, and I don't wonder at it.

All my rather large collection of record dictionaries, and such like books as Ducange, Madox, &c., I later on gave to the Record Room at the Norwich Castle Museum, under the impression they would be useful to students there, a gift which I afterwards regretted, for under the new regulations as to access to the Records, to which I will refer hereafter, they are practically inaccessible, and would be much better in the Free (now Public) Library. My collection of athletic books I gave to the Guildhall Library of London, as mentioned before.

Mr. Purdy having obtained the loan from Sir E. Birkbeck of an old map of Hautbois, which showed the site of the old castle and the ruined village of Great Hautbois, we arranged for its reproduction, and he wrote an excellent paper on it which appeared in the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society's Transactions, vol. xvi., pp. 147-52.

We tried also to identify the site of the alleged castle of the Morleys at Buxton, but differed as to it, for the supposed site is in a very wet marsh, and to my mind does not agree with Blomefield's idea, which better fits the banks behind the Mill House. At Easter, as usual, we had a family gathering at Lammas, but did only gardening. I knocked my second finger against a flint and brought on local gout, which stopped my archery for a long while.

On the 13th May was incessant rain and thunderstorms from 3 a.m. to 3 p.m., the heaviest rain I ever saw until the "flood" rain in 1912. Nearly all the year I was seedy and out of sorts, and did very little archery. The East Dereham Meeting on 15th May was postponed on account of General Bulwer's death. Always ready for an experiment I got a Norwich chemist to make me up a gout prescription about a century old, and must say it proved that our ancestors had *dura ilia* with a vengeance, for it nearly killed me!

My old friend E.B.G.'s wife died in hospital on the 31st May, she had never recovered from the shock of her husband's death, and suffered under the hallucination she could talk to him through his grave.

The Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society's excursion was the 14th June to Merton Hall, and the district round. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with

the marvellous collection of Lepidoptera of Lord Walsingham, which he has now given to the nation, and to see the extraordinary way in which he had acclimatized *Lilium Giganteum* which was seeding like a weed.

Having determined to leave St. Leonard's and take up my abode in the city, which I thought might suit me better, I put up St. Leonard's Priory for sale on the 16th June, but there were no bids, and it was afterwards sold on 9th October to Mr. Knyvet Wilson, the cricketer, for £1250, a heavy loss to me.

For the first time I saw rainbow trout taken; they were so by R. J. W. Purdy in his "pond," at "Paradise" near Foulsham, and when in his garden I saw a fine large clearwing hawk moth which I could not identify.

All the early summer I tried at archery but my maimed loosing finger stopped me doing any good. On the 3rd July I actually walked back to Norwich from a garden party at Hainford, but this was about the last long walk of one who was once a walker! On the 26th June I shot badly at Narburgh, but succeeding in getting all three arrows at one end, the target blew over, and smashed all three.

In July I was consulted about the public right on Oulton Broad. Later on I shot a little better. On 31st R.J.W.P., Bessy, and I went with the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society's excursion round the Watton district, a very hot and tiring round of 13 hours! Just about this time there had been some very big trout caught in Buxton Mill Pool, and Capt. Jickling* came and had a most persevering try, but though he threw a very straight fly he got nothing, I think because there was none left!

My son A.L.R. and his wife paid us a short visit at Lammas, he with his nose in a sling, a ceiling in the new building at No. 13 having fallen on him. This was the only ill-luck "No. 13" has brought to date. My finger getting better I shot much better in private (129) at 60 only, and at the Bintre Meeting actually got a prize, scoring 119 for the two ranges!

On the 12th August I had an excellent sail with H.B.

*He was wounded twice in the War losing one arm, and I fear will throw no more flies.

and others in the "Wilhelmina," one of the new skimming dish-type boat, over Hickling.

On 27th August at Beeston I made 32 hits out of 48 for 110, which with what little I made, as usual at 80, brought me up to 127. Next day I began to move into 28, Surrey Street, in doing up which I had spent some hundreds, and slept there by myself on 28th, 29th and 31st. Not hearing any hooters or early noise as at St. Leonard's I congratulated myself on comparative quiet, but I had yet to learn of the piano, and the intolerable and wanton noise caused by the rowdy inmates of the Girls' Friendly Society opposite. From early morning to late at night the inmates, mostly servants out of place, were simply allowed to run loose. They played (?) on the piano by thumping it at the bass and treble with their elbows, sang most unmelodiously at all hours, and nightly had a steeplechase over chairs. They succeeded in getting me out of the house after a shorter stay than I had ever made in one place.

I can't say I was as sorry to leave the heights of St. Leonard's as I had been to leave my Hampstead house. It certainly was a most interesting site, with its great mysterious well, which I shrewdly suspect to be Roman, its memory of a great Roman coin found in the garden, the ruins of the Old Priory, and its absolutely unrivalled view down on to the city which lies under it. But it was the most exposed and windy site in the city, and many a night have the gales kept us awake by beating fiercely on the windows and depositing a salt coating carried over the land from the sea. Then again, the way up from the road was terribly steep and bad for a man who thought he had heart trouble, and the soil of the hillside poor in the extreme, to an extent which made good gardening almost impossible, except for poppies, for the manure lavishly applied one week was washed down the steep hill the next week. The giant parsnip or false celery was the only thing which flourished in it, and it *did* flourish.

On the 1st September we all moved in. On the 3rd I again did fairly well at the Smallburgh Meeting, and on the 11th improved a bit more, doing 132 at the Woodgate Meeting. After many months abstinence from port I had three glasses, but they were from a real cellar. First saw Dr. Hales, of Holt, a very nice Dr. Johnsonian man.

We had an "Archery Gymkana" at Lammas on 25th September, about 21 shooting. The stag and rabbits were very elusive and the flight-shooting very poor, but it was all good fun, and I think the first ever attempted.

The end of the year was rather eventless. On the 14th November I went over Wood Norton Hall and saw the scene of the dictatorial "corpse" story, which I hope will one day appear in print from an abler pen than mine.

I think this was the first year for a very long time that I did not have a coast ride, but I was not equal to it. My only little excursion was on the 17th November with Purdy to Selborne, which pleased him much with its fine view from the Hanger and its abundance of gushing living water from the banks—a new sight to a Norfolk man!

On 2nd December a botanizing friend and his wife came down to Lammas, and found 14 sorts of flowers out.

R.H. came down and greatly fraternized with R.J.W.P., both talking geology clean over my head. At Christmas Gilly only came down, and we were at Lammas 22nd to 24th, and actually walked, but very slowly back to Norwich. A very wretched and cold Christmas for all of us.

During 1906 as mentioned before, I published a "History of the Bethel Hospital," and "The Recent Norwich Election and its Lesson."

The Aerial Navigation question was beginning to cause some interest in Norwich in 1907, and I read a paper on it before the Woodpeckers, which I afterwards repeated before the Norwich Science Gossip Club. On the 12th Bess and her protecting bull pup "Diana" returned home. The pup grew into a very affectionate dog to us, but to others a ferocious animal. Her adventures would fill a book, and livened us (and others) very much.

On the 13th I was very weak, languid and ill, pulse very feeble but fast and feverish. I doubt if I should ever get back from a walk with R.J.W.P. round Sco Ruston and Scottow, in fact I seldom felt myself such a poor weak thing. Just about now the "Pageant" mania was beginning, and I went to see a reproduction by Louis Parker of the Bury Pageant at St Andrew's Hall.

I was again consulted as to the City Boundary question, and investigated considerably round about Sprowston. The frost was intensely cold in January, below freezing-point in my bedroom, and I discovered that it could be as

cold down in the City as it ever was on the heights of St. Leonard's.

On the 6th February I lectured to the Norwich Science Gossip Club on "Athletic Exaggerations." There was a deadly long and deadly slow musical Church of England Revival Service at Lammas, on the 9th. On 12th February I read a paper on "Nuisances of Norwich" to the Woodpeckers. Seymour Lucas and his cousin A.L. came over to see me at Norwich, and I showed them round, and went back with them to his house at Blyburgh, which he had made an extremely nice place, though rather of the Irishman's-knife-type on the ruins of the old Priory.

On the 27th February, 1907, I repeated a lecture I had previously given on "Old and New War and Weapons of War."

I take no particular credit for having pointed out in such lecture the imminent risk we were running of invasion and war. The transparent sense of that old warrior, Lord Roberts, had convinced me, and all I did was practically to repeat his words. So did Mr. Blatchford, though I think a trifle later, and many others, and we were all called alarmists for our pains, but our words proved bitterly true. It is not worth while my repeating here all my lecture,* so I will cite some passages from it:—

"I am waiting to hear the argument that it is really no use
"and a waste of money to defend ourselves, and that before
"very long all people all over the world will be living in amity—
"all well fed, well educated, and well housed, and as foreigners
"will (of course) be equally comfortable, they won't want to
"come over and upset this pleasant state of things. But so long
"as human nature is human nature—so long as ambition exists,
"which prompts an able man to distinguish himself—I don't
"think this Utopia will come into existence. When it does
"come off it will be time enough to disband our armies and sell
"our ships. Until then, and until the lion does lie down with
"the lamb, we had better go on as we are and take care that our
"lambs don't lie down inside foreign lions.

"Another still meaner view is that of the man who says:
"‘Well, we shouldn't be any the worse off, if the Germans *did*
"come over and conquer us, than we are now.’ This is the
"language of cowards. A patriot, one who loves his country,
"would rather say, ‘Let us do all we can to improve the present
"state of things here ourselves and better what is bad, and not
"sit down and be satisfied of not being so much worse off under
"an invader.’

*It is singular that the *E.D.P.*, then an anti-war paper, omitted to report this lecture—no doubt it was repugnant to its finer feelings!

"Should we ever be conquered we should be under practically military discipline, our teeth would be drawn, and we should never have the chance of becoming free again. Wherever we went—to the railway station, the theatre, or the post office—we should be told what to do, and have to obey the irksome discipline and routine under which all foreign nations suffer. This wouldn't suit us.

"For many years now we have had licence and freedom of speech and action to a degree unheard of on the Continent, and freedom to manage our own business affairs our own way. All this would be gone in a day, and we should be reduced to the level of being practically slaves of an alien race.

"Theoretically it is very right to try to be at peace with all men, and practically it eases our pockets to keep down armaments. But there is a limit to peace. We buy peace too dear if we emasculate our men. The Quaker when asked what he would do if a man struck him, and whether he would turn the other cheek to him, replied that he would, but if he hit that—well, the moral was left to the hearer.

"In old days, when England was a first-rate fighting power, conscription was, in effect, all over the country, under one name or another. The squire held his land on the terms of leading so many men to war for so many months every year in war time, the poorer man was liable to be called out to serve. We had conscription in Norwich at the time of Cressy. The rolls of citizen soldiers are still existent in the Castle Museum, and there is an admirable article in last month's 'Nineteenth Century' by Mr. Coulton, of Lynn, proving this up to the hilt.

"Then we are told conscription would interfere with business. Yet strangely enough the Germans, who are beating us at our own game of commerce, don't seem to find it so. But (say the Radical and the Socialist) what do we want with a large standing army? We want no aggressive continental wars, and as to invasion it's absurd. We have the silver streak and a magnificent Navy to keep it inviolate. 'My good man' (I always feel inclined to say when I hear rubbish like this talked), 'it's not what *you* want, but what the other nations want.'

"So first the Little Englander whittles away at the Army, and now he is having a go at the very Navy which was to act as its substitute, so soon we shall have nothing left but the silver streak itself. And now they are hankering to do away with even that also, and want a Channel Tunnel to save their weak and queasy stomachs.

"Then there has lately developed a new danger from which the sea will not protect us—the airships which are already in existence, and which can drop explosives on our battleships and Army from a height at which no missile will reach them.

"They may not yet be available for transport, they may not be able to act in high winds, and they may be very dangerous to their crews, but they exist, and are probably not more dangerous than our present torpedo-boat destroyers. And we alone are making no progress with their manufacture, we who

"have always boasted of our mechanical powers! The most successful aviators it is true are of our own blood, Americans. But Americans are men of business, and would sell an improved patent gridiron to the devil himself without any sentimental scruples.

"Remember, that if we are once successfully invaded there is an end to us as an independent nation; if we are got down we shall be kept down, and suffer more than we can easily understand.

"It may be difficult for a Norwich audience to realise that it is possible they may be rated heavier than they are now, but if unluckily they should have to pay up a German war indemnity they will know better. Even the ingenuity of our Town Council would pall before the demands of a war indemnity.

"It would be all too late then. We should be like the Scotchman who for years was pestered by an insurance agent to insure his house, but who kept on putting off the evil day of payment of premiums. Early one morning, however, he found his house was on fire, and then he went rushing up the street calling for the agent, and complaining bitterly that he never was about when a man wanted to do business with him. We shall be like that Scotchman. We shall not have paid the necessary insurance, and we shall see our house burned. But I hope our insurance agent—a pushful person called Roberts—has by this time almost persuaded us to pay the very small premium he asks for."

When I wrote this my conception of war was based on the old rules of fair fighting, vigorous rules enough, but tempered more or less by chivalry, and I never imagined that the new Germanic idea was to terrify their opponents not so much by ferocious fighting but by absolute cruelty to men, women, and children after the fighting was over, and by the wanton destruction for the sake of destruction of works of art.

Well, seven years and more passed away before my very straight prophesy came true, and we were utterly unprepared for war, and but for extraordinary luck and courage we should now have been a conquered race, and subject to all the horrors which Belgium suffered. It is perhaps too early to begin to prophesy again, but I do think after the bitter lesson we have had we shall never be caught napping again.

The end of February was very snowy. H.H.H. and his wife came Saturday to Monday, but it was hardly the weather for flint collecting.

Early in March I had to go to London and stayed at Hampstead, walked round the Heath with my daughter-

in-law and a friend afterwards walked on to A.L.R., and we drove over to Tom Gills.

At Easter F.G.R., and H.G.R., and Holden, the Oxford crack $\frac{1}{2}$ -miler came down, and I was a little better, triking for the first time on 30th March. Totty and M.M.R. joined on 30th.

All the spring I was very seedy, and could neither shoot nor ride. Clarke and his wife came down 13th to 15th April. On the 17th Prince F. Duleep Singh, and Farrer came over to lunch at Lammas by motor to see Layers house at Aylsham, with the amusing result that the chaffeur missed us and we had to pack into a butcher's cart till we found him. One of the bitterest days, snow and sleet, on which I was ever out. The result of the visit was a good paper by D.S. for the N.A.M. (n.s.), vol. i., p. 55, on Christopher Layer, considered by him a martyr and by me a common cad. However, we agreed to differ and local history was the better for much more detail.

On the 24th April I heard a notably good paper by Dr. Andrews of the British Museum on Primeval Elephants.

My archery season which began on the 6th May opened as badly as ever for me at the Beeston meeting.

On 11th May I saw a hoopoe in the Rectory grounds, and saw it again later on the way to Beeston. For a few days the weather was absolutely perfect, and at Whit Sunday R.J.W.P. and R.H. came down, but the latter stopped on the way to Horning, where there was *snow* on the roofs. Our F. and D. archery meeting at Lammas was a great success, though I couldn't shoot, and I was if possible worse than ever at the Thurning meeting. In fact I was out of all sorts, for rowing up the river with Mr. F. W. Harmer at Cringleford, I became so faint and ill that he had to take me in and drive me to the tram. On the 18th I shot worse than ever at Thurning.

The Wymondham "Masque" on 26th June was very amusing, but I got well abused for my innocent criticism of it in the Daily Press.

On the 4th July the Norwich Photographic Society came over to Lammas, and I was greatly complimented the other day to find that its members remembered the boned pigeon pie, and claret cup after the lapse of 8 years. I was again very ill at P.B.F.'s, and he had to send me home by road.

The weather becoming warmer I sent my wife, her attendant, and Kitty to Lammas for a fortnight. I began to cycle again a little, but not much. The Scarning Grange shoot on 30th July was spoiled by rain, but the party in the tent was very amusing. This summer I tried to get fresh air by going a trip in the "Doris." Arthur and his wife came down for the August Bank Holiday. At the Smallburgh meeting he shot very well beating me, and almost tying Inderwick and doing 120, and making most hits of the day.

On the 7th August, Rudd and his wife, Kitty and E. Smith drove over from Wroxham to the Potter Heigham Pageant, which was very good in parts, but the ground had been shamefully broken into by the non-paying yachting division. I saw a splendid display of shooting stars at Foulsham on 12th August.

I was no good at shooting at Wood Norton on the 13th, but on the 16th shot quite respectably at Inderwick's bye meeting at Ashmanhaugh scoring 122 (one dozen 40) which was my best in public, but was very bad again at Smallburgh, though at our Lammas meeting the next day I did 92.

On the 11th September, I met Miss Gray, the lady who is so interested in Dean Colet, at lunch at Carrow, and afterwards showed the road to Ashwellthorpe and Scole Inn in a very fine fast motor car, the best I had ever sat in up-to-date.

Getting better in health I had one or two good rides, one of about 22 miles to Norgates taking two hours on a day I can't remember, and another about 27½ by Horning Ferry, Ludham Bridge, Catfield, Wayford Bridge, &c. In the former I lost my way across the fields, and was attacked by a ferocious farm dog, when I frightened him off by hissing with my tyre pump, which he obviously thought was a snake, the only advantage I ever obtained from applying natural history.

The 27th September was my best practice day up-to-date at archery, for I made 52 + 100 152. I was right on that day, for in 6 consecutive shots I made 9, 7, 5, 9, 9, 3, or 42, for 6 arrows and next day did fairly well again.

On the 19th October I had the great pleasure of taking T. Southwell, our great local naturalist, and one of the cleverest and best of companions, to Selborne with R. J.

W. Purdy, and though it was wet he enjoyed himself immensely among the new fauna and flora, so much so, that he afterwards went there again with his daughter.

On the 21st November I went to Lynn, and began searching the records for Chaucer clues, and was rewarded by finding the name of John Chaucer on the Bede Roll there. At the Globe was my old acquaintance Gruner of the *Quatuor Coronati sed quantum mutatus, &c.* The 29th was a capital Scotch dinner at Norwich, haggis and all the rest of it.

On the 11th December I saw Munnings, the artist, for the first time, and on the 22nd was recovered and well enough to walk over to Barrett Lennard's at Horsford.

This Christmas was another lonely one, for I was at Lammas by myself, the others not coming till Boxing Day. On the 27th we had a regal beanfeast of the Woodpeckers at the cottage, about 25 picnicing with self-cooked oysters, sausages and baked potatoes. They went home by themselves having, as I afterwards heard, an impromptu concert in the waiting room at Buxton Lammas station, in which Munnings and Miss N. both distinguished themselves.

During 1907 the only work I brought out was "The State papers relating to Musters, Beacons, Shipmoney, etc., from 1626 to the beginning of the Civil War," issued by the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society.

In January, 1908, I was working at the Burgh and Bigod papers (Norf. Antiq. Misc. (n.s.) iii., pp. 90 and 104) and experimented on godwhit's as a food, but they were oily and unsatisfying. Still at Burgh on 26th and 27th and found pottery, and some good flint instruments. This was the time of the appearance of the luminous owls at Foulsham, and I made two attempts to see them without success, though the enormous weight of independent evidence convinced me they existed. So it did Mr. J. H. Gurney, the greatest local ornithologist, but not the little yapping persons who disbelieve anything they have not seen themselves. Of course there was much good-natured chaff about it, of which the following may serve as a sample.

A jolly old sportsman one night on the prowl,
Saw a very strange bird, 'twas a luminous owl;
So he got many friends to come with him and see,
And they, one and all, with the verdict agree;
That they'd never seen such a "fearsome wild fowl,"
As the luminous, luminous, luminous owl.

Some rude people say that it's only a joke
 That Purdy has purchased a pig in a poke ;
 While some silly joker lays on with a trowel
 Phosphor paint, thus creating a luminous owl.
 But everyone, postman and bailiff and squire,
 Round Foulsham has seen this quaint bird all on fire ;
 And little boys whimper and little girls howl,
 When they run up at night 'gainst that luminous owl.
 And I certainly think I should have a bad fit,
 If turning a corner, not thinking of it ;
 I found myself standing alone, cheek by jowl,
 With that luminous, luminous, luminous owl.
 I often-time wander by meadow and lea,
 To see if that curious bird I can see ;
 Till when I return, rather dazzled, at night,
 To ring up my wife I feel quite in a fright ;
 For she'll say as she opens the door with a scowl,
 " You've been dining *again* with your Luminous Owl."

Mr. Purdy thought that these luminous birds accounted for the alleged will of the wisp, as to the existence of which there seems no evidence.

On the 20th February I made one more attempt to see some jumping to hounds, being driven out to Ashwellthorpe by Bullard, the horse dealer, whose grandly pictorial language served as a compensation, for the " Staggers " sport was extremely poor, and I saw nothing but road riding and scrambling through gaps.

On the 21st February I lectured on the Norwich Guildhall before a full room at the Y.M.C.A., and the next day had another visit to the Burgh Mound with Mr. W. G. Clarke of the Prehistoric Society, and found more pottery and flints. Coming back we were chased by a very sudden, and heavy storm, practically a hurricane, which blew down the biggest beech tree in the Rectory Grounds just after we got home.

On the 10th March I took Munnings over to Roche's at Tasburgh to see their pictures and sculptures, and had to walk back in the rain to Swainsthorpe.

On Sunday evening, the 29th, I went with Clarke to lecture at the Labour Institute on " Mediæval War-time," and had a good-tempered, if inimical, audience.

On the 4th March I was sorry to see my old friend, Dr. Jessopp, very feeble at East Dereham.

All April was cold and cheerless, and Friday, 24th, was the heaviest snow and greatest cold I had experienced in Norfolk, and I had a bad attack of lumbago. The day before I had lectured on " Old Norwich," at Miss Duff's instance, at St. Giles' Church House, to a lot of school-

marms, who were afterwards entertained to a dismal teetotal meal. At the end of this month I went into the Rockland Board Fishery rights at the instance of Mr. E. Reeve, and on the 6th May went over the *locus in quo* with him, going by motor-boat and walking back. The next day (8th) the case came on before the Swainsthorpe Bench, and Mr. Justice Lindley, the Chairman, had the opportunity of practically reversing the decision he had come to against us in the Hickling case years before, for he decided in favour of the public right of fishing, chiefly on the ground that there was an undoubted rise and fall of the tide to a degree which could not possibly have been caused by the dribble of fresh water which came into it through a little drain, as contended by Mr. Hornor, the agent of Sir Charles Rich, the alleged "broad owner." This had been, of course, our contention in the Hickling case. I was not called to present the documentary evidence in our favour, which was very strong, and which I afterwards recapitulated in a letter to the "Daily Press."

Until May I practised archery assiduously, but did nothing until the 16th, when I made 26 hits for 114. I could not approach this, however, at the Wood Norton Meeting on the 19th, nor at the Beeston Meeting on the 25th, nor at our own Meeting on 2nd June.

On the 29th I inspected but could not endorse an alleged Saxon discovery at Flordon Church.

The 4th June was one of the hottest days I remember. I cycled over to Aylsham and just missed a very heavy storm, the lightning striking a man when I was there. I then met the Norwich Science Gossip Club at Burgh Mound, and they straggled back very tired owing to the mendacious statement made by the Secretary as to the distance to Lammas, about 60 sitting down to tea at my cottage.

At Whitsuntide, R.H. and H.G.R. came to the cottage, the latter, who had been shooting very well in London, where he was Captain of the Marylebone Rifle Club,* got four rabbits shot through the head in the Hautbois Pit. I shot worse than ever on the 10th at the Beeston Athletic Club Meeting, almost as bad as at Swanton Morley and again at Beeston.

* His score at 10 consecutive shoots in 1909 was 978 out of a possible 1,000. He is now very appropriately shooting more seriously as a lieutenant in the Royal Garrison Artillery.

On the 27th I lunched with Purdy at the "Royal," and met old Mr. W. P. Gill, then aged 86, and a wonder as to memory and conversation.

Having had my too strong bow reduced to 33 lbs. I did better in practice, one dozen hits for 55 score on the 28th, but was most uncertain, and was worse than ever at the Sheringham Meeting.

On the 3rd July I went to Captain Mack's at Paston to inspect the curious ruins he had found in his garden, which with the curious shield-boss or ornament also found there are illustrated by me in the Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany (n.s.) i., p. 102. Here I saw him literally charm birds off trees.

At the Beeston Meeting on 6th July I did a little better, 23 for 95, and the bad-best I had done this year.

On Thursday, the 9th, was a pleasant "Woodpecker" Outing to Horning Ferry, Mrs. Mary E. (Fairman) Mann, the novelist, and Munnings being the chief guests.

During a business journey to London in the middle of July I went over with F.G.R. to see R.H.'s house at Walton-on-Thames for the first time, and on the 20th went to the Olympic Sports with A.L.R., where our man Holden was beaten in the 800 metres, and again next day, when the race was won by an American, though an Italian who ran splendidly and who afterwards became a great crack, ran him very close.

Taking down M.M.R.'s bow to The Close in error I shot better with it, doing 111. On the 28th M.M.R. shot well at Thurning, and got into the second class, and I a little better (83). She and my grandson, Bobbie, went back to London the next day. In practice in The Close on the 1st August I got 24 for 128, and the next day at Lammas 35 out of 48 for 137, far and away the best this year, getting on 11 out of 12 for 43 in one dozen.

At last, on the 3rd August, I did a fair performance at a public meeting, scoring 34 hits for 122 at *both* distances at Smallburgh, and at practice next day made 42 for one dozen. Just about this time I was shooting much better, in practice doing 134, 127, and 118, and again in public at Beeston, when I scored 135 at both distances.

At Kendal Dyke, whither I sailed with H. Brittain, I was told there was now a steady and regular 6 to 7 in. tide

probably caused by the Knowl or Knock having been dredged.

On the 22nd August my nephew, E. W. Rye ("Dobbie"), and his wife and three children, paid me a short visit at Lammas, when I rose to the occasion and did 47 at 80 and 165 (35 hits) at 60, total 212! which remains my best practice record.

On Monday, 24th, I made 37 hits out of 48 for 168, my best on record in practice at 60 yards, but at the Smallburgh Meeting only did 117 for both distances.

On the 27th August I went over to Lowestoft to see the Goodwins, and accompanied Mr. Goodwin in a very stinking petrol bus to Southwold, when I saw the Church and walked by the cliffs to Covehithe, going over the fine old ruins and rejoining the bus there. On the 29th I had a week-end visit to Tasburgh.

My shooting went off again till the 3rd September, when I made 29 hits at 60 for 130, on the 5th 30 hits for 151, and on the 6th 32 for 152.

At the East Bilney Meeting, with a 33 lb. bow strung to $5\frac{3}{4}$, I did my best public performance of 17 at 80 and 32 at 60 for 136, or in all 153 for the double round.

On this, however, I improved at the Boulderson Meeting at Aylsham, where with a 36 bow strung to $5\frac{7}{8}$ I made 21 at 80 and 33 out of 48, or 151 at 60, in all 172, as against my best practice score of 212.

On the 17th September I went over to the Rev. George Keppel's at Cringleford Hall, and found a fine old Elizabethan door in a bedroom. There used to be a prehistoric barrow in the garden, and there is still an interesting moat.

On the 3rd September, 1908, I twice made fair scores in practice, 130 and 114, on the 5th 151 and 119, and on the 6th 152. On the 8th I did a respectable performance at the East Bilney Meeting, for though I only made 17 at 80 I got 32 arrows on for 136 at 60, thus making a total of 153, which I think was my best public score until I did 172 at Mrs. Boulderson's Meeting at Aylsham, made up of 21 and 151. After this I fell off my practice scores, on 10th October being 129, 127, and 119.

On the 14th September I was, to my great astonishment, asked to act as Mayor of Norwich, and after talking the matter over with Warren, the Conservative Agent, and

my sons, I came to the conclusion to chance it, though my only experience of civic life came from having been made a co-opted member of the Castle Museum and Public Library Committees. I certainly had taken a lot of trouble in getting the City Records in the Public Library in order, and had published "A Calendar of the Documents relating to the Corporation of Norwich" preserved there (Gibbs & Waller, 1908).

I was not unaware that I was only asked as a stop gap because the Conservative party had been disappointed in prevailing on the Duke of Norfolk to fill the office, but thought the experience would be an interesting one. As, however, I knew I could not afford to fill the post with the lavishness of previous Mayors, I struck out a line of my own which met with the approval of the leaders on both sides. I issued a circular to the effect that I would not contribute to any fund or spend any money that could possibly be avoided, but would set aside a certain amount of money to meet all necessary expenses, keep a rigid account, and at the end of my year of office, hand over the balance to the "Miniature Rifle Club."

This was a sore blow to the licensed cadgers, the fishing clubs, the replacers of dead donkeys, the layers of stones of dissenting chapels, and the like, but I stuck to my guns, and had it not been for the unexpected, though very welcome visit of King Edward VII., which unavoidably increased my necessary expenses, I should have had a good round sum to hand over to the Club, instead of the relatively small balance that was left.

The office of a City Mayor nowadays is little more than that of a figure head, as he has little, if any, power, and is practically a dummy in the hands of the two parties, and a cockshy for the Labour party. My offer to give the smaller ragged boys of the City, so many of whom were yearly drowned by trying to bathe at the unprotected ends of river-side courts, the site for a swimming bath next the Technical Institute was declined by the City Engineer, and my attempts to secure a rifle range for the City (and by so doing ample work for the unemployed) was effectually blocked by the War Office and Mr. John Burns.

Some years before Mr. Burns had referred to officers of the Army as "gilded popinjays," and in a speech he made in Battersea Park, he was reported to have

said that but for the contempt he felt for members of the Sporting League, he would challenge to box, row, run, and jump anyone of them. These remarks were promptly taken up by Mr. W. Allison, the Hon. Secretary of the League, in a letter I have before me as I write, in which he was asked to sink his contempt, and meet a retired army officer over 45 years of age, height 5ft. gins., who had been badly shot through the body at Tel-el-Kebir. The officer was I believe Sir Claude de Crespigny, who would, had they met, have thrashed him soundly, but up to the time of writing Mr. John Burns has not waived his contempt (!) though he has shown his pacific opinions by opposing England's taking part in the present War, though I have not heard that he has declined from keeping an office or refusing to accept his salary.

There was therefore little left for me to do except to throw my unwanted energy into collecting the annual fund for the Unemployed. In this I think I may say I was successful, for I nearly doubled the best hitherto raised, and definitely deposed the late Dean Lefroy from the post he had so long held of being the most successful cadger in the city.

The Prehistoric Society, promoted by W. G. Clarke, H. H. Hall, and others, had its first meeting on the 26th October.

On the 2nd November I went with the City Engineer to Yarmouth to inspect the butts there, it being my idea to mark my Mayoralty by re-opening the Mousehold Range, and next day went to London to try to get an interview with Haldane and Burns.

On the 4th I lectured on "Names and Nicknames" before the Science Gossip Club, and went up again the next day to London to see John Burns, who threw cold water on the idea, and especially as to my suggestion that the re-opening would find real work for the Unemployed. Nor was I more lucky in trying to get an alternative scheme through with the War Office, whose counter-suggestion to have a range crossing the Wensum at right angles, which would have held up the river traffic for hours at a time, was absolutely fatuous. The Mousehold scheme, which was to fire away from the barracks, was feasible, if, as the City

Engineer pointed out, the shooting was through screens, but this was held up by adjoining landowners, who thought more of their sport than of the need of the County. This after all was only history repeating itself, for it was the love of the late Duke of Cambridge for his pheasants in Combe Wood that stopped the rifle shooting on Wimbledon Common and banished the N.R.A. meeting to far-off Bisley. Had the scheme come off both the Regulars and Volunteers would have had a fine range at their very doors, instead of having to waste time and money by going to Yarmouth for practice.

On the 9th I was sworn in Mayor, and as a formality took the chair at the Police Court, but only afterwards sat on the Bench when there were life-saving presentations. The actual presentations I always delegated to Mr. Farrar Ranson who held the Royal Society's Medal for a very gallant rescue he had made at Ipswich very many years ago. I believe that as Mayor I was entitled to be made a J.P. for life after my term of office had expired, but I didn't covet the honour which has been bestowed on some very objectionable persons.

Of course, it would be improper for me to criticise the working of the city machine during the short period I nominally held office, so I refrain from doing so. With three or four exceptions, however, I think that the accusations of officialism and favouritism, of which we hear so much, are at all events "not proven." Individual members of so mixed a body must necessarily be rude and offensive, but "it is their nature to," and they should not be too severely criticised. The better plan is to say and write nothing of them, but to relieve one's mind by noting in one's diary some such a thumb-nail portrait as "A.B. has the face of a gorilla, the manners of a hog, and the voice of a bull of Bashan."

On the 17th November I made some Cubitt searches at Honing, and in the Muniment room there found a deed from my ancestor, Thomas Cubitt of Wells, which settled the question of my descent from that branch once and for all.

On the 24th I attended my first Council Meeting which went off quietly. I went to the Scots' dinner on the 30th, and the Anglers' dinner at the "Bell," the former being far the better of the two, though the latter had its merits, two

clever London barristers, attending and frankly admitting they were "angling" for votes at the next election. Stockings, an enthusiastic fisherman, and a most genial man made an admirable chairman.

On the 5th December I went up to the Oxford and Cambridge Match at Roehampton, and saw Jack White for the last time. The only old face was that of Michôd. I took the chair at the dinner at the Trocadero, which was a noisy and silly function, with a lot of stupid ragging afterwards.

On the 13th December I attended the Cathedral Service as Mayor. On the 15th the second Council meeting was a very long ($3\frac{1}{2}$ hours) and stormy one. Some of the young Conservative bloods were somewhat provocative, but the noisiest of the lot was on the other side. After this unpleasant experience I only just had time to take the chair at a lecture given by my old friend, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, one of the best lecturers I ever heard, but who was very unfairly treated by the clergyman who introduced him, and who, in his far too long introduction, used up most of his best points and anecdotes.

During the winter my eldest daughter and I busied ourselves very much in organising help for the Soup Kitchen in the interests of the Unemployed. This soup kitchen was an old and a most deserving charity, and I supported it as much as I could out of my fund. The distribution of the soup, however, by dated tickets allocated to each parish was greatly hindered by the extreme imbecility of some two or three of the parsons who altered the dates in MSS. without notifying me or the manager, or getting our consent. However, the ability of the manager and his wife tided over the difficulty somehow, and the soup was extremely strong, thick, and good, and greatly appreciated, as were the free meals and puddings provided by many charitably disposed people, and collected sedulously by my daughter and a friend.

I threw what energy I could into the Unemployed Fund, for it was the only thing I could find to do, and I must own I was rather incited to do my best by the fact that my predecessor had condoled with me on the difficulty I should have in approaching his collection owing to the greater want that seemed likely, and the nearness of subscribers themselves hard hit by the bad trade. As a matter

of fact by importuning everybody I nearly doubled his figures (£3,119 13s. 7d. as against his £1,652 14s. 7d.), but as I said in my report, I could take little credit for this, for I was an unoccupied man, and could give far more time to working up the fund than my predecessors, who had their own businesses to occupy them. The unemployed business put me in touch with two absolutely earnest and good men. It would distress both of them if I were to give their names, so I will not do so, the more especially as several others will be gratified in thinking that I mean *them* (which I don't).

The Christmas fatted swan was eaten at Lammas by the Librarian, Munnings, and others, 22 sitting down.

During this year I only printed five things, all catalogues, viz. (1) of the Topographical and Antiquarian portions of the Public Library; (2) of the maps in print (in conjunction with H. Brittain, who had made himself the local expert on the subject); (3) of the local biographies; (4) of the local portraits; and (5) of the Corporation documents.

On the 7th to 9th January, 1909, was the "Historical Tableaux" by Mr. W. Nugent Monck, held at St. Andrew's Hall, for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Rider Haggard, Barrett Lennard, and other good local men helped in it. I was unable, being ill, to attend myself.

The Norwich Council was able to get back to the old Guildhall after its renovation on the 19th January, and I got away in time to lecture for Pollard at Wymondham, and the next day lectured twice at Buxton, once to the boys in the Red House and once at the Village School.

On Sunday 24th I had to go in State to the Cathedral to attend on the Judge of Assize ("Long Lawrence"), and in the afternoon with the Sheriff (A. G. Howlett) to a most melancholy "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" at Chapel Field to gather in a collection for the Unemployed. Monday the Assizes were opened, and I had to do duty at the Shirehall waiting on the Judge. Another "duty" day was attending the Memorial Service at the Cathedral for the late Earl of Leicester.

Mrs. Burton Fanning's theatricals at the Thatched House for the Unemployed Fund were on the 4th to 6th February, but her very excellent acting was not as well

supported as it deserved to be. The result of the sale by auction of the pictures, &c., I had got together for the same fund only produced £27 or so.

On the 8th Purdy and I went over to see the tame bustards at Coltishall, and in the evening I met at a Roman Catholic Dinner the late Father Fitzgerald, who impressed me as being a very able man.

By the 25th February I had completed the draft of a petition to Parliament asking for a Royal Commission as to the public rights on the Broads, and it was printed on that day in the *Eastern Daily Press*. It ran as follows:—

“To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

“The humble petition of us, the undersigned inhabitants of Norfolk and Suffolk, and of others interested in the preservation and free opening of the Norfolk Broads and rivers

“Showeth as follows:—

“That from time immemorial until about the year 1860 such parts of the rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk and the broadenings out thereof technically known as ‘Broads’ as were regularly affected by the rise and fall of the tide were always used by any of his Majesty’s subjects for purposes of passage, recreation, and fishing, without the let or hindrance of anyone.

“That about such year certain claims began to be put forward by the riparian owners to prevent such public user, and the entrances to certain of the broads, and especially Hoveton, were improperly chained up, and in certain others, such as Wroxham, such entrances were similarly chained up, and in one case filled up with earth, with the result in both cases of improperly blocking the King’s river which ran through both broads, and materially interfering with the passage of trading wherries and pleasure boats.

“That such claims have in several cases been supported by the voluntary payment by such riparian owners of tithe and rates and taxes with the idea of forming a paper title to such fishery.

“That with one exception very careful search among the public records has failed to find the existence of any grant of free fishery before Magna Charta of any portions of the rivers or broads, although there were many grants of the right of free warren to be found among such records in respect of lands and manors abutting on such rivers.

“That all claims made to exclusive fishery have without exception been made on the presumption of lost grants, and that no grant has ever been actually produced or cited by the claimants.

“The great hardships have arisen from the fact that poor fisherman who have been acting within their strict legal rights

“ have been summoned for illegal fishing before magistrates and
 “ been put to great and unnecessary expense in defending
 “ themselves from such prosecutions, as in the recent case of
 “ Rockland Broad, or by being made defendants in the High
 “ Court of Justice, as in the case of Hickling Broad.

“ That it is desirable that such prosecution should not in
 “ future be commenced without the written sanction of the
 “ Attorney-General and until he is satisfied that there is *prima*
 “ facie evidence of the existence of a free or several fishery.

“ Your Petitioners therefore humbly pray

“ That a Royal Commission with power to call and examine
 “ witnesses on oath may be sent to Norwich to enquire—

“ (1) What evidence there is of the existence of any free or
 “ several fisheries on the Rivers Yare, otherwise Wensum, the
 “ Waveney river, otherwise the Beccles river, the Bure, otherwise
 “ the North river, and its tributaries, the Thurne and the Ant,
 “ or on any broad connected with any such rivers by open water
 “ from their mouths to the first lock on each of them respec-
 “ tively.

“ (2) When such free or several fisheries were first claimed
 “ and enforced or attempted to be enforced by judicial proceed-
 “ ings or otherwise.

“ (3) Up to what points on such rivers or broads is there a
 “ regular flow and reflow of the tide under ordinary conditions,
 “ and when the water is not held back by high winds or
 “ otherwise.

“ (4) What blockings or chainings up of river ways have
 “ taken place during living memory.

“ (5) That in the event of such Commissioners finding that
 “ there is no *prima facie* evidence of the existence of any fishery
 “ claimed on any of the said rivers or broads, such rivers or
 “ broads shall be declared to be free and open, and any chains
 “ or other impediments be removed.

“ (6) That if, on the other hand, he shall find there is any
 “ such *prima facie* evidence, an issue shall be directed to be tried
 “ to decide on the justice of the claims, and if it is decided in
 “ favour of the riparian owner it shall be submitted to arbitra-
 “ tion to assess what compensation shall be paid to the owner
 “ for its extinction, and the throwing open of the water in
 “ question to the public, and by whom such compensation shall
 “ be paid.

“ (7) That in either event the declaration of the public right
 “ or the throwing open by purchase shall be subject to regula-
 “ tions to be approved by the Commissioners, which shall
 “ include—

“ (a) The prevention of all shooting and bird nesting or
 “ taking of eggs of any bird on such rivers and broads, and
 “ the prevention of the carrying of any firearm or air-gun
 “ thereon by others than the adjoining owners.

“ (b) The protection of all bird and animal life other
 “ than as allowed by the last paragraph, and other than the

“ collection of insects, plants, and flowers for scientific purposes.

“ (c) The prevention of landing or trespassing on the banks or shores of any broad or river other than at public staithes, or with the consent of the adjoining owners, but this is not to prevent the landing on any spot not being the curtilage of any house for the purpose of mooring and remaining moored for two tides as heretofore.

“ (d) The prevention of all nuisances on such broads and rivers such as the destruction of plants and flowers (except for scientific purposes), and of the user of all musical instruments thereon.

“ (e) The granting of licences to collect insects, plants, and flowers to such persons only as shall satisfy the authorities that they are already or intend to become students of natural history, for which licences no charge shall be made.

“ (f) The establishment of a close time for fishing on all broads during spawning time.

“ (g) The provision of one public staith in each parish abutting on any such river or broad, and for the making and maintaining a public footway therefrom to the nearest public highway.

“ And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.”

This petition which was very numerously signed by members of many fishing clubs and others, and was supported by the Corporations of Norwich and Yarmouth, and was presented by Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P. for Norwich, but on his asking a question in the House as to it, the question was at once shelved by Mr. Asquith, on the pretext that the Commission asked for would be premature pending an enquiry into an application of the River Conservators for an order under the Fresh Water Fisheries Act of 1907, and the matter has been allowed to drop. I need hardly say that the Conservators application only affected the fringe of the subject, but any excuse to shelve an inconvenient subject will serve.

It is a pity that the points raised by the Petition were not fairly met, for its requirements are the very least which the public will accept after the War, when class privileges and unnecessary game preserving will meet with different measures than would have then satisfied the public requirements. To imagine that unnecessary game preserving, involving the waste of labour which will be wanted for more public purposes and irritating the public by the practical closing of rivers will be allowed after the War is inconceivable. Even law abiding Conservatives would

have gone on obeying the letter of the law, but justly kick at aggressive and illegal encroachments chiefly made for the purpose of improving the game and duck shooting of riparian owners.

On the 4th March I lectured at St. Matthew's for the Unemployed Fund, and on the 12th I repeated my lecture (*see ante pp. 153-5*) on "War and Weapons of War," in which I embodied my views as to the certainty of future war with Germany and possible invasion of England, which views have since been proved to be absolutely and painfully correct, though they were very coldly received then, and I was called a croaker and a pessimist.

About this time I also lectured for the Unemployed Fund at a Socialist (?) Hall up St. Stephen's. They had the red flag hanging outside the hall, but I firmly though politely declined to begin until it was hauled down. The subscription was a very poor one, though I had gone very much out of my way to give the lecture.

Almost immediately afterwards my wife was practically in a state of coma, and three of our sons came down to see her. She rallied a little by the 19th, when the bitter bad weather broke a little. I began archery practice late in March, but was too worried to do any good till the 3rd April, when in practice I got a 40 out of 48 for a score of 172 (one dozen for 53!). This was better than I had ever done, but I was shooting ends of six arrows instead of three, which made a considerable difference.

No one came over for the Easter holidays, but I went over to Horning to talk to the Rev. Meadows White (the great organist) as to an alleged infringement of public right at the staithe, but advised him against any litigation.

When walking by Trowse Bridge on 28th April I saw over the bridge a man land a very big bream, the biggest fish I had ever seen taken in the city.

Various official and uninteresting duties as Mayor kept me employed during May.

The first Archery Meeting of the season was at Smallburgh on the 10th, where I shot better, doing 22 and 97, in all 119, which should have been 128, as a gold fell out near the finish.

On the 13th May I had to pay an official visit to Hellesdon Asylum, where, owing to open doors and bitter draughts all over the place (the doctor being quite in touch

with his patients, and a terrible fanatic on the open-air question), I at once caught a violent cold, not improved by a bitter frost on the 15th, which cut down our potatoes and young green fig-tops ruthlessly.

Later on I did 12 and 29, or 44 and 113, in all 157, at Lammas, but was hampered by my Hellesdon cough.

There was a blank Assize on the 23rd (Avory, K.C., was Commissioner), so I got away in time for Smallburgh, but I did no good at the meeting, though next day in practice I did 34 for 152 at 60. No one came down for Whitsun, but next day in practice I did 30 for 150.

On the 14th June was the jovial Mackie's (of the "Chronicle") farewell dinner at the "Maid's Head" Hotel, Dr. Thomson in the chair. Paynton Pigott, next whom I sat, was most amusing.

On the 13th I made 38 hits for 165 at 60, and one dozen for 53 in practice, but neither at Heydon nor at Ferriers' Meeting at Mauthy could I do any good.

On the 21st was practically the only amusing episode of my mayoralty, for the Sheriff and I were asked over (with many other mayors) to the Colchester Pageant. After lunch, at which some members of the Russian Duma distinguished themselves by practically eating with their fingers, and a fat and *passée* English Countess, chiefly known by her pronounced Socialistic views, were present, we walked in procession down the street to the Castle. As no one was there to marshal us, and there was a diffidence among the Mayors of minor places to assert their rights, my Sheriff and I (he resplendent in purple robes) upheld the importance of Norwich by immediately following the Lord Mayors of London and York, though the Mayors of Lynn and Cambridge ought to have preceded us. The pageant itself was far the best I had ever seen, though too long. I sat next to the wife of the man who admirably personated Eudo de Rye, the dapifer and Governor of Colchester, whose impersonation of him certainly flattered the family, for he was a fine upstanding man, and acted well. We went and returned by motor very fast outside our city boundary, stopping for supper at Ipswich. Since then I notice that Dr. J. H. Round, the well-known genealogist and a local man, has been most severe on his criticisms on the "Book of Words," a pretty pamphlet by L. Parker, and which certainly contained very many ridiculous errors.

At the Thurning Meeting I was out of sorts, and never shot worse, and had to walk back carrying impedi-menta to Foulsham, where I was very tired indeed.

The 1st July was bitterly cold, the coldest "summer" day I ever remember. Still unwell, I shot badly at the Smallburgh Meeting, 33 and 75 or 107, but the Saturday after in practice did 35 for 135 at 60 only. At the Narborough Meeting I shot better, doing 28 and 104 or 132, and got on 13 out of my last 15 arrows.

On the 14th July I officially opened the new Sewage Works at Trowse, and received a silver trowel for so doing, the only emolument I ever received during my year of office. I remember that the City Engineer publicly declined to accede to my suggestion that he should drink a tumbler of what he styled the "beautifully clear effluent water."

The next day I attended with the Sheriff the Police Swimming Entertainment at the Swan Baths, which was most amusing, especially an unpremeditated effort caused by an official who forgot he was clothed, though not in his right mind, stepping off the raft.

I had not hitherto attended the Quarter Sessions as the Deputy Recorder had taken on himself in previous years to take precedence of the Mayor in his own Court, but on this being definitely arranged through the Town Clerk (who was as keen as I to set matters right) I did so formally on the 16th July, preceding him into Court, as a precedent.

At Smallburgh on the 19th I shot fairly well with $\frac{6}{18}$ at 80 and $\frac{26}{108}$ at 60 in all 124.

At our annual Lammas meeting 27th July, I shot as well as I had done, viz., 45 and 119, making 164 for the two ranges, and on the Saturday after did 30 for 146 at 60 yards only.

In practice on the 2nd August I was very consistent, doing 33 for 151, and next day 38 for 158, including a 54 dozen, which dozen I repeated two days after, and on the 8th August 35 for 152, and 30 for 152 at 60 again.

On 9th August I went over to Sewell's at Buxton, and tried the little rifle range he had made in his grounds. Later on, when the war began, he went to the expense of another excellent and more convenient range. As far as I was concerned I needn't have gone to the East Bilney Meeting.

On the 13th August was the State Funeral Service to Dean Lefroy in the Cathedral.

The old custom of the Mayor and Sheriff attending the Norwich Swan Upping was, after very many years, revived by Sheriff Howlett and I, who went up in a launch with Bacon, the Master of the Great Hospital, to a gargantuan breakfast of the "uppers," the gamekeepers, and all concerned, at Buckenham Ferry, where Colonel Gilbert and others were there to watch over their private swan rights, the former producing an old swan roll. Bawtree, of the Civil Service, an old athlete, was with him, a man I had not seen for centuries. After averaging 118 for my last 18 practices I thought I might have done some good at the Wood Hill, East Dereham Meeting, but I shot absolutely vilely there, only getting 16 for 64 at 60, or hardly more than half of my practice score.

On the following Saturday at Lammas I did 33 for 144, which included one dozen, all hits for 68, the best dozen I ever did, including three golds, two reds, &c.

On the 30th August, at the Beeston Meeting, I did better, getting 26 for 110 at 60, and a total of 124, the best men's score, and my daughter doing the best ladies' score. In practice next week I got 37 on for 149.

The Annual Port and Haven Outing at Jewson's invitation on 3rd September was amusing and well managed—a special train to Lowestoft and boat on to Beccles, where we fed on the Quay.

At practising at Lammas I did 32 for 140, but at the Norwich Meeting I again shot shamefully, 21 or 60, but I had the consolation that the Grammar School Ground is the trickiest and most unpleasant shooting-ground in the county.

On the 11th September my son, H.G.R., brought down his *fiancée*, a Scotch girl called Marjorie Willox, to whom we all took at once. His shameful conduct in taking her to the palatial buildings of the Norwich Union, and persuading her that that was my private house, before bringing her to my cottage in the same street, was only in accordance with the bad family habit of leg-pulling, of which we are all so foolishly fond.

At the Smallburgh first meeting of the year my daughter and I did very well, she getting first prize in first class and I getting the second class men's prize for

$\frac{4}{18}$ and $\frac{23}{113}$, or 131 in all, besides getting the three best golds, although the umpire only allowed me one prize only (which was immoral!) and most golds (five).*

Later on I went to the opening of the new Port and Haven Offices at Yarmouth, where I think I may say I mastered my nervousness and made a fairly good speech.

At Michaelmas R.H., Miss F., and Mr. D. were at the cottage, and just about then, it having been decided that King Edward VII. was going to pay a visit to Norwich—the first time a King had been there since 1671 (238 years)—I was naturally very busy with the Reception Committee. All this upset me considerably, and I had to call the doctor in on the 20th.

On the 23rd we had a “dress rehearsal” at St. Andrew’s Hall, and my two sons and their wives came down. On the Sunday we had a motor ride round Woodbastwick, Horning Ferry, to the Lammas Cottage, and the King came down by motor on Monday, the 25th.

The Sheriff and I met him at the Cloister Gate, and were presented by the Lord Lieutenant of the County, but as I specially arranged with him he made the presentations privately on behalf of *the city*, and not in the capacity he held in the county. As an antiquary I was naturally jealous of the rights of the city.

The review on Mousehold was extremely well attended, and we then brought the King back to the Drill Hall in Chapel Field to lunch, where I sat just opposite to him. I was struck by the kind way he tried to oblige everybody, including the photographers, and think and hope he was satisfied with his reception. After opening the Hospital he went away, and the Sheriff and I had the privilege of giving the fat Lord Haldane a lift to the Station, impressing on him *en route* that it would be only honest to return to the subscribers or the city the fine site on Mousehold, which they had presented to the nation for a barracks, but which he had decided not to use. This he cheerfully promised should be done at once, and I don’t suppose he has ever given a second thought to the subject.

In the evening the Sheriff and I gave a dinner to the officials and prominent members of the Council in honour

* Next year I did even better, $\frac{13}{38}$ and $\frac{27}{113} = \frac{40}{152}$.

of the occasion, but it was not a great success, for some of the more loquacious of them introduced much speechifying and toast-making, which was not on our programme, and which unduly prolonged the function. As I had been at work since 6 a.m. I was dog-tired and glad to get away. At dinner I was told by one of the guests that he too had been an athlete, and had run in the championship against Elborough. I fear, however, that his memory must have failed him, for immediate and prompt enquiry of old athletes, including Elborough himself, produced no corroboration of the tale, nor any record of his athletic performances.

Next day I had to attend the opening of the Assizes by Mr. Justice Lawrence the "Long," and on the 9th November was unfeignedly glad to withdraw from the irksomeness of office, and to induct Dr. E. E. Blyth, my successor, in the robes of office, which I found a much easier job than my predecessor found to insert my bulky form into them.

During my year of office I may say that I was approached to make application that the title of "Lord Mayor" should be granted to the city, but that I declined to do on the ground that the old plain Mayoralty of Norwich was more honourable than a later-given Lord Mayorship. Next year, however, it was granted, so I have the satisfaction of thinking that I was the last "Mayor" of Norwich.

Knowing my distaste for the possibility of a civic knighthood, which it was rumoured might be conferred, several medical men of the city jumped to the conclusion that history would repeat itself, and that the Mayor of 1908-9 would follow the precedent of the Mayor of 1671, and "earnestly request" that the honour be declined should be conferred on some prominent local doctor, but by the kind offices of some one with the ear of the inner powers nothing of the sort was offered or done. At a medical dinner I suggested that any possible claim which might accrue to me should be the subject of sealed tenders.

I *did* press for the confirmation of the right of the city to use supporters, but the unknown tin god who sits in a cave at the Home Office to settle other people's petitions struck out the clause asking for it (I consider most improperly and unconstitutionally) from my address to the King.



WALTER RYE, 1908.

The portrait on the other side shows me as I appeared during my Mayoralty. I know it hurt the finer feelings of the Town Clerk that I would not assume the frock coat and tall hat which he thought was the orthodox garb of a Mayor—not even when the King came—but I rather scored against him when I was able to point out that no less a person than Lord Derby wore precisely the garb to which I adhered! *

Being now free of the city, though I was never formally made a freeman of it (though an old case has decided that a man's selection as Mayor *ipso facto* makes him one), I was able to go back to the country in peace, and on the 17th attended a very good entertainment for the benefit of Sloley Church, which was held at Horstead, and in which the parson of that place, and Dr. Wright of Coltishall, were extremely funny. The rest of the year was uneventful, broken only by a visit to London to Professor Voelcker, the well-known analyst and old athlete, to attend the annual dinner of the London Athletic Club on the 2nd December, at which Lord Alverstone (the Dick Webster of the past), himself a fine runner, was in the chair. His amusing and reiterated reference to the "admirable Mr. Puttick" was very funny.

Next day I railed to see my old sisters at Hemel Hempstead, and on the 4th strolled down to Putney looking at (or rather for) old haunts, and took a cab up to Roehampton to see the Annual Oxford and Cambridge Cross Country Race held over our T.H.H. Course. Incidentally attending were some young friends (one of Suffragist tendencies) who broke the *meringue* record. I went to the dinner (we gave this annually), my son, F.G.R., being in the chair, and speaking quite well.

The rest of the year was uneventful. The Rev. F. Lillingstone having died, it was thought it would be a good idea to commemorate his memory by printing the history he had begun on Sall, and Mr. Woolmer Wright (Sheriff 1915) came over to see me about it, and would have paid for its printing, but on going into the matter it was found that he had literally only "begun" it, and I had to decline the enormous labour of doing it on the same

* A caricature sketch of me in a pot hat appeared in "Daylight Annual" for 1909, and other caricatures in the issues for 1908, 1910, 1912, and 1913.

scale as I had done at Cawston. Finishing another man's work is bad enough, as I had found with Sir F. Bateman's "History of the Bethel Hospital," but "finishing" all but the title-page and table of contents was too big a job.

On Christmas Day I had the privilege of presenting the banner to the boys of the Red House at Buxton, who had at my request gone over to Mousehold Heath to welcome Edward VII., who specially noticed their smartness and the volume of heartiness they threw into their cheers, and on the same day I was kindly pitied and dined at Hautbois Hall, none of my people turning up, preferring to stay in Norwich and coming in by motor on the Monday to our annual "swan" feast.

During the year I was naturally too busy to print anything except my Report on the Mayor's Unemployed Fund, a report which my predecessors had not thought it worth their while to print, or my successors to continue.

On the 3rd January, 1910, my old athletic and artistic friend, W. W. Ball, who was staying with Mr. Tomes, at Mannington Hall, motored over to lunch at Lammas. I had not seen him for about 20 years, and he was hardly altered. My stomach, which has ever been my weak spot, was troubling me much about this time and I fainted at Surrey Street. On the 15th, M.M.R. had a bad fall at the Skating Rink and hurt her ankle severely, crippling her for a long while.

A.L.R. came down to arrange some business, and his wife came with him. I voted at the General Election on 17th, 19th and 21st at Norwich, Dereham, and Coltishall, catching a severe cold in the snow on the last journey, and was laid up at Norwich for four days with stomach complaint. Influenza developed on the 20th, and kept me in bed for several days, so I could not give my lecture on "Evelyn's Diary" to the Woodpeckers, and it was read for me by A. Howlett.

This spring was a very dull, miserable one for all of us. F.G.R. came down on the 27th March to see his mother, and we went over to Horning Ferry to lunch, where we saw some of the most objectionable music hall cadets and their women either of us had seen before. I had my first trike ride this year on the 8th April, but only to Aylsham. By this time we had become so uncomfortable at Norwich, chiefly owing to the incessant rowdyism and

piano playing of servants at all hours, who had been placed in the Girls' Friendly Society opposite by an incompetent committee, that we determined to move bodily to Lammas, and abandon the little home in Surrey Street, on which I had spent a very large amount to try to secure a quiet home for myself and my wife. I had hoped the change of air and perfect rest in the country might have pulled her round, for she had shown marvellous recuperative power, and my daughter and the doctors motored her over on the 16th April. Unhappily the change had come too late, and on my returning from a ride on Friday, the 6th May, I found she was very bad indeed. I cycled on to Dr. Wright at Coltishall, and he motored over instantly, but found her in a state of collapse and gave us no hope. The next day he reported her as failing very fast. In the evening she just knew me and my daughter Bessy, who was her favourite, but passed away at one o'clock in the early morning of Sunday, the 8th. All my sons who were in England attended her funeral at Lammas churchyard on the 11th, and on the 13th two of my daughters left me. Hubert and his wife and Gilly stayed with me for a few days.

On Friday, the 20th, I attended the memorial service to Edward VII. at Lammas on a very hot muggy day. By the 23rd, having been picked up by strychnine and quinine tabloids, I got comparatively well and cycled over to Aylsham, getting the six miles home in 31 minutes, and on the 27th rode to see Swannington, back by Cawston and Aylsham, about $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the longest I had done for many months, and again on the 2nd June round by North Walsham, Witton, Mundesley (the Clarence an empty wreck), covering 27 miles. On the 11th I found I could shoot a little, doing 22 for 106.

On 21st June, the longest day, I had a long ride of about 26 miles to Hickling, where I had a pleasant sail with H.B. on the Broad, but was very tired and slow returning over bad roads.

On the 23rd I drove over to Cossey Hall to see the MSS. there, but though it is a big place most of the things of interest, books and pictures, had gone, and the new work rather reminded me of Strawberry Hill and there were no MSS. of any value.

On Monday, 24th, I suddenly showed greatly improved archery form with a light bow, getting a 31 for 137 at 60,

my last two dozen being 44 and 38 at 82. I practised assiduously all the summer, but as usual did no good at public meetings, though in private I shot well, *e.g.*, 8th July getting a consecutive dozen on and doing 30 for 128 (43 for one dozen) and 38 for 128. A new self yew bow came down from Fergie, and reached the 80 well, for I got 7.7 at the first end, but it was its swan song, for it flew to bits the next end. Why, neither Fergie nor I could tell.

On the 12th I went by early train to North Elmham, was shown the ruins by the Rev. Townsend, but walking on to Billingford meeting did no good. The new day, however, in practice I got up to 33 hits for 139. R.H. came down on the 14th, and I got 35 for 121. We went over Brampton Hall, but there was nothing left of the old fittings or glass. On the 17th we went with R.G.W.P. to see his Roman trackway at Hevingham, to the Smallburgh meeting, where I shot if possible worse than ever.

D.M.R. also joined, but both of us had gouty feet and were not agreeable companions! On the 30th, I met Miss A. Rackham at Norwich. I had not seen her for many years, and the same day Kitty had a motor spill with Miss Nash at North Walsham, having to be brought back in a cart.

Just about now dreading like many others the confiscating legislation of Lloyd George, I sold my old cottages and half my orchard at Lammas by auction for £262 10s. od., and the Horning Cottages for £235, which was not so bad as I feared. R.J.W.P. put me up for the Wood Norton meeting where I did a little better $\frac{6}{36}$ and $\frac{23}{71}$ or a total of 107. Later on in practice I did 29 for 138 at 60 only.

At the Swanton Morley meeting I did $\frac{8}{26}$ and $\frac{25}{117}$, total 143, the best I had done in public for a long while, but fell away, and for the rest of the year was as incompetent as ever, till at Smallburgh I did $\frac{13}{89}$ and $\frac{27}{113}$ or 152 in all.

On the 22nd, I went round the walls of Norwich with the Science Gossip Club, but was very gouty, as was R.J.W.P., and we were glad enough to sit down for a few moments at B.H.'s, though almost poisoned with his potables! My grandson, Tony, had been stopping at Lammas with us.

On the 30th, I made a feeble attempt to continue my time-honoured coast ride beginning by cycling to Felming-

ham, and training to Hillington and then riding on to Lynn, very tired, very slow and very saddle sore.

Next day I cycled over to South Wootton to Red Smith's, who had accepted a berth under the Valuation Act, but on the Sunday I was too "done" to cycle, so motored by Docking to Hunstanton, where I slept (?) at Beloe's, but the wind was so high that I hardly closed my eyes. Luckily on the 3rd the wind was a strong rear one, and I never got out of my saddle till I reached Wells (17 miles). In the afternoon I took the train to see the ruins of Walsingham, a very slow and sleepy but quaint village. I slept at the "Crown" at Wells, and the next day cycled over to Cromer (23½ miles) and trained to North Walsham, sleeping at the "King's Head," and home next day very tired after a magnificent performance of about 60 miles in five days. *Quantum mutatus!*

All this autumn we were persecuted by having to fill up an immense number of Land Revenue Returns, and when I left five bundles of them at the Tomblaud Office there was no one there to receive them!

In the genial company of R.J.W.P., Daniels of Neatishead and the local antiquary, Clarke of Stalham, I had a better cycle ride, calling on the Rev. M. Bird, of Brunstead, and so on to Palling, where we tried to feed on prehistoric food but failed, and then went on to Waxham Old Hall, the most melancholy and deserted place I ever saw, and did not do much better at the "Swan" at Stalham, where we slept. He went home by rail, but I kept on over very soft roads by Sco' Ruston, Bacton (where it came on to rain), Paston, Edingthorpe, and North Walsham, where (wet through) I lunched at the "King's Head" and came home dog-tired.

My nectarines, &c., were planted (from Morse's) at Lammas on the 12th October, but I got no fruit off them to speak of till 1914.

This month my son Gilly, who was starting for Sydney by the "Norseman" to try his luck abroad, came to say good-bye. I parted with him with regret, and my entry in my diary was, "A good boy, and one of the three of my children who never said an unkind word to their father."

Still feeling very unwell I had a long consultation with Dr. Starling as to my heart and constipation, and was

greatly reassured by his reporting my heart sound and nothing the matter with me, for I had feared my old sister's fate.

The rest of the year was uneventful, except for a further investigation of the Hevingham roadway, and that we panelled our drawing-room. I voted for Dyson (Will Workman) at Norwich on the 5th, and at East Dereham on the 8th, and on the 14th at Coltishall for Meyer.

A thorough investigation of the Hevingham Road in the pouring rain on the 15th gave me such a feverish cold that I was in the doctor's hands from the 16th to 23rd. At Christmas A.L.R. and his wife, and H.G.R. and his wife, and an athletic (old T.H.H.) man came down for Christmas, but I never lost my cold that year, and ended a most miserable year very wretchedly. This was indeed the worst year of my life in many ways.

This year I published a long folio Calendar of Deeds enrolled at Norwich from 1377 to 1504, and indexes to the two Docquet Books of Norwich Deeds, which practically follows on and take the references down to comparatively recent times, and added a revised edition of the Index Rerum, &c., to Hudson and Tingay's Catalogue, which was a very bad and imperfect one.

In January, 1911, I was the victim of a most unjust decision under the Norwich Local Act as to some property of mine at Norwich. The power given to the city officials under this iniquitous Act is enormous, and how it slipped through the House of Commons is inexplicable. In this case I was held liable for a large share of the paving and draining a yard solely because an adjoining property belonging to me (the main and only used entrance to which was in another street) had a narrow doorway, now never used, opening on to it. To have charged a proportion of the cost calculated on my frontage on the yard would have been all very well, but this was outrageous.

During the month I was still very seedy, in fact, a short walk round Meyton Bridge and Buxton tired me so thoroughly that I had to sit down and rest by Buxton Mill, and I bought a light single brougham to take me to and from the station.

On the 15th February I made a visit to the old "Spa" at Aylsham with Purdy, to whom its site belonged. The

bitter water is extremely local, for another well close by is quite sweet, but the bitterness of the other is so excessive that it ought to be worth thousands to any speculative exploiter of health.

Going over to lunch with my daughter at W.E.N.'s at Foulsham on the 23rd February, he met us in his motor, but after lunch it stuck firmly and absolutely declined to move, and we had to get a dog-cart to take us from Foulsham to Reepham, and a short, dangerous, and unpleasant ride over sticks and stones and heaps of road material we had in the dark.

The month was noticeable to me for the very sad suicide of my old athletic acquaintance, J. E. Balls, as to which I felt it my duty to write the following letter to the local press:—

“Sir—It is, of course, unnecessary to tell those who knew him personally what absolute hallucinations are the self-accusations contained in the pathetic letter he wrote just before he came to his sad end, but I should like to put on record for the information of those who only knew him by name that, so far from his not being worthy of regard, and from his having gone from bad to worse, no one ever lived a more blameless, worthy, and estimable life—busy in all things in which an active man ought to take an interest.

I knew him first 45 years ago, when we competed against one another at the meeting of the National Olympic Association, at which he won a medal of which he was justly proud, and which he always wore at the annual sports of the Norwich Grammar School, at which he regularly acted as judge.

A good gymnast and high jumper, he was one of the first noticeable Norwich athletes, and until the very last day of his life I should have said he was a grand example of one who kept a sound mind in a sound body. But the after effects of influenza affected him as they have affected others with the lamentable result, and many regret as much as I do.”

When I wrote this I never expected to have to undergo the same horrible desire to commit suicide after influenza, to which so many have given way. Besides Archer, the jockey, and Walford D. Selby the antiquary, many I know have lost their lives through post-influenza delusions. My own private delusion in 1915, was that a cold and clammy corpse came into my bed every night, insisted it was my business to warm him and as an alternative suggested that suicide with prussic acid was the only way out of the difficulty. Luckily I had none of that fluid in the house!

Another very unpleasant affair about this time was what happened to our librarian at the Public Library, who tendered his resignation on the 1st March, owing to the long continued, and at last fatal illness of his wife, rendering him incapable of fulfilling the duties of his position.

They were a most devoted couple, and we all liked them greatly, and they often came down to Lammas. He came to Norwich as an able and well-skilled assistant, and subsequently succeeded his chief, an untrained man, who had been appointed in the bad old days, and had no qualification except an untiring desire to do his duty in a position he was not fit to fill.

I did not begin to cycle till the 5th March, and then only for short distances and most of my journeys were by railway, *e.g.*, one to see the great landslip at Cromer on the 7th.

The spring was bitterly cold, and my rheumatism most unpleasant. I tried massage but don't think it did me as much good as wood sawing. On the 25th March, I sold Anguish's house on Tombland, a very old interesting place. It was at one time my idea to have lived in it, and I spent, as usual, a lot of money in putting up a replica of the old oak door there and a wrought iron grill before I bought St. Leonard's Priory.

I visited and wrote an account of Hempstead Manor House, but there was little interesting in the place except the curious Gothic arcading of three arches, which I fancied might have been a fragment of the adjacent priory.

On the 31st March to 3rd June I was up in London on business and took the opportunity of re-visiting Simpson's. I didn't go to the Oxford and Cambridge boat race on the first, but went instead to the Tower of London to see the old bow staves in the Armoury, and looked in at A.R.B., who had just moved into Cavendish Square, and then on to the South Kensington Museum to meet H.G.R. and his wife. After going over the mediæval things I became very tired, hot and foot sore, and after dining them at "Slater's," as we could not get in at any more pretentious place, I went on to sleep at my old partner's in Kensington Crescent. It was very wet all the next day, but we went down to Hampton Court by taxi with J.B.R. to see the most interesting bridge over the moat recently uncovered there, and afterwards to an excellent lunch (just missing

the lampreys which were plentiful the Sunday before) at the "Mitre."

All the spring was bitterly cold—a bitter blizzard and snow on the 5th April being specially miserable. I got the targets up on the 11th April, but didn't shoot for some time, not until the 1st May, when I tried to teach my daughter Kitty to shoot at 50.

The selection of the new Librarian of the Norwich Public Library was a very laborious job for the Sub-Committee, of which I was one, as there were over 100 applications, but we eventually hit on the right man, Mr. Geo. A. Stephen, a trained and certificated librarian, who has done wonders for us since in the re-organisation of the Library.

On the 11th and 12th Purdy and I had a pleasant little outing to Lynn and Boston ("Boston Stump"), and its height and beauty impressed us immensely, as there is nothing like it in Norfolk, and we found the "Peacock" a dingy but comfortable house, with good food and super-excellent port. The Church is simply magnificent, but the town itself is very ugly and most uninteresting.

On the 16th I went over the "Abbot's Hall" at Aylsham, owned by Mr. P. Shephard, and the ruins, or rather site, of Ingworth Castle, but the spring brought to me a series of bad colds, and when the archery season began on the 22nd May I was so weak I could not send the arrows up even to the 60.

On the Tuesday I had been using the "Pultogen" or clever American (?) vibratory machine, which loosened my muscles a bit, for I had a good ride by Crostwick, Rackheath, to Woodbastwick and Horning Ferry, the best ride I had had for a long while.

On the 26th I put up several houses in Norwich for sale by auction, but there were no bidders for them, or anything else put up. The Radical tactics had frightened away all buyers, as indeed they were probably meant to do.

Our Archery meeting at Lammas went off very well, but not for me. On 31st May, I went over Caister Camp, the largest Roman Camp in England, at the invitation of the owner, the Rev. John Warren Corbould-Warren, who would feel inclined to allow excavations, *if* the tenant were compensated, *if* all expenses were paid, and *if* all the

results were handed to him, all of which conditions were of course impossible, for the deep spade digging of 40 acres would alone have cost a fortune.

All this summer I was trying (and failing) to shoot. On the 7th June I met Mrs. Lyon-Campbell, the daughter of Lowe of Colchester, the great Roman antiquary, at a garden party at Aylsham.

At the East Dereham meeting at Scarning Grange, I only got as far as the 80 target with my last shot, but curiously enough did fairly well at 60, getting most golds (5) and 3rd gold sweep.

D.M.R. came down for a few days in June but we were both very gouty and foot-sore, and my experience up the "Great Wheel" at Yarmouth was a nauseating one.

Just as I had shot respectably at 80 at the Smallburgh meeting, a pouring rain set in and spoiled what little chance I had.

Coronation day at Lammas on the 2nd July was rather amusing, especially the helping at the dinner, the rural sports and the stately dancing to a dulcimer. Afterwards I rode up to Skeyton Hill to see the Norwich Bonfire, but only a small glow was visible.

Possibly the letter I wrote to the "Daily Press" on the threatened confiscation by Lloyd George may be worth reproducing here, as I fancy it puts the situation fairly clearly :—

To the Editor.

SIR,—The proposition that landlords should, while remaining liable for rates, taxes, and repairs, and in many cases to mortgage interests, be unable to collect any rent for a lengthened period, is so grossly unfair that I can hardly believe that even the present Government will be able to make it into law.

For the first time in English history the owner of house property is marked out for plunder solely because he has been foolish enough to invest his capital in houses instead of other securities.

If it were suggested that the butcher or the baker, who has hitherto supplied the out-of-work labourer, should be compelled to continue serving him for nothing for the best part of a year, the absurdity would be so self-evident that it would be howled down.

But just because one investor deals in bricks and mortar and the other in beef or bread, he is to suffer and the other go free.

Of course, the proposition is really the thin end of the wedge, by which all separate property in houses and lands is to be abolished. How seriously it and the other policy of the

Government is injuring the nation is shown by the fact that distrust is so great that there is just now literally no market for house property. The result will be absolute ruin to the small house property owner, especially if he is unlucky enough to have bought subject to a mortgage.

The Buxton pageant next day was rather good, and I was unconsciously snap-shotted on my machine, the result being an excellent likeness.

Professor Voeleker came down for a day or two but returned from Worstead on the Sunday.

On the 6th July, I had the longest ride I had had for a long while, about 30 miles through Aylsham and Bacons-thorpe to Holt, then railed to Attlebridge, and called at Norgate's and so home by bad field roads by Swannington to Felthorpe.

Then the Norwich Archæological Society's Excursion this year was by Elmham, Harleston (Swan). I had breakfast with R.J.W.P. at Thorpe Station, and supper at the same place on our way back, a very hot, tiring day. On the 16th I managed to get 24 on for 88, the best I had done this year!

On the 18th July, my eldest daughter, tired of home life, took up a berth at Constantinople, and the same day I reached 26 hits for 100. The 21st July is said to have been the hottest day felt in Norwich for 30 years; it certainly was hot enough to spoil our dinner which went putrid.

On the 25th I shot a little, but only a very little, better than the Yarrow meeting, getting 92 for the round only. I slept at R.J.W.P.'s, the next morning he drove Daniels and me in a wagonette through Holt and Beeston Priory, to Cley, where we lunched. All the end of July it kept extremely hot.

On the 4th of August, I motored with Clarke, Halls, and their wives round Swanton Fen, where they botanized, and so on to Wroxham.

The Billingford meeting on the 8th August was chiefly noticeable for a plague of wasps. I cycled over to Elmham in the morning and breakfasted at the old public house, and after the meeting I rather astonished G.J. by bustling him up as far as Foulsham on his bike, riding back in all 25 miles. Wednesday, 9th, was reported in the papers as being the hottest day for a century. R.H. was over, and this hot weather ceased on the 19th with a very welcome rain storm.

My daughters having left me, I went up to London to find a competent housekeeper, and eventually succeeded on the 24th August in securing a Scotch lady of great ability.

Something I ate in the train (I think a stale Bath bun) upset me extremely, for I was down with fearful stomach pains for eight days, and ultimately had to bring Dr. Starling from Norwich to cure me.

On the 7th September we had to part with our dear bull dog, "Diana," for she was getting savage. She was (to us) a most affectionate dog but not popular locally.

The week ending 8th September was said to be the hottest for September ever recorded, 91.2 being registered in Norwich.

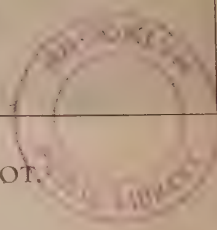
Bessy, the last of my daughters, left me on 10th September, I parting with her at Worstead Station. Miss Darling, my housekeeper, came to fill their places on 12th September.

On the 19th September, R.H., who was staying with us, and I drove over Walcot gap, and picniced on the sands, and after looking in at Crostwight Church, we came back, Purdy joining us and the parson for whist in the evening. The next day we all three of us went investigating at North Elmham, and R.H. agreed to write the masterly paper he afterwards published in the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society's Transactions which I think, I may say, finally knocked on the head the heresies of Harrod and St. John Hope as to South Elmham ever having been the seat of the Bishopric. We also investigated the site of the ford, which ought to be on the line of the Roman road as laid out by Purdy. Next day we were at Lowestoft studying the erosions caused by the G.E.R. pier, on which curiously enough we met D.M.R. Another long drive on the 22nd was to inspect the excellent restorations of Cawston and Sall, and the terrible Gothic travesty perpetrated by Elwin at Booton.

During the end of September I made another attempt to bring off my annual sea-coast ride, riding to Felmingham and then railing to Rainham Park, but lost my way getting to East Rudham, where I failed to find the ghostly parson at home, and rode on against a very high west wind through Massingham to Lynn. On Friday I looked at the Carnegie Public Library, but found it a very poor affair, and



AN UNCONSCIOUS SNAP-SHOT.



the collection of local books ridiculously small, and then rode over to South Wootton Hall, where I found the garden greatly improved, and a new and nice baby, and a still nicer bull dog appropriately named "Budget."

In absolutely pouring rain I rode on the next day through a very high north wind (the wind had changed since the day before) to Snettisham, where I had an excellent lunch at the "Compasses," an old-fashioned and comfortable inn. Turning east the wind was so high by Sedgeford and Docking (the latter place belied its name extremely, for it was emphatically not "Dry Docking" at all), and blew straight across the road, that while my legs were comparatively dry the upper part of my body was absolutely wet through. That night I slept at Stanhoe Hall, where I was hospitably received by Mr. N. Jodrell and his wife, after having to pick my way among trees blown down across the road. It was the highest and most blustering wind I had ever been out in, and during dinner an enormous elm came swishing down close to the window.

I never was much in favour of motors in bad weather, and when I was taken out in a little open De Dion car at a racing pace through a very high gale and bitterly cold wind to Holme to see Mr. Thomas Nelson (the real head of the Nelson family) I did not appreciate the visit half as much as I have done since in milder weather. However, the run of a fine library that night assuaged me greatly.

It would have been ridiculous to have persevered on the coast ride under such circumstances, so I made my way home by tedious railing by Burnham, Wells, Fakenham, to Norwich, and abandoned the journey.

All the year I was very busy with my Norfolk Families, getting my rough drafts typed. The wet and wind kept on nearly all the winter. I, more or less, cured myself of my stomach trouble first by taking Burgundy and then by almost total abstinence.

After lunch on the 23rd November I rode over to South Walsham—the Church with the two towers—and lent the parson there a book on heraldry, and with him called on Major Jary, a fine specimen of the old-fashioned squire, an old officer who had seen much service in the East, and though then 81 was as active as a kitten. He did not die till 1915. He was the only one of the Norfolk "broadowners" whose title I should not have cared to fight, for I found

evidence (whether he knew of it or not I can't say) which seems to support it. My ride back was one of the wettest and darkest I ever had, for it was pitch dark, and as I covered 26 miles after lunch I began to think I was pulling round again, and not booked for death just yet.

At the request of the Public Library Committee I went up the next week to London and attended the sale of Dr. Jessopp's MSS., &c., at Sotheby's, to bid on their behalf for several lots. Some of these, however, we had to return afterwards to the rightful owners, as his memory as to borrowed MSS. was very bad. While in London I also looked at the British Museum Map collection, and found it was hopelessly inferior as to Norfolk maps to that in our own Norwich Public Library. I went to Acle by train to stay with Dr. Back, and the next day drove over with him to Upton to see the plans of the proposed restoration by the Rev. W. D. Boycott, of the Norman tower of his Church. I knew Upton fairly well already, for some years before I had written an introduction, etc., to the Rev. Oakley Hill's history of this parish. On Saturday Dr. Back came back with me to Lammas, and I showed him round Oxnead.

On the 18th I went with Prince F. Duleep Singh to see the proposed restoration of Overstrand Church, to which he personally was very averse, but I think he was talked round after lunch at Lady Battersea's; anyhow the subsequent restoration was a great success, much helped by the late Sir Samuel Hoare.

On the 30th, as our new Librarian was desirous of making the Public Library more attractive, I presented seven of my best MSS., including Friar Brackley's Armory, Le Neve's illustrated Pedigree Collection, the early "Pirate" Map, &c., for which the Committee provided a show case.

H.G.R. and his wife came down for Christmas, our reduced ranks causing us to substitute a turkey for the accustomed swan.

On the 31st I cycled over to T.B.L.'s at Horsford to lunch, but the roads were very bad, and I was thoroughly leg weary when I got home.

During the year I took 47 long rides, but did not do anything at all noteworthy at archery.

The only work I published this year was part of my "Norfolk Families," which gave me immense trouble.

During a very cold spring in 1912 I was busy (*i.a.*) in preparing for the press, in conjunction with Mr. Hamon le Strange, F.S.A., a very interesting MS., being the original address presented by Norfolk men to General Monck, which I had bought for the Public Library at a London Auction where it had been wrongly described as an address to Cromwell. The book was published in 1913, with the title, "An Address from the Gentry of Norfolk and Norwich to General Monck in 1660."

This tried my eyes, but Dr. Johnson Taylor again told me they were abnormally good and sound, and only wanted rest.

All this spring I was much troubled with a cold and with persistent stomach trouble. Investigation of the very interesting pit at Burgh took some time, and I saw the yellow wild tulip for the first time at Gunton, and having obtained bulbs acclimatized it at Lammas.

In March Dr. Jessopp's mind having practically given way he came up to Norwich, and I saw him there twice, for he was worrying immensely without reason as to his circumstances and his will. To comfort him I offered, to his great satisfaction, to act as his "supervisor," an office which I need hardly say has long been obsolete, but which he remembered from his study of old wills. Somewhere there may still exist a most formidable and formal document which I drew up, stamped with an impressed Inland Revenue stamp, and all the stray seals I could find, and attested by a Commissioner to administer oaths (an old Norwich Grammar School pupil of the Doctor's) assenting to act, and I believe it was a great comfort to him during the remainder of his life. I mention this lest hundreds of years after it may come to light and be used as evidence of *my* insanity.

On the 1st March my old friend, W. Y. Winthrop, died at Huerta Emilia, Porto Rico, where he had been for some years planting. He had just before written me that he was as strong as ever. A good but harum scarum giant, and an excellent companion.

During March I cycled a little and began archery again, but shot very badly, as might have been expected from my suffering greatly with lumbago. I am bound to admit that a quack remedy, the pultogen, did me considerable good, and I don't in fact know why I should call it a

quack remedy, for in every village there used to be a "tapper" for rheumatism, etc.

On the 11th April Dr. Jessopp motored over to see me at Lammas, and I think this was the last time I saw him. Soon after I got to shoot a little better, 20 at 60 for 100. The 21st April was the first fine day of the year, and I shot one good dozen of 9 hits for 41.

On 2nd May I rode by Acle, lunching at Dr. Back's, and back by the main Yarmouth road almost to Norwich, then catching the train, about 30 miles. D.M.R. came down for a few days in May and on the 10th I rode back from Aylsham just inside 30 minutes for 5 miles, which was my last respectable performance, I then being in my 69th year.

I inspected the roof of Cawston Church then being restored, but gout in my knees and ankles made my progress up the ladders, and along the platforms to the roof, very unpleasant and creepy work.

Gout in my fingers practically stopped my archery, but on 27th I did a very good *half* dozen of 9.1.9.5.5. and 1, 6 hits for 29. My finger was still very bad at our archery meeting here, at which Mrs. Hales shot marvellously well, scoring 327.

The 6th June was the opening of the "Greenland Fishery" Museum at Lynn, where I met F.G.R. and H.G.R., but it was not much of a success. On the 8th we had the Pre-historic Society at Lammas, after a visit to Burgh Pits.

On the 13th I got 25 on at 60 for 127 in practice. On the 20th I shot vilely at the Yarrow meeting, and was so tired that both Purdy and I slept through the big fire at Foulsham which destroyed a windmill there within a few yards of our bedrooms.

On the 25th R.H. came down, next day we investigated certain mysterious Roman discoveries at Norwich. Next day I saw four humming bird hawk moths at one time on the valerian on my gate. On the 29th I shot better than I had done for a long while, viz., 30 hits at 60 for 134, but as usual in public was no use at all. On the 17th, 18th, and 19th, I was at Mr. le Strange's at Hunstanton where I had an interesting time in his record room, and greatly admired his moat and old world garden, the fine tapestry, etc.

At the end of July I went up to London for some Record Office searches, and stayed at my son, H.G.R.'s, but found the noise of motor cars late at night intolerable. Lunched at Simpson's as usual, called at the office, and inspected the Royal Academy, which seemed to me to get worse yearly.

Next day by motor bus to Edgeware and walked over to the Hale. After a long wait at Mill Hill I went with H.G.R. and his wife to Earl's Court and saw the model of the "Revenge" and the Elizabethan theatre, where I insisted on being a "groundling" on a stool.

On the 3rd August A.L.R. and Mabel came, and we went to Horning Ferry to lunch, and Smallburgh to the Archery, where I revenged myself on A.L.R. for his fluky win the time before.

On August 10th I cycled over to Norwich, had lunch at H.B.'s, and rode on to Tasburgh. Next day I lost my way by Ashwellthorpe and Wymondham, and on to Hingham where I lunched at the "White Hart," and on to Watton, where I slept at the "Crown." On Monday I rode on to Swaffham, where my machine went wrong, but old Plowright kindly saw to it. Taking the wrong turn by Narford I kept on a rough old road till I joined the old main road to Narborough and so on to Lynn.

Tuesday rode over by Sandringham to Hunstanton, and by coast over 2 miles of new tarred road (unique experience) at Thornham, and on to Wells, where I slept at the "Crown."

On Wednesday my machine broke down after a mile or so, and I spent an unhappy day at a muddling old smith's, not getting off till 4.20, and so on by coast to Kelling and Holt by a very hilly road uphill, over heath, and was very tired.

Thursday I came back by Bodham, Gresham, Bassingham, Aldborough Green, and Erpingham to Aylsham and so home.

This was the last, I think, of my coast rides. About this time my old friend C. W. H. Dicker was killed in a cycle accident.

On 23rd August it was so cold we had to have a fire, and on the 26th was a record rainfall, my garden being a pool, though standing high over the river.

Tuesday, the 27th August, was the Great Norfolk Flood, far worse than that of 1858. Owing to the neglect

of the Buxton miller in not opening the gates Buxton bridge was carried away, the water flooding the "Anchor of Hope," and escaping behind it brought down debris which long blocked the channel by the railway bridge, and carried away many houses and the bridge at Coltishall. Drowned fowls were common and only fetched one shilling each, the natives objecting to eat them because they had not been intentionally killed! I did not share their views!

I drove out to see the mischief which was very great, and on the Wednesday only just got over Mayton Bridge (where an old sow had floated down and been caught in the wires) and into Norwich, where we found immense damage done to my waterside houses. Magdalen Street was a river through which flat carts earned ransom. All post letters and papers ceased to be delivered at Lammas for some days, as the waters were running like a raging torrent and brought down great lumps of peat, etc., with it. Eventually (after many days) a temporary plank bridge was made to the Mill over the fields, but the broken road was not filled up till Mr. Sewell liberally gave the earth to do so (in the hole whence it was removed the new schoolmaster's house was built) but I doubt if it will last if another similar flood comes.

The next few days I devoted to sight seeing, and had a drive on Thursday to North Walsham, having to go into fields and several places to avoid trees blown down across the road.

Saturday I drove by Mayton Bridge round Buxton and Aylsham, the bridge by the "Fox" being temporarily mended, but had to come round back by Banningham as the King's Beck bridge was down. On the Sunday we had a weird drive mostly through water to Ludham, and on to Potter Heigham, the two old bridges standing nobly. The country by St. Benet's showed a wide lake with the Abbey as an island. The valley of the Bure showed exactly how it must have looked 800 years ago. We worked round to Horning Ferry and just reached it, and were served with tea out of the bedroom windows.

Next day I heard that my St. George Bridge property had fallen into the river.

My eldest daughter, tired of the monotonous life of the country, had gone as a governess to Constantinople, and now my second daughter decided to join her there. She left me

on the 28th September, and on the 30th of October left England.

In October I went to London on business, and took a day off to Selborne, and thence to see a fine old house at Petersfield, which my third son had bought.

The Norwich flood caused me a considerable loss, for having at first offered to give the Corporation the dangerous corner at St. George's Bridge, to widen the river, I was induced to sell them all my river frontage at a very low price, so as to prevent a possible litigation as to my suggested liability to rebuild the washed away river bank along my water frontages. I felt convinced that I could have resisted this, if only on the precedent of what was done some hundreds of years before, when so much of the bank was destroyed by the great fire, but I had by this time lost my old taste for expensive litigation, and especially when I should practically have been fighting a Corporation which was safe to get the costs in any event out of me and the other ratepayers!

I was very seedy all the autumn but was pushing on with "Norfolk Families" of which I left the MS. to end of R on 23rd of November, for I had an unpleasant, though unfounded, presentiment I might not live to finish it.

On 27th I went to a notable clever entertainment, "Maidens in Mars," acted at Aylsham, written by Anderson, the grandson of Clare S. Read, in which Hales, jun., acted extraordinarily well. Hubert and his wife and Kitty came down for Christmas, which was a very dismal one.

In spite of depression and illness I had managed to have 54 long cycle rides during the year.

During this year I only issued parts of my Norfolk Families.

By the 4th of January, 1913, I had finished the Monck book previously referred to, and left the copy at Jarrold's.

The spring was bitterly cold, and I far from well, and I continually got dog-tired for no apparent reason. On the 2nd of March I rode as far as Horning Ferry to lunch and back, but was very tired returning, and again to North Walsham and back on the 9th. In the middle of March much stomach trouble, and I fancy a slight touch of influenza. On the 27th I drove over to Catton and saw an aeroplane for the first time, for all the world like a dragon-fly, working very low, under the telegraph wires!

On the 9th of April I shot a little better, 27 for 108. The weather was bitterly cold. On the 15th I did 24 for 78, which was four hits better than that which I made in the score of 134 last year. Bismuth and magnesia tabloids did me good, and on the 9th May I made a decent score, 25 for 113.

On the 14th of May I tried another longish three days' ride from Felmingham to Cromer and on to Holt, where I slept. Next day by Melton to Wood Norton (when I met Norris and daughter by accident) and on to sleep at Purdy's. Next day he rode with me as far as Reepham and Sall. All the summer I shot very badly in public.

On the 25th to 28th I had my last long ride, railing to Bishop's Stortford and on to Hertford, where I slept (?) at the "Salisbury Arms," the new church chimes being a great nuisance and keeping me awake. Next day I went over what was left of Hertford Castle and on to St. Alban's, where a good lunch at the "Peahen" (the waiters bitterly complaining of the place being spoiled by the new London motor busses) and on by Liverstoke Green and Hemel Hempstead, where I slept at my sister's.

On the 22nd I went on by Box Moor, pushing up a frightful hill by Borringdon and creeping down a worse one to Chesham, to Amersham (market day), lunch at an old-fashioned inn beyond, and by Beaconsfield down another big hill to Woburn, and in error by Little Marlow to Marlow, where I slept at the "Crown."

On the 23rd I came back to Woburn, and on by Cookham to Maidenhead, Boulter's Lock, across the river to Bray, round by Old Windsor to Egham, a good lunch at Stone's, "Anglers' Rest" (where I unearthed some fine still champagne and sent some to Purdy), and so on by Chertsey Bridge, by my old stopping-place to Walton, where I slept at Howlett's in his haunted room. The roads were lovely throughout.

On the 23rd by Brooklands and St. George's Hill to Cobham, where I saw "Bath Road Smith" for the last time. By Stoke d'Abernon, Bookham to Leatherhead (lunch at the "Swan"), and a slow ride by Epsom, Ewell, Cheam, Carshalton, and Croydon, where I slept at the "Greyhound," which had been utterly transmogrified and spoiled. Afterwards trammed up to Purley Old Oaks, once so pretty, now a mass of shops and villas. On the

Sunday (25th) I could only just find Selhurst and my old house, and back into the main road by Thornton Heath Pond. The whole main road was stinking, vile, and over-built.

I looked at my two old houses at Wandsworth and Putney, and called at the L.R.C. and T.R.C. boat-houses, saw G. H. Vize (for the last time), and Forster, the Roman antiquary and novelist. The old Jack on the water remembered my brother well, and showed me Casamajor's sculling-boat. I punctured at Barnes, so had to walk on to a very bad lunch at young Bill East's "Pigeons" at Richmond, where the rude and overbearing conduct of half-a-dozen Germans for the first time gave me an idea of unpleasant possibilities. Very slow and tired to W. H. Eyre's at Kensington Crescent, where I was dog-tired from the heat, and could hardly sleep. The next two days I practically rested in Dumpie's flat, except a visit to Simpson's and to a most ridiculous play founded on "Ivanhoe," and returned from St. Pancras by the 12.20.

On the 3rd of June I went to the opening of the new Chapter Library at Norwich Cathedral. Our archery meeting was on the 10th June and all went off very well, and I shot better than usual at 60 getting 19 hits for 85. On the 18th, I met a very nice and well read and clever parson called Burroughs, at Mrs. Petre's, and saw her wild garden in a pit. Early on the morning of Sunday, 22nd June, Burr's old house at Skeyton was burned down through a beam in the chimney, which made me investigate my own, and, finding it warm I had it cut out promptly. On 26th I went with Purdy to see the "Lambs' Holes" at Horstead in a very secluded plantation, a primeval forest, and full of most interesting plant life. Next day I hired a motor and took Purdy over to see the Rollesby Hall restoration which was most interesting, and on to tea at Back's at Acle. A.L.R. and wife came down and we took a launch to Horning, and saw Beloe on the bank, no doubt with the Borrow Celebration lot. On Monday Purdy drove me round by Sennowe, to see the garden, grandiose in the extreme but vulgar. Next day the Wood Norton Meeting, but though I shot well with Corry the new man in a trial dozen was as bad as ever in public.

Thursday, the 10th, torrential rain on the Aylsham road when I hurried for shelter with others in a tin shed!

From the 11th to the 20th R.H. was down, and we went over with Purdy to see the Grimston Moat.

On the 29th was the Gately Meeting when I shot worse than ever. Cycling back by Guist Mill, Bintre and Foulsham I lost my way at Themelthorpe, broke my chain, and just missed the last train at Reepham, so had to sleep there.

On the 31st, coming back from a garden party I again lost the last train, so had to come round the weary way by Dereham and Norwich. F.G.R. came down on the 1st of August, and on Sunday I took him to lunch at Horning Ferry, and on to Rollesby, I saw Mr. Gotch the architect in charge. Shooting vilely at every meeting, but in practice made a 14, an extraordinary dozen of 10 hits for 51, the last six being 9.9.7.7.1. This was following Mrs. Russwarm's tip of "top of thumb to right corner of mouth and looking along arrow." M.M.R. and Bess came for a few days.

At all public meetings I shot badly, but on 27th August made a strangely good 6 for 9.6.7.5.3.1 for 34, and on 31st made a 47 dozen for 109 in practice at 60, and next day at Beeston did 110 for the two distances which was the best in public for a long while. M.M.R. left on 5th September, and on the 6th I rode over to Tasburgh from Norwich through the city traffic very well, Miss Jones (Mrs. C. Childs' niece) who I had seen there 10 years before. I was at Tasburgh all Sunday (Roche's pianola very good), Monday by the Pulhams to Harleston when my outer tyre burst and I had to get another, then rode over to Bungay and back. Slept at the "Swan" at Harleston, an old Oxford man (Tarrant now of Malvern College) there.

Next day rode over by Diss to Prince Duleep Singh's at Blo' Norton, a very difficult place to find out, but had a good lunch and saw an interesting house when I got there. Then on to Thetford "Bell," where both accommodation and food were poor, and the coffee room was infested by two of the worse types of technical education and conceit I ever saw.

Wednesday I rode over to Lynn, a long straight road against a bad wind, but was rewarded by seeing 2½ brace of grouse on Santon Warren, and taking half-a-glass of grand bitter beer (Bagges's) at a wayside pub, where I had a long talk with an interesting tinker.

Thursday I called at Beloe's and saw a big fool of a motor cyclist, and on by Sandringham and again had an excellent cold lunch at Snettisham "Compasses." I called at Nelson's at Holme, and on to Wells "Crown" where the only good things were a hot bath and a share of an omelette which a vegetarian fellow guest nobly shared with me.

Friday I rode round to Holt taking Gunthorpe, a very difficult place to find, on my way. Slept at Holt "Feathers," Dr. Hales and his daughter calling in evening. Next day stopped at Dr. Hales', and he motored me round Stody in the morning and after lunch by Overstand and Cromer, and back by Baconsthorpe Castle. Sunday I rode back, but lost my way and once more found myself at Baconsthorpe (this was the third time this had happened, possibly an unconscious cerebriation through my grandfather, who lies buried there), and by a long way round by Plumstead, Matlask, Wickmere, Wolterton and Iteringham to Aylsham, where I lunched, and so home. This was the last of my long coast rides, but by no means the worst of them.

D.M.R. came down from the 18th to 23rd, and I took him and Purdy down the river in a motor launch to Horning Ferry one day, and another by trap for a picnic at Walcot Gap.

On 1st October I went by rail to Wells to stay at H. A. Dewing's, to see the very interesting fresco or plaster at the "Fleece" and a good 17th century wood mantel stored in his malthouse.

Friday, the 3rd, there was a terrific storm and rain at Lammas, nothing was struck, though lightning quite close, and it was said to be the worst thunder storm in living memory at Lammas, which is generally immune from them. In October I had eleven days' consecutive experience.

On 25th A.L.R. came down, and on 26th I took him to inspect a Nelson print, against the genuineness of which he decided. Left him at Cromer Station and had a miserably dark, wet, drive home through Aylsham, the machine finally breaking down luckily only 100 yards from home!

On the 30th, the day before my 70th birthday, my son Roger's little girl died, aged 10 months.

On the 8th November I saw a good cinematograph for the first time. (I had seen a vile jumpy and spotty one of the great prize fight before I left London.)

On the 24th or 25th, my very old friend, Cuvelje, died in his sleep in London. On the 27th, Downes successfully fitted up electric light in my bedroom. On Saturday, the 29th, I cycled over by Aylsham (lunch at "Black Boys") and on by Edgefield to Holt, where I slept at the "Feathers." Dr. Hales came in and we had a long and amusing talk in the smoke bar. Sunday I rode back through the woods by Edgefield, and had lunch at Aylsham.

This week I went to London about Chaucer researches, Dumpie meeting me at the Station. M.M.R. who had been searching for me at the P.R.O. met me there. Lunched with F.G.R., at Simpson's, and back by 4.53.

On the 13th December I rode over to North Walsham to lunch, then trained to Cromer, cycled by road to Holt, where I slept at Dr. Hales'. A rather nice grammar school master there. Sunday he motored me over to see the Rev. Meyrick Jones' collection of old furniture at Kelling.

On Monday, the 15th, I cycled over by Thornage (Mrs. Hales with me part of the way) and on by Melton to Purdy's to lunch. Back by Bawdeswell, Reepham, and Booton, but puncturing by Cawston I had to wheel my machine to Aylsham, where I left it to be repaired.

On the 17th December up to London *re* Cuvelje, slept at Dumpie's flat. Met M.M.R. at P.R.O., where she had been doing some record work for me *re* Chaucer, and lunched her at Simpson's upstairs.

Friday saw Dr. Poole at Guildhall, also *re* Chaucer, lunched with Dumpie at "Trocadero" and back by 3.20.

A very slow Christmas, indeed worse even than the year before, all by ourselves except H.G.R. and Marjorie. We were all ill and in bed all Boxing Day and Saturday. They returned early on Monday.

All the autumn and winter I had been working at Chaucer. In spite of bad stomach troubles I had got 83 good long tricycle rides as against 54 the year before, but it was the flaring up of the candle in the socket!

The joint work with Mr. Hamon le Strange on the address to General Monck was all that I printed in 1913.

During this year there were many rumours as to German airships having been seen over England. All rumours are not true (*e.g.*, the secret landing of the

Russians and the war babies), and I wrote to the "Daily Press" thus:—

Does not the fact that quite recently the Germans seem disposed to agree to England having the supremacy of the sea rather corroborate those who say they have seen airships hovering over us?

If they have satisfied themselves that they actually have the supremacy of the air and the power to destroy arsenals and warship alike they can well afford to drop the expense of competing with us unnecessarily on the water.

A very cold beginning to the year in 1914. By the 10th of January I had finished the first part of Chaucer, and left copy at the printers. Missing train to Aylsham on the 15th January, I had to walk there, taking 1hr. 44min. to cover 5 miles, or in plain English at the rate of 3 miles an hour. This was really the beginning of my end.

Early in the year there was an amusing controversy in the "Daily Press" anent a miraculous slaughter of hares, said by Sir R. Winfrey, the Radical M.P., to have taken place at Pickenham, when 500 or 600 hares were said to have been killed by a man and two dogs in a 67 acre harvest field of barley. In this I joined, and I think demonstrated the outrageous impossibility of the tale, pointing out that recently "a carefully promoted *battue* by skilled gunners over 4,000 acres at Weasenham only produced as many hares as a few harvesters and stickmen are supposed to have obtained in a single field of 67 acres," that as Sir R. Winfrey admitted the field was open and unwired for very nearly half of its boundary, and that it took two days to reap, we were "asked to believe that 300 (he began with "500) hares and leverets would, after hearing the noise "of the machines for so long, remain in a field run over "by two greyhounds when they could have escaped at any "hour on practically two sides of the field."

As a matter of fact I ascertained that 12 hares only were killed, and the whole story was clearly an election *canard* started for political purposes.

I regret to see that just now (November, 1916) the same man has had the indecency, in these war times, to try to raise strife in the House of Commons as to the game question.

On the 17th Betty came home again to say good-bye and left by early train on Monday. Next week was very cold indeed and I could hardly keep warm with any

amount of fire. Wednesday, the 23rd, said to be the coldest day in Norfolk for two years, but somehow I am beginning to disbelieve in the hottest and coldest days I have heard so much about. On the 24th M.M.R. came down, and I met her at Thorpe, and she too left the next Monday.

On the 29th January my eldest son, J.B.R., married Kathleen Holden, daughter of Charles Holden, of Birmingham, whom he had met at Oxford. They were married at St. Martin's Registry Office, London, and spent their marriage night at the "Great White Horse," Ipswich, coming down to see me next day, Friday the 30th, but leaving on Saturday morning.

On the 5th of February Bessie came back. On the 13th of February I heard of Dr. Jessopp's death, and on Saturday the 14th, attended his funeral at Scarning, very few people there attending it (except Earl Orford) though he was the best known Norfolk antiquary of his day. A wet, cold, wretched, and sad day to me, for we had been great friends for years. He opened up an entirely new and most interesting line in local history, and interested very many who had hitherto looked on antiquities as fitting only for dry-as-dusts. His chief fault was he tried too many subjects and did not prepare them carefully enough, and his hasty writing led him occasionally into terrible errors, e.g., where he spoke in his "Diocesan History (p. 34) of "St. Benet's Abbey," founded by Canute in 1017 as "the "new abbey like almost all that had preceded it was set "down in the heart of the Norfolk Broads." It is hardly necessary to point out that St. Benet had no predecessor in East Norfolk. To his hasty but mistaken refusal to believe that Nelson was educated at North Walsham Grammar School I have already alluded to on p. 145.

The extreme delay in finishing Coltishall Bridge prompted these lines, printed in the "Eastern Daily Press" as a local version of Mother Shipton's prophesy:—

"Coltishall Bridge shall be broken down,
Through heavy flood and rain;
But a *colt* shall grow into a grey old horse,
Before it is opened again."

Can Mr. Heslop tell us if the latter part of the prophesy is likely to turn out as true as the former?

The bridge was soon afterwards opened, but I can hardly hope that my letter was the cause of the opening.

I cycled a little about this time, and some Tenby daffodils bloomed in the greenhouse on 23rd. On the 27th I went to Norwich to hear Genochio's lecture on Lynn, and on 28th, old Palmer who had been with me for years gave me notice to go on account of my telling him something unpalatable but true. I had a ride to Drayton and met H.B., where we had a good lunch. In a hired motor Purdy and I went through Stalham to see the ruins of Hickling Priory, where we got stuck, and had an alfresco lunch by the road side near Martham. On the 9th March Kitty left by early train to meet Gilly.

Beloe and his wife came over on the 14th to 16th to stay, and we drove over to Horning Ferry on the 15th. On the 22nd I had a very bad stomach trouble, severe and most painful. Gilly turned up on the 25th to 31st March, and I gave him some further help; on the 10th April met H.B. and his wife. We took a trap over to find Gimmingham Castle, and lunched by the way side. On the 14th I left the trike at Buxton Station (and after going to Norwich), rode over to Purdy's at Foulsham against very high wind, which tired me out completely. Next day we cycled over to see Corry's alleged barrow at Gately, and lunched there, arranging to come later to excavate it, and had some pistol practice. I rode over to the "Crown" at Fakenham, suffering much from palpitation, and being very weak.

Next day the 16th, I rode over to Rudham, on to Lynn, 22 miles over good road, and lunched at Hillington. Stayed at the "Globe" which was undergoing repairs and was very uncomfortable. On the Sunday, I railed over to Hunstanton "Golden Lion," and for the next three days was working at the Lynn Records as to Chaucer. Slow time as half the day I had nothing to do. The town clerk and deputy were, however, most obliging.

On Thursday, the 22nd, Purdy joined me at Lynn Station and after lunch at "Globe" we rode slowly by Sandringham to Snettisham, where the tea was good and clean. Rode over to "Golden Lion," Hunstanton, comfortable enough. Friday morning we looked in on Beloe to see his books and all his works, and called at Nelson's at Holme, lunched at Brancaster and inspected the Roman Camp, and on to Burnham Westgate, where we slept at the "Hoste Arms" once more, but accommodation was worse than ever.

This day gave me another strong hint of the impending end of my cycling, for Purdy on his bicycle certainly got away from me. Hitherto I had been able to beat him easily, for though he was two or three years older than I, I was riding a trike to his bike. My knees took to aching continually. Next day we rode through Wells and saw the "Fleece" and on to a good lunch at the new house at Cley, and by Letheringsett to Holt, where he left me to go home by rail, and I slept at the "Feathers." At the station I saw my old athletic acquaintance, C. J. Ash of the T.H.H., whose son was one of the first victims of the war. On the Sunday I rode home after calling on Hales and seeing his garden. Very tired and slow all the way. Some sort of food at Aylsham en route.

Our first red roses (under glass) on 3rd May.

On May 7th Purdy met me at Buxton Station, and we rode over to see the great heath fire at Horsford, and rode on to lunch at Drayton. Coming back I got a nasty "toss," turning too quickly on sloping ground, and cut my left knee very badly. Luckily, however, I had the sense to ride home fast and keeping the grit out by letting the blood run.

Sunday, the 9th, I had my knee strapped up, and went by motor with Ficklin to B. Lennard's and on to Tasburgh. After two days' rest Ficklin's motor took me to Thorpe, but I had to have my knee dressed by a local doctor with little effect till I had Dr. Starling to do it at Norwich on the 23rd, and it soon got well.

The Vicar of Tunstead called on the 14th with his wife, and left the Manor Rolls to go through, and find a buyer towards restoration of his Church. (This I was unable to do, and I restored them to his successor on Wednesday, 2nd of February, 1916).

At the Dereham Meeting on the 26th I shot absolutely worse than ever.

On the 27th I went to London to F.G.R.'s at Hampstead to talk over and make researches about his big Strand wall case. Next day I searched the St. Martin-in-the-Field Rate Book with negative results, but incidentally found a John Shakespeare in the Strand, who may have been an hitherto unsuspected kinsman of the poet, as the locality was almost opposite the "Globe," and no distance

by boat. While away it was the bitterest late frost I remember, cutting down all vegetation, especially of potatoes.

On the 30th H.G.R. and wife, and G.L.R. came to stay for Whitsun, and we took a motor-boat from Coltishall to Horning Ferry.

I had a scare about light and air in respect of my old Putney house, but on taking Dr. Blyth's independent opinion he reassured me, and I was much struck with his knowledge of the law and sound common sense.

Our F. and D. archery party at Lammas, though well attended, was definitely stopped by the incessant rain after lunch, and no arrows were shot.

On the 12th of June R.H. and Miss F. came down. On the Monday I shot just a little better at the Beeston Archery Meeting at North Walsham, 16 for 60, though just beaten by D.A., 64. D.M.R. came down on the 18th to 20th June, and we drove to Horning, coming back the other side of the river, chased by a heavy storm which just missed us.

Just about now was an extraordinary agitation against the pulling down of the "Lynn Shambles." This was possibly the plainest and ugliest building in Lynn, resembling nothing so much as "a packing case which a child had turned into a doll's house by the aid of a fret-saw." It was only built in 1793, and its removal had been urged by Taylor in his "History of Lynn" which was published 51 years only after its erection. Yet the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings," and a local artist, Mr. Dexter, protested strongly but ineffectually against its removal in face of the opinions of nearly every expert in the county, and in spite of the admitted fact that it was, as one writer said, an incongruous wart on a magnificent parish church.

Betty came down for the evening of the 22nd (to say good-bye) and left early next morning. At the Whitsun Meeting I shot a little better, making a total of 81 and beating Harvey. Blake shot extremely well, doing 163 for 29. On Monday the 28th to the 5th of July I tried a drastic treatment for eight days. At the Gately Meeting I shot a little, but only a little, better. I slept there, and tasted "mati" for the first time. Next day Purdy came over, and we dug at the circular mound with no effect, finding nothing but some charcoal.

On the 18th July Red Smith took me and others, including Miss Russell (a very interesting old Irish lady), Mrs. B. Harmer, and one of the Lynn officials, in a motor launch to Coldham Hall. At the Cromer Meeting I had a very long, tiring, expensive day, but did 83, the best this year. The first green fig was ripe this year on the 22nd July. On the 23rd I had to go to London for two days to swear a corrective affidavit, and lunched at Simpson's as usual. On the 1st of August I shot a fair dozen, 8 for 37, the best this year. Arthur and Mabel came down on the 1st of August, and we motored over to Rollesby when we heard war had been declared. Like most Englishmen I did not, at first, realise the immense importance of the matter. We could not understand why the Germans, who were in the fair way of annexing all the profitable business of the world by their methodical habits, should want to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, and run enormous risks to gratify a militant taste which we did not think was shared by the common people of Germany. In fact, we all thought that as soon as the Emperor insisted on the necessarily immense sacrifices his people would turn and rend him. That a whole nation, men and women alike, could be impregnated with war instincts, and with rabid hate of a country which had never done them any harm, did not strike us as being possible, and that individual soldiers could commit the atrocities they afterwards did seemed absolutely impossible, but time has shown how wrong we were.

On Monday, the 3rd of August, we had a picnic at Cawston Rifle Range. On the 15th I drove the H.B.'s back by Drayton, but found the "Red Lion" full of Enniskillens, and another regiment bivouacked in the Priory. On the 18th I shot decently in public at the East Dereham Meeting, doing 8 and 17 = 25, or 113 in all.

F.G.R. came on the 18th, and I rode with him to Horning Ferry and back, he going on eventually to Beccles. On the 27th August I found the "Black Boys" at Aylsham had been taken over by the military, the Hon. Lionel Rothschild there acting as a sort of Commissary General, a pleasant little man, who remembered my pheasant episode years before at Cassiobury.

Friday the 28th was the day of the alleged passing through England of immense Russian reinforcements. I can't say I saw them (!).

At the final Beeston Meeting at North Walsham I got on 26 arrows for 96, beating Mack, Miss F. Holway, and others. This was my last archery meeting, and afterwards both clubs agreed to drop all meetings until after the war was over.

Gilly having joined the Army directly the war broke out, was gazetted to a cavalry regiment, but refused it, as he preferred to stick to the H.A.C., which he had joined as a private. He served in the War till, having been sent home wounded, he obtained a commission in the London Rifle Brigade.

From the 11th September to the 24th (14 days) I was under drastic treatment again, for the longest time on record, but I think it had a good permanent effect.

On the 24th Gilly came to say good-bye to me before going to the front.

On the 1st of October I railed to Foulsham and cycled on to Purdy's to see his shoot. Lockhart Ross, who shot marvellously well, D. Spurrell, and others there. Rode home all the way. Next Saturday to Tasburgh. Monday was the beginning of the Government control of our branch line.

On the 17th of October, I had another journey to London, and the next day took taxi to Waterloo with F.G.R. to Alton, where I met Savery and Hipgood, and with the latter trained and cut the roses. On Monday drove on to meet young Lucas, and bring fish back, and on the afternoon of the 20th I returned to London, sleeping at H.G.R.'s flat, and came back to Norfolk on Wednesday, after seeing the Nelson's Column decoration and having lunch at Simpson's.

On the 1st of November, Purdy having come over to investigate the site of Gimmingham Castle, we drove over, but while having an alfresco lunch the pony was stung by two wasps when the bit was out of her mouth, and bolted with me, I being the only one left in the trap. I managed practically to choke, guide her round a corner, and run her deep into a thick hedge, but it was a very narrow escape for me.

Just about this time I was very busy in connection with the village Volunteer Movement, and on the 4th of November I went over by request to Coltishall to move a resolution and afterwards tried for rifles, but could get none. The

Buxton Meeting was called for the 16th, by Mr. Sewell, and I attended to read the resolution and busied myself about the matter for some time, but, though ranges were made, no great progress was ever made. In an adjoining village the local Commandant was for training his men to shoot with shot-guns behind hedges, a quaint idea.

On the 15th of November, H. J. Chinnery, the younger of the brothers Chinnery, of the Stock Exchange died. He was only a fair class runner, but after assiduous practice won the Heavy Weight Boxing Championship. He only just survived G. H. Vize, who was a better natural runner and boxer.

By this time I began to think of buying a motor tri-car, having some idea I might be useful as a local dispatch rider, but though I offered it and subsequently my after-bought motor to the authorities they did not take either of them, and did so by the 2nd of December, Sexton having learned to drive it in four lessons (!). I had my first ride on the 6th of December, and my first ride to Norwich on the 9th, stopping at the "Artichoke."

The gift of my piano to a Concentration Camp was, however, graciously accepted, and I did what I could to promote the comfort of the men billeted locally. Later on, after I had moved into Norwich, my offer to keep a card catalogue of all hospital patients, arranged daily, was declined by the military authorities, who preferred their own methods. This hurt my feelings, as indexing was ever my hobby, and I am sure the scheme would have been useful. It was very hard for a septuagenarian not to be able to do some little thing for his country—however small.

I was one of the first to point out in the local Press the fact that there was a scandalous disposition on the part of farmers and their sons to avoid joining the Forces, and preventing their men doing so. My letters seem to have stung them, for I was much abused by them for such letters, both in the press and anonymously. How true my allegations that the farmers were letting their patriotism be subservient to their profits have been proved by subsequent events, I will leave to the public.

On the 20th we took the machine to Horning Ferry with Purdy as a sitter, but our combined weights (43 st., 7 lbs.) were too much for the little machine, which stopped on the back journey twice. Luckily Dr. Crosse and his

cousin Taylor gave us a lift in their big motor, and, lighted by 30 stone, the little machine jumped away, and was waiting for us when we got home.

On Christmas Day we were all by ourselves, except perhaps Kitty, who left us on the 28th.

This year I had just 50 cycle rides, without reckoning journeys to the post and station.

The new year was dreary in the extreme, everyone being greatly obsessed by the continuance of the War, which was not expected, and I had a slight attack of influenza on the 12th to the 18th. The next day there was an Air Raid to liven us up, the Zeppelin working from Yarmouth to Lynn, no doubt up the valley of the Bure. I wrote of this to the *Eastern Daily Press* that "the whole affair is very petty and bears as much relation to real war as the Suffragette's window breaking did to actual politics, but we have to put up with spiteful attacks of this sort, and consider that if the Germans had any serious thoughts of ultimate success they would not be guilty of such conduct." The news of our North Sea victory which came on the 25th bucked us all up. There was nearly some local trouble on the 15th February, for an unusually cheerful bull in charge of the usual lunatic boy charged the accompanying cow and broke her horn short off, and then smashed up the railings of the schoolmaster's garden. I maintained a dignified silence, and he went on. Luckily my bull-dog Ikey Mo had strayed away from me or we should have had a scene. On the 8th I had to go to London on business and saw my son F.G.R.'s home at Kingston for the first time.

I lunched with H.G.R. at Simpson's and returned by rail, finding that the old restaurant car had been taken off. On the 11th at North Walsham I had lunch with a lot of H.A.C. men who were inclined to disbelieve that their predecessors had forgotten to remove a ramrod while having big gun practice against time at Finsbury, but luckily an old member corroborated me. On the 3rd February I had my first trike ride this year, and on the 26th went to Lynn to work at the Red Book to compile an index *re* Chaucer. I stayed at E.M.B.'s and went to see a prophesied high tide, which did not come off, and we all got locked out by the servants. Rheumatism and sciatica most painful and very weak.

There was about this time much opposition to enlisting in the County, chiefly at the hands of farmers, so I wrote to the *Eastern Daily Press* :—

“Everyone knows how sturdy and patriotic the late William Cobbett was, and how strongly he stood out for public rights and for the farmers and labourers. It may, therefore, be as well at this juncture, when so many are hanging back from enlisting, to quote the following passage from his “Rural Rides” (Nelson’s reprint, p. 438) :—

“The law authorises the King in case of invasion or apprehended invasion to call upon all his people to take up arms in defence of the country. The Militia Law compels every man in his turn to become a soldier. And upon what ground is this? The reason is that every man has rights in the country to which he belongs, and that, therefore, it is his duty to defend the country.”

“I wish that this fine old reformer were alive, for we should see him on the patriotic side with other Radicals who are doing their duty.”

With reference to the threatened increase of the price of coal I suggested that, locally, the pressure on the pits and waggons could be relieved by reverting to the vast stores of peat in the Broad districts, which had remained idle for three or four years. Nothing, however, came of my suggestion.

Working at the index to the “Red Book of Lynn” kept me very fully employed this spring. On the 18th March was a very hard frost, 16 degrees, which killed the buddleyas and cut down nearly all the new rose growths.

On the 2nd April I bought Mr. Falcon’s old motor, and I had some good rides in it with R.J.W.P. and others. H.G.R. came down, and to his utter astonishment I beat him at rifle shooting, 88 to his 77. On the Easter Monday we motored to Holt. Margorie stopped on till the 12th April.

My Norwich doctor announced I had a fatty heart, but might last 15 years! On the 25th we had a tentative ride towards Lynn, but made a great error coming back, and got into some hilly country at Attlebridge, which made our oil run out.

The 6th May was the first hot day of the year, brimstones and blues both out. Soldiers—the Berks.—were billeted at Lammas in the cottage opposite me, but had no tables or chairs, so I had to lend them some. They were a very decent lot indeed, and I did my best to make

them comfortable (though they were not quartered on me) by lending them books and supplying them with vegetables. Not enough was done by other local residents, in fact, they did nothing at all.

During the spring and summer I hardly did any cycling at all, in fact, I don't think I took the trike out more than about 23 times, and that only for short journeys. I took several people out for motor rides, taking our food and drink with us, for the war and the military requirements prevented our being accommodated at inns. Two favourite spots were an old sand-pit near North Walsham, and Palling Gap, where a steam trawler, bought by the Government, had run ashore. What I thought of the progress of the War about this time appears in this letter to the *Eastern Daily Press* :—

“ As some sort of modified compulsion is now practically certain to be in force almost immediately may I point out to those who talk about being ‘ ready when called on,’ that if they wait till compulsion comes they will be known for the rest of their lives as ‘ compulsory soldiers,’ and suffer the stigma of being so, whereas if they enlist at once they will go down to posterity as men who, like those who have already enlisted, have been real patriots. When the war is over it will not be pleasant for them to be asked whether they had joined only because they were made to do so.

“ Considering that within the last few days we find ourselves battling with enemies who are able to destroy two of our battleships it is almost inconceivable that able-bodied Englishmen should hang back from the defence of their country.

“ That such enemies are cruel, cowardly, and liars, who have broken all treaties and rules of war is true, but no amount of verbal protests will do any good or prevent them persevering in their evil ways.

“ Nothing but ample reinforcements to be put in training at once for use in six months time will be of any avail. We have to realise the fact that submarines of the type now used are capable of doing considerable execution, and that unless we all wake up we may be beaten to the ground by a set of clever mechanical devils. In the air and on the field we are more than their match, but fighting men in quantity, and at once, are absolutely necessary.”

Still harking on Chaucer I motored over to Lynn on the 31st May, returning the next day after lunch by Swaffham, East Dereham, Cossey, Drayton, and Horsham, the longer way, and the worst road.

Later on two of my sons came down in very hot weather, and we motored to Tasburgh after divers mishaps.

Craigie, the tenant of Lammas Hall, was buried on the 11th June, and the same day the billeted men left for Blickling, having first drunk to the health of my boy at the Front.

On the 14th R.H. and I motored over to Lynn, he pursuing his Lynn researches; we stopped at the "Globe" as usual. Coming back we got into trouble in a ford at Fakenham before we went on to Walsingham, which he was anxious to see, and coming back we had further trouble close home. Another trouble I made for myself by taking the wrong train coming back from Norwich, and having to walk from Worstead to Scottow "Horse Shoes" carrying a heavy bag, which made me simply dog-tired. Next day we paid a rough pilgrimage to Irstead, a place which had sad memories for R.H. The summer was at times bleak in the extreme, and we actually had to have a fire on Midsummer's Eve—a thing unheard of in my memory, but repeated on the 16th July!

On the 3rd July I had my last pony-cart drive to Norwich, as Sexton sold his pony the next week. We motored over with Purdy through Norwich to Harleston "Swan," but the war had told on the entertainment.

My Scotch housekeeper left me on the 12th August, having been with me nearly four years. An admirable housekeeper and cook, and very "Scotch." Kitty came to replace her next day.

On the 14th Edward Burt, one of the fourth generation of our family friends, was killed on the troopship *Royal Edward*. He had volunteered, though quite elderly, to join the Army, as so many of my connections had done. F.G.R. had been at Lynn, and I motored over to Fakenham to meet him.

On the 1st September I went up to London in pursuit of a mare's nest, and slept at H.G.R.'s, returning back next day. I fancy this was my last visit to London.

This week I motored over to the Memorial Service of Lieut. W. F. Norris at Wood Norton. He was the son and heir of W. E. Norris, the Hon. Secretary of our Archery Club, and was an unusually bright and popular young man, the first of the war victims I had known well, having been painlessly killed on the 25th August, just after he attained 21. I was never present at a more impressive service, or one attended by more sincere mourners.

Mr. Tomes and his daughter came over on the 6th September to photograph the Martin MSS., in view of his forthcoming history of Mannington. I was much struck at the way she began to tame a robin. The "charming" power seems to be innate, and if she persevered I fancy she would prove as clever a bird charmer as Captain Mack (p. 161).

Next evening we heard explosions, which turned out to be the Zeppelin raid at East Dereham, where the inhabitants had gone out of their way to "ask for it" by having a quasi-fair in the Market Place, a concert at the Town Hall, and a party at a country house hard by. Having been told by apparently veracious people that my old pargetted cottages there ("Bonner's Cottages") had been blown to pieces, I went over to find they had not been touched, though Mr. Barton's house almost opposite had suffered greatly.

On the 26th I heard that Gilly had been wounded in France. D.M.R. came down and he and Sexton began putting up some old panels and doors to exclude the draught from the stone hall. After D.M.R. had left we had a visit from a Zeppelin, which dropped nine bombs in Lammas, Hautbois, and Coltishall, the noise sounding just as though it were in our archery ground. I was much struck with the presence of mind of Sexton, who wrapped his children up in blankets, shoved them into our old single brougham, and ran the lot down into a little pool behind his cottage, though with what intent it would be difficult to say! The continual flights of the Zeppelins over our neighbourhood convinced me that the Germans had some one showing them lights in the district, but I could not get the authorities to take active measures to detect him, and it is no use now going into the question as the suspect has left the neighbourhood.

Nothing of any consequence happened during October and November. On the 11th October I was very unwell indeed and tired, being deadly cold.

Gilly came down for the day, and met Kitty and me at Thorpe Station. We lunched at the "Maid's Head," but he had to go back by the afternoon train. On the 17th December I had my last cycle ride, and that was only to Buxton Post Office. A.L.R. and Mabel came down 10th and 11th December, and he and I discussed my will.

Christmas Eve I motored over to Cawston to leave a very big turkey for the War Hospital. Christmas Day was extremely slow again. Kitty was here, and she biked over to the Roman Catholic chapel at Aylsham. On the 29th I made my will.

During 1915 I printed a pamphlet on behalf of the Norwich Miniature Rifle Club, and issued my "Chaucer: a Norfolk Man," the result of many years' hard work and collecting, and issued the index of the Red Book of Lynn in mimeograph.

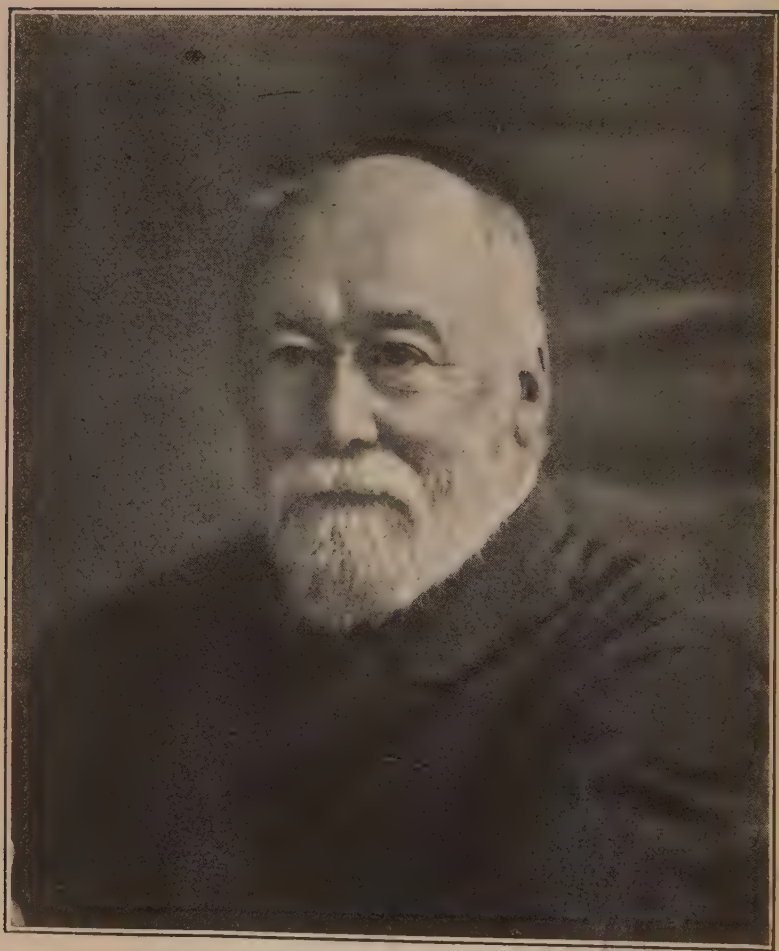
The last year was an unpleasant and unsettled one for every one in England, and especially to me, for my last daughter left me early in January, though she came back again a few days later.

I had one motor excursion with R.J.W.P. to Erpingham, where he showed me a fragment of old wall and some of the moat, and through extremely miry lanes to what he thought was the site of Calthorpe Castle, but was extremely tired riding, and I began to make up my mind to come into Norwich permanently. On the 30th we went to see the Hundred Hill at Bradfield. The Zeppelins were very much in evidence the next night, and on the 1st February my son, G.L.R., came down to see me, having just received his commission in the Rifle Brigade.

Having definitely decided to get rid of my Lammas house and furniture I set to work and gave my big prize cups and presentation salver on to my sons. On the 24th I was to have gone with Purdy to Wolterton, but heavy snow stopped the motor before Aylsham, and I began to move into lodgings at Norwich, sleeping there for the first time on the 3rd March, Kitty then leaving us. On the 13th I only weighed 15 st. 13 lbs., which was a drop of 7 or 8 lbs.

All April there were Zeppelin scares, and on the 12th I went to Wolterton with Purdy in a vain endeavour to find earthworks in Mossymus Wood.

On the 17th my eldest son's (J.B.R.) wife was confined of a daughter at 1, Trevanion Road, West Kensington. Early in June D.M.R. came down and stayed a week with me. The bad news about the Fleet reached me on the 3rd, followed on the 6th by the worse news of Kitchener's death, which affected everyone more than anything had ever done in my memory.



R. J. W. PURDY.

On the 7th I had a slow walk round Drayton of about seven miles with D.M.R., which I expect will remain a record walk for me for the rest of my life. We had a journey by rail and wagonette to Horning Ferry, also, I expect, for the last time.

Just about now I began to print this autobiography, and to issue a series of Norfolk Handbooks. My Lammas house did not sell on the 24th June, but afterwards it was sold by private contract. Gilly came again to see me on the 27th to 28th June.

On the 27th June my old and valued friend, R. J. W. Purdy, of Foulsham, died after a very short illness. I think I last saw him at the Public Library on the 3rd *id.*, when he seemed as well as ever. His funeral, which was very largely attended, took place at Foulsham on the 30th *id.*, and I was present and contributed the following appreciation of him to the *Eastern Daily Press* :—

“ Practically the last of the generation or old style Norfolk sportsmen ended with the death of this gentleman last Tuesday in his 77th year. He was one of those who had seen game shooting, and especially wild shooting, in the good old sporting days before over-preserving began, and till his death (though ever a crack and much sought after shot at battues) he in his heart preferred a quiet walk with a friend along the hedgerows where he got a mixed bag to the hottest corner of the best preserved wood.

“ Deeply versed in practical agriculture—in all wood craft and in the manners and habits of all birds, beasts and fishes, he was a most entertaining companion. Till his death he could hold his own with younger men and was never without shooting, for not only he had his own acres, but his numerous friends were only too anxious to secure the aid of his unerring gun, and he might have shot every day of the season had he cared to do so. He was always most modest as to his own capabilities, and eloquent only on the prowess of others.

“ He was perhaps at his best on the subject of arboriculture, of which he had made a profound study, and few people have planted more or with better results than he did on his beautiful estate at Woodgate, Aylsham. Here again his help and advice were always at the service of all friends, and even of strangers.

“ He came from an old yeoman family of Kelling, where they had been settled between two and three centuries. In all matters relating to local genealogy he was deeply versed, and his knowledge as to all the great local families was as deep as his anecdotes of them were amusing. It is a thousand pities he did not carry out his intention to publish some of his reminiscences for had he done so it would have formed one of the most racy and interesting local books possible. A very

"patriotic man, the present war and its losses affected him greatly, and may have shortened his life. His only son, Colonel T. W. Purdy, of the Norfolk Regiment, was one of the first severely wounded, but is now recovered, and will keep the name green in the county, for he has a sturdy son, who was the solace of his grandfather's last days.

"In public he did quite his fair share of duty as a member of the Aylsham Board, a Commissioner for Income Tax, and chairman of the Foulsham Parish Council, where he was one of the most regular attendants, and where his efforts to promote and instruct a club for younger men for whist, of which he was an expert, were greatly appreciated.

"His close observation of natural history was well-known, and though on one occasion he was subjected to undeserved ridicule (by those who only believe what they see with their own eyes), when he detected and observed a pair of luminous owls. His correctness was never doubted by those who knew his extreme accuracy, and the matter was set at rest when it was endorsed by no less a scientist than Mr. J. H. Gurney, F.Z.S., of Keswick.

"Holding strong views on many subjects it cannot be said that he made no enemies among those who disliked his robust common sense, but very few will be more regretted by their friends than he.

"As an archæologist (he was the most active member of the Committee of the N. and N.A.S.), he was most accurate and careful, and knew the history of every house for miles round. In short, he was a many-sided and most hearty man, and will be missed by very many, and by no one more than by W.R."

After a long endeavour to make oil and water—dissent and church—mix I left my first lodgings in July, and got rooms at a friend's house, moving in on the 11th.

Since then I have lived a very comfortable life, though bothered greatly with my health. By the 22nd I had got my weight down to 15 st. 4 lbs., including my clothes, and have since kept at this or a little less.

My two sons, A.L.R. and H.G.R., who had attested from the first, joined the colours and soon got commissions. The Zeppelins were, of course, the subject of general conversation in the city, but as I pointed out by calculations the chance of anyone's house being hit by a falling bomb was only about one in 62,000.

Capt. E. M. Beloe, who was on duty at Norwich for a month, came and lodged at my lodgings and cheered me up a lot. We had one journey to Wymondham, where I bought an old copper pot, and had the gas fitted under it. This month E. M. Hawtrej, the fine Eton runner, and an old opponent of mine (see p. 29), died, a very excellent and pleasant man.

All the summer and autumn I led an invalid life, and my only outing was a day at Gately Hall. J.B.R. came and saw me on the 9th to 11th.

My old sister Bessy died at Hemel Hempstead on the 30th September "after 21 years of suffering patiently borne." She was 86 when she died, and had lived a good life all her life. Her death, of course, affected me greatly, especially as I was so unwell myself.

CONCLUSION.

With my 73rd birthday, which I attained on the 31st October, 1916, I will conclude my tale. In the previous pages I have set out the story of a life which has been of considerable interest to myself; in fact, I have lived several lives at the same time, and think I may say, have worked hard at each of them.

The habit of burning the candle at each end and melting it in the middle is a tiring one, but at 73 I am still alive and fairly healthy, with heart and lungs still sound, just to show that athletics don't kill everybody.

It is sad to think how little one has accomplished in a long life. All I can think of to claim are:—

In athletic matters† I introduced popular paper-chasing to the public, for which the "Times" recently gave me credit in respect of the military cross-country running, which is now so popular, and has earned me the title of "father of paper-chasing running."

In literary matters I have compiled and published rather over 80 indexes, handbooks, and the like, mostly relating to Norfolk topography and pedigrees, which will save future workers some trouble, and I have done some useful work at the Free (now the Public) Library at Norwich, to which all my collections have gone or will go, and where I have done a lot of hard work in respect

† I may also claim to have supplemented the dictionary by introducing to it (1) the phrase "common or garden," borrowed of course from entomology. It had a great vogue in "The Pink 'un" and similar papers for some time. (2) A new form (I fear now obsolete) of spelling bees as a round game, originally intended by me to stop card playing by the T.H. and H. at Roehampton (see p. 54). (3) The term "obstacle race," for the weird scheme for steeplechases we promoted in 1867, and for which I was honoured by a column of abuse in the "Saturday Review" (see p. 30).

to the Local Collection, including the completion of a Card Catalogue of it.

I have also done a little in clearing up Chaucer's ancestry, exposing the Squire Letters fraud, and Cromwell's royal descent, and have collected much material on "Amy Robsart," and the probable collusion of Queen Elizabeth in her murder, also on the history of the early Jews in England, and especially in Norwich.

I may give vent to a grumble that no one has noticed my suggestion that the key to the authorship of Junius is to be found in the fact that there had been a writer "Franciscus Junius," who supplied the necessary cryptogram to Sir Philip, or my suggestion that the poet Spenser is more likely to have come from Norfolk than Lancashire. I have also done some useful work in exposing many genealogical myths, *e.g.*, the valour at Agincourt of John Wodehouse, who never was there at all, the wild fictions of Cromwell's royal descent, of the emerald ring of the Preston's, and the fiction of many Norfolk pedigrees, and especially of the Gurneys.

One thing which I discovered when calendaring the contemporary fines, viz., the extraordinary difference of the early Christian and forenames of Cambridge and Norfolk, which suggests an early tribal division between the two counties. This has never been acknowledged or explained. Nor do I think I ever got sufficient credit for my theory that so many of our English place-names show they were transplanted by a race of Scandinavians who came over *before* the Roman Conquest.

In local public matters in Norwich I have done my best to stay the hands of the vandals, and take to my credit the restoration of the "Maid's Head," of Anguish's House, of Bacon's House in Colegate, and the salvation of the Norman leper chapel at Magdalen Gates. How much money I have wasted in the operation I do not like to think. Late in my life I filled the office of Mayor of the City, when I had the pleasure of receiving the late King Edward VII., the first King who had visited Norwich since 1671, and of collecting the biggest subscription on record for the Norwich Unemployed, and I did a good deal to help the freeing of the Broads to the public.

I can't say I have ever regretted leaving London, or of having spent all my spare time in one county. Of

course, I might have vegetated in London in comparative luxury, or scurried all over the Continent till I was "Cooked" to death, for the same money that it cost me to keep a pleasure wherry on the quiet Norfolk Broads, and to waste much on restorations, but I doubt if I should have enjoyed it half as much.

Certainly had I visited the Continent at considerable inconvenience to myself I should never have seen an osprey quartering over Barton Broad, or otters playing like dogs in the dry reeds in the winter at Wroxham, or swallow-tailed butterflies feeding on bramble bloom near Horning Ferry, a spot which, with its great history and its paved ford leading to Canute's St. Benet's at Holme, has always had a great attraction for me beyond the material one of the woodcock and snipe pudding, which I used to have when I often cycled over in the winter, to be the solitary guest at the "Ferry."

Then, since I have been at Lammas I have had the luck to see a hoopoe, a flock of bramblings, and the biggest flood for centuries. Who can say it is dull in the country? If I didn't see the luminous owl myself, I certainly caught the worst cold I ever had while waiting to do so.

And I have seen *L. gigantium* (which I can't grow at home at all) grow like a weed, self-seeding, at Merton and Westwick, and have acclimatized woad and the wild tulip, and have wondered at the chalk hill blue flickering by hundreds at a time on Ringstead Downs.

And I have stood, at a low neap tide, on the ruins of Shipden Church a quarter of a mile out to sea and seen the ridges of the old streets, and have known old Eccles Tower, when it used to stand out of the sands like an old man's last tooth.

And how often in my yearly ride or walk round the coast have I enjoyed the flower cliff between Cromer and Runton, mad with the colours of poppies and blue succory before it was all barb-wired and stucco-villad, and before the stiff and sickly gardens at Overstrand had replaced the Garden of Sleep.

WALTER RYE.

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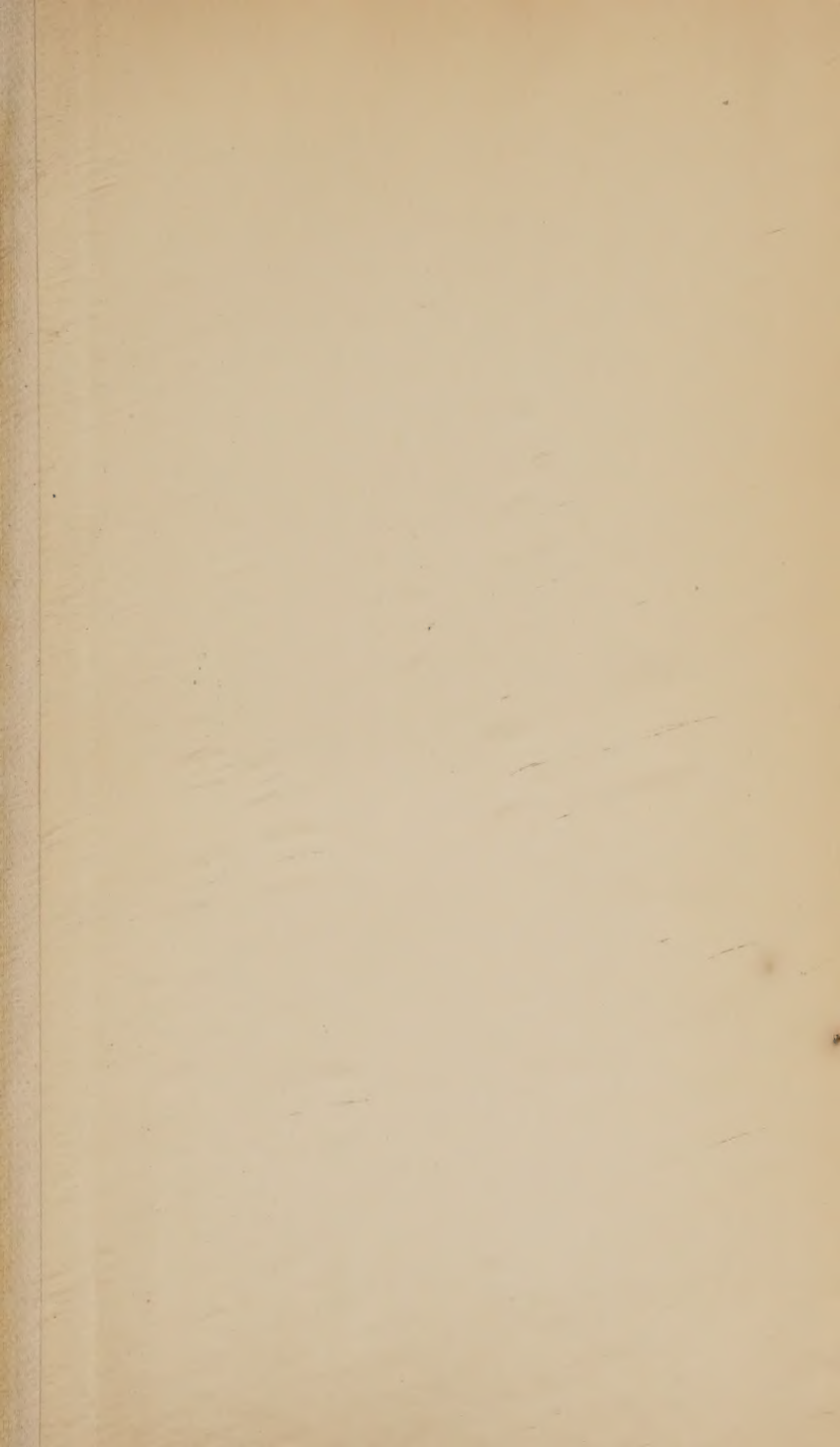
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